JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 46

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CONTENTS & CREDITS

2000 AD

5 **REGRETS**
Script: John Wagner **Artist:** Nick Dyer
Colours: Chris Blythe **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **2000 AD** Progs 1577-1581

35 **ROAD STOP**
Script: Gordon Rennie **Artist:** Dave Taylor
Letters: Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **2000 AD** Progs 1582-1586

65 **OWNERSHIP**
Script: Rob Williams **Artist:** Richard Elson
Letters: Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **2000 AD** Progs 1587-1588

77 **THE EDGAR CASE**
Script: John Wagner **Pencils:** Patrick Goddard
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Letters: Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **2000 AD** Progs 1589-1595

119 **BLINDSIDE**
Script: Robbie Morrison **Artist:** Richard Elson
Letters: Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **2000 AD** Progs 1596-1599

143 **MUTIE BLOCK**
Script: John Wagner **Artist:** Kev Walker
Colours: Chris Blythe **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **2000 AD** Progs 1600-1603

167 **FIRESTORM**
Script: Robbie Morrison **Artist:** Sam Hart
Colours: Len O'Grady **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **2000 AD** Progs 1604-1606

185 **THE INFORMANT**
Script: Robbie Morrison **Artist:** Paul Marshall
Colours: Chris Blythe **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **2000 AD** Prog 1607

191 **STILL MENTAL AFTER ALL THESE YEARS**
Script: John Wanger **Artist:** Cliff Robinson
Colours: Chris Blythe **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **2000 AD** Prog 1608

197 **STEAMERS**
Script: Pat Mills **Artist:** Smudge
Colours: Chris Blythe **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **2000 AD** Prog 1609

203 **WHOLE NEW JUDGE DREDD**
Script: Al Ewing (based on an idea by Brendan McCarthy)
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Letters: Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **2000 AD** Prog 1610

MY BABY-!

WHERE'S MY BABY?

SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER
ART
NICK DYER
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

SVEN HELVIG LARSSEN, FOURTEEN MONTHS, SON OF THE **CONSUL** FOR THE **SCANDINAVIAN FEDERATION** — THAT'S THE **MOTHER** OVER THERE, INGRID.

KID WAS IN A HOVERCHAIR, A HAWKING GLIDER. THE MOTHER MADE A PURCHASE AT THE TREEMEAT STALL. TURNED ROUND AND HE WAS GONE.

JUDGE DREDD ...REGRETS

HAWKINGS ARE ALARMED. DIDN'T THE CHAIR GIVE A WARNING?

NEGATIVE. POOR MAINTENANCE, MAYBE. THANKFULLY WE'VE GOT A WITNESS. CITIZEN OVER THERE SAW IT HAPPEN.

THEY WAS **MUTIES**.' TWO OF THEM.' BIG, UGLY ONES.' SAW IT CLEAR AS DAY.'

IT **WAS** DAY.

I'VE PUT THEIR DESCRIPTIONS OUT TO THE MEDIA.

WITHOUT VERIFICATION? YOU THINK THAT WAS WISE, JANSCH? WE DON'T HAVE **ENOUGH** OF A WITCH-HUNT GOING ON?

I...I'M SORRY, I THOUGHT SPEED WAS ESSENTIAL. I'VE GOT **PSU** CHECKING ALL AVAILABLE CAMS.

ANOTHER STICK TO BEAT THE MUTIES WITH. DREDD'S GONNA LOVE THAT.

THE CURSED EARTH —

LOOKEE!

WE GOT VISITORS!

FROM MEGA-CITY ONE BY THE LOOKS!

GREETINGS.

JUDGE DREDD REGRETS THAT OWING TO PRESSURE OF WORK HE CANNOT BE HERE PERSONALLY TO ISSUE THIS INVITATION TO MEGA-CITY ONE FOR RANDY AND DIGGER FARGO AND THEIR FAMILIES.

WHAT FOR? SO YOU CAN JUST KICK US OUT AGAIN —

I'LL DEAL WITH THIS, BORDEN.

YOU CAN THANK COUSIN JOE, BUT WE'LL PASS. WOULDN'T WANT TO CAUSE HIM NO MORE EMBARRASSMENT.

THINGS WERE, UH, DIFFICULT WHEN YOU CAME, SIR, BUT THANKS TO JUDGE DREDD THE LAW HAS BEEN ALTERED. THE CHIEF JUDGE HERSELF HAS SENT THIS GIFT AS A GOODWILL GESTURE FROM THE CITY.

THE CHIEF JUDGE A WUMMAN?

WHY SHOULDN'T SHE BE? MEN AIN'T THE BE-ALL, JUBAL FARGO!

A MATCHIN' SET!

THEY FIRE SIX TYPES OF BULLET. I HAVE SEVERAL BOXES OF AMMUNITION FOR YOU. I CAN INSTRUCT YOU ON THEIR USE.

MIGHTY FINE, BUT YOUR CHIEF JUDGE CAN'T BUY US, MISTER. WE MAY BE SIMPLE BUT WE'RE PROUD PEOPLE.

WE UNDERSTAND THAT, SIR. WE HOPE THAT, IN THE NAME OF EUSTACE FARGO, YOU WILL ALLOW US ONE MISTAKE.

WHEE-HAA!

LOOK AT THAT OL' DOG VULTURE! GONNA TRY ME ONE OF THEM HOT-SEEKERS!

VAROOM

MISSED!

HE'S A-COMIN' BACK!

LOOK AT HIM GO!

IT'S A-GAININ'!

COMIN' STRAIGHT AT US! **LOOK OUT!**

UNNNNNH!

YOUNG FOOLS! CAN'T LEAVE YOU FOR ONE DANGED MINUTE!

GET THAT BOY TO MA DOC! LUCKY HE WASN'T KILLED!

A HANDSOME PEACE OFFERIN'. I RECKON MAYBE WE OUGHTA LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

IF WE'RE A-GOIN', BETTER LOCK THEM LAWGIVERS UP WHILE WE'RE GONE!

JUDGES ARE STILL SEARCHING FOR THE FOURTEEN-MONTH-OLD **SON** OF THE **SCANDINAVIAN CONSUL**, SNATCHED TODAY BY MEN DESCRIBED AS **MUTANTS**. ALL ACROSS THE CITY **FRESH** OUTRAGES ARE BEING REPORTED. ARE WE SEEING THE **MUTANT CRIMEWAVE** SO MANY **PREDICTED**?

WANTED

WITH ME TO DISCUSS THE **RELAXATION** OF THE **MUTANT LAWS** ARE EPHEMERA BREEN, MORRIS TOSH, GERALD LILLIMAN AND OUR MAN WITH THE PLAN, ZAQ BAGNALL.

HOT TOPIX

THERE'S A LOT OF MEDIA **HYSTERIA** AROUND THIS ISSUE. IN FACT, VERY **FEW** MUTANTS HAVE BEEN ADMITTED TO THE CITY YET — CERTAINLY NOT ENOUGH TO CREATE ANY **CRIMEWAVE.**

GERALD LILLIMAN, A YEAR AGO YOU WERE RECLASSIFIED AS **MUTANT** AND SENT TO A **CURSED EARTH CAMP.** YOU'RE ONE OF THE FIRST TO BE **READMITTED.** YOUR FEELINGS?

WELL, GLAD TO BE BACK, OF COURSE. RIDICULOUS THAT I WAS EVER SINGLED OUT. I MEAN, A FEW GENES HERE AND THERE, WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?

OH, YES, THEY **SOUND** SO PLAUSIBLE! BUT DON'T TELL ME YOU WOULDN'T LOVE TO **MURDER** US IN OUR **BEDS** OR **RAPE** OUR **DAUGHTERS**!

SONS, COME TO THAT. LET'S NOT BE SO GENDER SPECIFIC.

I THINK THAT'S VERY UNFAIR.

YOU'RE UNFAIR, LILLIMAN, AND WE WANT YOU **OUT**!

THIS IS FROM THE CAMERA NEAREST TO THE INCIDENT, A BLOCK AWAY AT THE MINIMAX ON FREEMONT. THE TIME IS 11.03 — WE CHECKED THAT, IT'S ACCURATE.

SCANDANAVIAN CONFEDERATION

IF WE CLOSE IN THERE YOU CAN SEE YOUR STAR WITNESS, GEORGE GIPPER, HEADING TOWARD THE MARKET.

TIME OF THE **LARSSEN** BOY'S DISAPPEARANCE WAS 11.00 DEAD. GIPPER **COULDN'T** HAVE BEEN THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED.

THE OLD FRAUD MADE IT ALL UP! I'LL THROW THE BOOK AT HIM!

SHOWS YOU THE DANGER OF JUMPING THE GUN. THANKS TO YOU WE'VE GOT A THIRTY PER CENT **INCREASE** IN **ANTI-MUTANT** INCIDENTS AND AN **APB** OUT ON THE WRONG PEOPLE.

ANY PROGRESS WITH THE STREET CAMS?

CALL COMING THROUGH!

A **KIDNAPPING** WOULD BE A **MERCY** — MORE CHANCE OF GETTING THE BOY BACK ALIVE. A LOT **WORSE** THINGS COULD HAPPEN IN MEGA-CITY ONE —

MAAAA-MAAAAA!

WE HAVE A TRIANGULATION ON THE CALL!

351ST AND COSMIC, SOUTHWEST CORNER!

EASY'S

FOR NOW, MR CONSUL, YOUR CHILD IS SAFE AND WELL. WE CAN'T GUARANTEE HE'LL **STAY** THAT WAY.

PROOF! WE MUST HAF PROOF!

ASTON — I'M AT COSMIC CORNER! NO SIGN OF A CALLER. WHAT'S THE LATEST TRIANGULATION?

SAME! IT'S GOT TO BE THERE!

IT'S AN **AUTOMATED COM**, ON A **TIMER.**

YOU ARE NOT LISTENING — WE CAN DO NOTHING WITHOUT PROOF!

FORGET IT, CONSUL. YOU'RE TALKING TO A RECORDING.

THIS IS FOR THE **JUDGES.** IT'S NO GOOD PRETENDING, WE KNOW YOU'RE THERE. SO LISTEN WELL —

WE DEMAND **FREEDOM** FOR ALL **TOTAL WAR** OPERATIVES. THEY WILL BE FLOWN TO THE **MONGOLIAN FREE STATE** AND RELEASED UNHARMED. YOU HAVE **FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.**

TOTAL WAR!

WITH OVER **FOUR HUNDRED TERRORISTS** LOCKED UP? NOT A CHANCE.

FAIL TO COMPLY AND THE **BOY** WILL **DIE.** THERE IS NO NEED TO **REMIND** YOU THAT WE DO **NOT** MAKE **IDLE THREATS!**

WE DEMAND **FREEDOM** FOR ALL **TOTAL WAR** OPERATIVES. YOU HAVE **FORTY-EIGHT HOURS. FAIL** TO COMPLY AND THE **BOY** WILL **DIE.**

HOW... HOW LONG IS IT TAKING TO ARRANGE THIS RELEASE?

THERE WON'T **BE** ANY RELEASE, CONSUL. WE DON'T DEAL WITH TERRORISTS.

BUT **SVEN** — MY BABY! THEY WILL **KILL** HIM!

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FIND THEM FIRST.

YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE WORK TO DO.

KEEP ANALYSING CAMERA FOOTAGE OF THE AREA. THEY DIDN'T **MAGIC** THE BOY OUT OF THERE. GET **PSU** TO TRANSFER THE CASE TO **ROFFMAN**, HE'S THE BEST.

YES, SIR.

I'VE CALLED IN A SNIFFER. ONE OF THE NEW FIVE-OS. THEY CAN PICK UP ONE PARTICLE IN A BILLION. SHOULD BE THERE NOW.

GOOD. KEEP ME INFORMED.

EARLIER CLAIMS THAT **MUTANTS** WERE BEHIND THE **KIDNAPPING** OF **SVEN HELVIG LARSSEN**, SON OF THE SCANDINAVIAN CONSUL, HAVE BEEN **DISCOUNTED.** A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SPOKESMAN CONDEMNED THE **'HYSTERICAL' ANTI-MUTANT FEELING** IN THE CITY.

ELSEWHERE, PRESS AND MEDIA TURNED OUT IN FORCE TO WITNESS THE ARRIVAL FROM THE **CURSED EARTH** OF THE **FARGO CLAN**, MUTANT COUSINS OF OUR OWN **FATHER OF JUSTICE...**

PRESS

PRESS

JUDGE DREDD **REGRETS** HE CAN'T BE HERE TO **GREET** YOU IN **PERSON.** HE HOPES TO LINK UP WITH YOU LATER.

BEGINNIN' TO WONDER IF WE'RE EVER GONNA **SEE** COUSIN JOE.'

HE'S INVOLVED IN A VERY DIFFICULT CASE, I UNDERSTAND.

I HOPE THAT DOESN'T SPOIL YOUR TOUR. WE HAVE SOME **TERRIFIC** THINGS PLANNED. I'M **MERCY FLANGE,** YOUR ITINERARY ORGANISER.

HEAR THAT? WE GOT US A **I-TINERY ORGANISER!**

HAW HAW.'

FIRST OFF, I'VE ARRANGED A **PRESS CALL.**

PRESS CALL?

FOR **US?**

OH YES. YOU'RE VERY BIG NEWS.

RANDY — HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE HERE?

AIN'T SURE. AIN'T HARDLY ARRIVED YET.

DID YOU KNOW THAT ONLY A FEW **WEEKS** AGO YOUR **MUTATIONS** WOULD HAVE **BARRED** YOU FROM ENTRY?

YES, SIR, WE HAVE SOME EXPERIENCE OF THAT. I'M RELIABLY INFORMED THINGS HAVE CHANGED FOR THE BETTER.

YOU THINK IT'S **BETTER** THAT OUR **GENE POOL** IS NOW FATALLY **CONTAMINATED?** THAT **FREAKS** LIKE YOU ARE ALLOWED TO **WALK** THE CITY? THIS ONE TO **DIGGER** FARGO.

WELL, I DUNNO ABOUT THAT, BUT ROUND OUR WAY IT'S THE **NORMS** THAT CAUSE ALL THE TROUBLE!'

AS FAR AS WE KNOW THE BOY NEVER ACTUALLY TOUCHED THE GROUND.

THAT ISN'T A PROBLEM. SMELL IS CARRIED BY PARTICULATES. SKIN AND HAIR FALL, MINUTE TRACES OF THE PARENTS AND THE BOY ARE SUCKED INTO THE HOVERCHAIR INTAKE AND EXPELLED.

NOTHING YOU COULD GET **DNA** OFF, BUT ENOUGH FOR THE SNIFFER.

SERIOUS INCIDENT!

WESTREET MART

IT'S MOVING. IT'S GOT THE SCENT.

WESTSTREET MART

CLEAR THE WAY THERE!

SERIOUS INCIDENT!

5060

SMUKI'S

EBO'S

THE TRAIL ENDS ABRUPTLY HERE. THAT USUALLY MEANS A VEHICLE.

IT CAN'T FOLLOW THAT?

MAYBE, IF WE KNEW WHAT IT WAS. IT'S NEAR THE MARKET, A LOT OF PODS PARK ILLEGALLY HERE. YOU TELL ME WHICH ONE AND WE'LL SEE.

SKASSHHHHH!

THEY CHECKED OUT ALL SUSPECTED ACTIVISTS, ANYONE WHO'D SHOWN AN IOTA OF SYMPATHY FOR **TOTAL WAR'S** AIMS.

WITH THE TERRORIST GROUP'S INVOLVEMENT, DREDD COULD CALL ON THE FULL RESOURCES OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT —

THAT ALIBI WON'T **WASH**, TONY! **WHERE'S THE BOY?**

I-I TOLD YOU, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

ON YOUR FEET, MEO.

WHAT DO **YOU** WANT, DREDD?

YOU WERE TOTAL WAR'S **CLANDESTINE OPERATIONS** CHIEF IN THE EAST SECTORS. I'M HOPING YOU CAN TELL ME WHO WE MISSED. WHO'S STILL OUT THERE, MEO?

AND WHAT IF I WON'T TALK?

YOU WILL.

DREDD, YOU ASKED FOR A REMINDER. YOU'RE DUE IN TWENTY MINUTES, GRAND HALL, MEETING WITH FARGOS.

CONVEY MY REGRETS. I'LL CATCH THEM LATER.

THOUGHT WE'D SQUEEZED THIS GUY DRY.

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING ELSE.

TEN CCs OF THE FUNK JUICE. HE'S READY.

ARE YOU **SCARED**, MEO?

I'M GOING TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS, AND IF YOU DON'T TELL ME **EXACTLY** WHAT I WANT TO HEAR I'M GOING TO GET **VERY** ANGRY.

Y-YES! OH G-GRUD, YES!

OH GRUD! OH GRUD!

YOU MUST BE PROUD, MR FARGO, TO SEE YOUR RELATIVE SO HONOURED. EUSTACE FARGO **IS** THE FATHER OF JUSTICE, OUR GREATEST EVER CITIZEN.

SURE IS A FINE LUMPA STONE.

THAT'S OL' UNCLE EUSTACE THERE, WILDY.

DON'T HAFTA TELL ME. I CAN SMELL HIM.

WHAT'S HE SMELL LIKE?

LIKE A FARGO.

DINNER WITH CITY DIGNITARIES —

MAY I INTRODUCE MAYOR AMBROSE.

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED THERE CAN'T BE TOO MANY OF DREDD'S RELATIVES ABOUT! AND WHERE **IS** THE GREAT MAN?

SENT HIS REGRETS.

SOME REAL IMPORTANT CASE, WE'RE TOLD. KIDNAPPIN'.

THE MAN CAN'T STOP! WHAT **WOULD** WE DO WITHOUT HIM?

BY MIDNIGHT THEY HAD NARROWED THE HUNT DOWN TO A HANDFUL OF SUSPECTS —

NONE OF THEM HAVE BEEN SEEN AT THEIR ADDRESSES SINCE YESTERDAY. THEY DON'T ANSWER THEIR COMS, THEY LEFT NO WORD WITH RELATIVES

THAT STILL DOESN'T MEAN THEY'RE THE ONES. AREN'T WE CLUTCHING AT STRAWS?

WE'RE WORKING IN THE DARK, ADMITTED. BUT WE ONLY NEED **ONE** HIT. ONE OUT OF SIX.

ARE YOU GIVING THESE OUT TO THE MEDIA?

NEGATIVE AT THIS TIME. THEY DON'T KNOW WE'RE LOOKING FOR THEM. WE DON'T WANT THEM GOING ANY DEEPER UNDERGROUND.

TEK

TEK

ANOTHER CALL JUST CAME THROUGH TO THE PARENTS.

YOU THINK WE'RE BLUFFING, LARSSEN? POOR LITTLE **SVEN** — WHAT MUST WE **DO** TO HIM TO CONVINCE YOU?

GO TO THE **DUMPSTER** BEHIND **DEL DELI**, SOUTHPORT NITEMART.

BLAKE

DROKK!

HAIR! IT'S JUST HAIR ON A DUMMY HEAD!

AVOID CONTAMINATING THE SITE. SEAL IT OFF. FORENSICS ARE ON THE WAY.

MEGA8

YOU'RE BACK. I WAS WORRIED.

ROMO

WE STOPPED FOR SOME GROCERIES. EVERYTHING WENT TO PLAN, DIDN'T IT, MY DEAR?

I LEFT IT IN SOME GARBAGE AT THE SOUTHPORT. NOBODY SAW ME.

WHERE IS HE?

BACK ROOM. SEDATED. COULDN'T STAND THE BAWLING ANYMORE.

POOR LITTLE THING. I'LL BE SO GLAD WHEN THIS IS OVER AND WE CAN GIVE HIM BACK.

ONE BY ONE DREDD'S PRIME SUSPECTS HAD BEEN FOUND AND ELIMINATED. BY MORNING, ONLY TWO NAMES REMAINED —

FORENSICS. WE FOUND MINUTE TRACES ON THE DUMMY, DEFINITELY NOT THE BOY. **DNA** SAYS **BARRATT ZIMMS**, 54, FORMER OPERATIONS OFFICER OF THE REPUBLICAN DEMOCRATS.

ENCUBED 31 DECEMBER 2126, TWO YEARS, **INCITEMENT** AND **DISORDERLY PROTEST**. LAST KNOWN ADDRESS IS —

WE'VE GOT THE ADDRESS. NO ONE HOME.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO THE KIDNAPPERS' DEADLINE. PARENTS ARE GOING CRAZY, TALKING ABOUT OFFERING A REWARD. I HAD TO PLACE THEM UNDER CONFINEMENT.

AT LEAST IT'S CONFIRMATION. PUT EVERY SPARE UNIT ONTO ZIMMS.

ROFFMAN AT **PSU**. ON SCREEN NOW.

THERE ARE NO **CAMERAS** WHERE THE JUVIE'S HAIR WAS DUMPED, BUT WE'VE GOT ONE COVERING BOTH ACCESS POINTS — ENOUGH TO CHECK WHO CAME AND WENT.

A TOTAL OF 418 PEOPLE PASSED IN THE FOUR HOURS PRIOR TO THE CALL BEING MADE. ELIMINATING OBVIOUS NON-PERPS — GROUPS, JUVIES, ETC, THAT BRINGS US DOWN TO UNDER 200.

SPARE ME THE DETAIL, ROFFMAN, WE'RE ON A DEADLINE HERE.

OKAY, I FIXED ON THIS ONE. THERE WAS SOMETING FURTIVE ABOUT HER. NOTICE HOW SHE KEEPS HER HEAD DOWN SO WE CAN'T **I.D.** HER.

LOT OF ELDSTERS ARE BENT.

TRUST ME, YOU GET AN INSTINCT FOR THESE THINGS.

SHE COMES OUT ON BILTMORE, SO I TRACKED HER.

I LOSE HER ON STROON BUT PICK HER UP AGAIN TURNING INTO FREUD ARCADE. NOTICE HOW HER **SPEED'S** PICKED UP. THIS IS AN OLD CRONE WHO COULD HARDLY **WALK** FIVE MINUTES AGO.

FREUD A

IN THE ARCADE SHE GOES INTO THE PF ON LEVEL 2.

PF

L 2

THE OLD WOMAN NEVER CAME OUT AGAIN, BUT **THIS** GIRL DID, AND **SHE** NEVER WENT IN. NOTICE THE BAG.

I HAVE AN I.D. **MINI SMITTS**, 19, STUDE-HAB 11-24, SECTOR 12 INSTITUTE.

SMITTS IS ON FILE AS THE FORMER GIRLFRIEND OF **PERRY DUNSS**, CURRENTLY DOING A FOUR-STRETCH FOR LEAFLETING. NO KNOWN **TOTAL WAR** CONNECTIONS, BUT WE'RE IN THE SAME TERRITORY.

PF

SMITTS LEFT THE ARCADE ON TOFFLER. HALFWAY DOWN THERE'S A PEDWAY THROUGH TO DICK STREET. NO CAMS ON THAT STRETCH OF DICK. THAT'S WHERE I LOSE HER. IT'S PRETTY CERTAIN SHE WAS PICKED UP.

I'M SIFTING THROUGH THE TRAFFIC, BUT IF IT'S A HOV IT'S UP AND AWAY AND NO WAY OF TRACING IT ANYWAY.

YOU'VE GIVEN US SOMETHING, ROFFMAN. GOOD WORK.

PUT SMITTS AND ZIMMS OUT TO ALL UNITS, JANSCH, THEN TAKE A SQUAD AND CHECK OUT THE STUDE-HAB. I'LL SPEAK TO PERRY DUNSS.

DREDD, YOU ASKED FOR A REMINDER. YOU'RE DUE IN ONE HOUR, STARSCAPE HOTEL, VISIT TO THE MUSEUM OF THE APOCALYPSE WITH FARGOS.

CONVEY MY REGRETS. I'M UNABLE TO GET AWAY AT PRESENT.

THE NEW, 2000-CRED-A-NIGHT **STARSCAPE HOTEL**, WHERE THE VISITING **FARGO CLAN** HAVE BEEN ALLOTTED A WHOLE **FLOOR** TO THEMSELVES AT THE **CITY'S EXPENSE.**

RELATIVES OF **EUSTACE FARGO** OR NOT, **MANY** CANNOT HELP FEELING THAT THE CITY SHOULD BE AS **LAVISH** TO ITS **OWN** CITIZENS...

WHEE-OOO! NEVER SEEN **NO** PLACE LIKE THIS CITY FOR HIGH OFF THE HOG!

YOU SEEN THEM **SEX PARLOURS** WHERE YOU **DO** IT WITH **ROBOTS?**

YOU CAN'T **TELL** 'EM FROM **REAL** WIMMEN, AN' THE **THINGS** THEY GET UP TO'D MAKE YOUR **SOCKS** POP OFF — IF'N YORE **WEARIN'** 'EM.'

THAT'S NOTHIN'. I HEARD DOWN IN **ALIENTOWN** YOU CAN EVEN DO YORE THING WITH **EXTRA-TERRESTEELS.**

NO!

HEY, WILDY, THAT OUGHTA SUIT YOU, BOY, 'COS YORE REAL WEIRD!

WELL, MAYBE WE SHOULD GET US UP A PARTY AN' HEAD ON DOWN.'

YOU AIN'T HEADIN' NOWHERE, JUBAL FARGO, 'CEPT TO GET READY FOR THE TRIP TA THE MUSEUM.

AN' YOU CAN **ALL** GIT THESE IDEAS OUTA YORE HEADS. YOU KNOW **COUSIN JOE** DON'T HOLD WITH THAT KINDA LOOSE BEHAVIOUR, AND NEITHER DO WE.

SOONER WE GIT THESE YOUNGSTERS HOME, THE BETTER. THIS CITY IS ONE BAD **CORRUPTIN'** INFLUENCE.

YES, SIR. CRIME AN' DEPRAVITY, AIN'T SEEN A PLACE **WORSE.** IT'S NO **WONDER** COUSIN JOE'S SUCH A GLUM 'UN.

RECKON WE'LL EVER SEE HIM?

WE GOTTA MAKE ALLOWANCES, DIGGER. JUDGIN' THIS CITY MUST BE A THANKLESS AN' NEVER-ENDIN' TASK.

AT THE **SECTOR 12 INSTITUTE OF PERSONAL FULFILMENT** JUDGES FLASHED SMITTS' MUGSHOT AROUND —

12

SMITTS' TINY STUDE-HAB —

TICKET STUB, CROSSTOWN ZOOM. STUDE GRADE 4.

THAT'D TAKE HER ANYWHERE WITHIN TWENTY SECTORS. KEEP LOOKING.

PERRY DUNSS —

I **TOLD** HER TO STAY AWAY FROM HIM! I **TOLD** HER!

SO YOU **KNOW** BARRETT ZIMMS?

I KNOW WHERE HE HANGS OUT. LOOK, I'LL MAKE YOU A DEAL. GO EASY ON HER. A GUY LIKE ZIMMS, HE GETS YOU IN HIS SPELL.

JUST **TALK**, PERRY!

THE PALAIS DE BOING™ —

BOINGGGG

BOINGGGGG

YEE-HAAAAA!

BOINGGGGGG.

YESSIR, RECKON IT'S TIME.

I'LL TELL THAT THAR **I-TINERY ORGANISER** WE'RE A-GOIN' HOME **TOMORROW.**

BOINGGGGG

THE DEMOCRATIC READING ROOM —

NOTHING IN THE BACK ROOM OR THE CELLAR. STAFF LAST SAW ZIMMS OVER TWO MONTHS AGO, HAVE NO IDEA WHERE HE'S GONE. LIE DETECTOR VERIFIES.

TAKE THEM IN ANYWAY. ANYTHING YOU CAN SQUEEZE OUT OF THEM.

THIS IS **VIENNA.**

MAY I INTRODUCE **RANDY** AND **DIGGER FARGO.**

VIENNA IS THE NATURAL DAUGHTER OF **RICO** — THAT'S THE **FIRST** RICO. HE'S DREDD'S **CLONE BROTHER** — THOUGH THEY'RE BOTH REALLY THE SAME AS **EUSTACE.**

I SUPPOSE THAT MAKES ME A COUSIN ONCE REMOVED OR SOMETHING. IT'S ALL VERY ABSURD.

I'M RIGHT PLEASED TO MEET YOU ANYWAYS. AT LEAST WE CAN SAY WE MET **ONE** DREDD.

HELL — MAKE IT TWO! IT'S COUSIN JOE!

MY APOLOGIES FOR NOT MEETING YOU EARLIER. I TRUST YOU'RE ENJOYING YOUR VISIT.

WELL, THAT'S JUST THE PROBLEM, I GUESS. SOME OF THE YOUNG 'UNS IS ENJOYING IT A LITTLE **TOO** MUCH.

WE'RE COUNTRY FOLK, JOE, AN' THIS HERE CITY OFFERS TOO DANGED MANY TEMPTATIONS. SO WE FIGURE MUCH AS WE **APPRECIATE** THE FINE GESTURE, WE BEST **HIGHTAIL** IT TOMORROW.

YOUR CASE — IT'S THAT LITTLE BOY, ISN'T IT, THE **KIDNAP**? I SAW YOU ON THE NEWS. IT HAPPENED NEAR HERE, AT THE MARKET. THEY HAD A **SNIFFER** DOWN THERE.

YOU MEAN LIKE A DAWG?

A MACHINE. SOPHISTICATED OLFACTORY SENSOR. DIDN'T HELP MUCH. TECHNOLOGY, I'M AFRAID STILL HAS ITS LIMITS.

HELL, YOU WANNA SNIFF ANY TRAIL OUT, YOU WANNA GET OL' **WILDY** ON IT.

WILDY COULD BEAT ANY MACHINE ANY DAY, AIN'T THAT RIGHT, WILDY?

MY GIRL BISSIE WENT OFF AN' SHACKED UP WITH HIS PA, ONE O' THE WILDES. WILDY THERE'S THE RESULT. BOY GOT A NOSE LIKE A WOLF. I SEEN HIM DO THINGS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE.

IT AIN'T FAR AWAY — WHY DON'T WE TAKE HIM DOWN AND GIVE HIM A CRACK?

POINTLESS, OF COURSE, BUT IT WOULD DO NO HARM TO PLAY ALONG. HE'S BEEN RUDE ENOUGH TO THESE PEOPLE ALREADY.

I'LL HAVE SOMEONE MEET US THERE WITH THE BOY'S CLOTHING.

WILDY'LL FIND HIM!

HIS **PA** WAS JUST LIKE HIM. COULD TRACK LIKE A HOUND DOG.

REMARKABLE.

'COURSE, HE WAS A **REAL** FUNNY-LOOKIN' FELLA. NOBODY'D EVER MISTAKE **HOB WILDE** FOR NORM.

WESTSREET MART

HE'S PICKIN' UP THE SCENT!

HE'S OFF!

YEE-HAA! GIT HIM, WILDY!

HE'S GOT THE SCENT! HUNT HIM DOWN, WILDY BOY!

THE SAME ROUTE THE **SNIFFER** TOOK...

UNCANNY. THE BOY **MUST** POSSESS SOME EXTRAORDINARY OLFACTORY SENSE.

SNIFF

IT ENDS HERE!

WE KNEW THAT.

CAN'T YOU GET NOTHING MORE, WILDY?

NOTHING. GONE. LIKE GHOST. DON'T UNDERSTAND...

HOVERCAR, SON. THEY TOOK HIM OUT STRAIGHT UP.

YOU DID WELL ALL THE SAME. IMPRESSIVE.

STRANGE CREATURE. A RELATIVE, TOO. A SOBERING THOUGHT. STILL, NO ONE COULD CHOOSE THE ROUTE THEY CAME INTO THE WORLD.

NEVER MIND, WILDY, YOU TRIED YOUR BEST.

AND NONE OF THIS HAD BROUGHT HIM CLOSER TO AN ANSWER. TIME WAS RUNNING OUT...

HE MADE HIS EXCUSES AND LEFT. HE STILL HAD A FEW ANGLES LEFT TO WORK —

YOU'VE HAD YOUR LAST WARNING. UNLESS WE HEAR BY **NINE A.M.** THAT **ALL** TOTAL WAR AGENTS ARE BEING **RELEASED**, YOU'LL GET MORE THAN YOUR SON'S **HAIR** TO REMEMBER HIM BY!

NO - !

THIS IS TO THE **JUDGES**. DON'T THINK IT **ENDS** HERE. WE WILL DO THIS **AGAIN** AND **AGAIN** UNTIL OUR **AIMS** ARE ACHIEVED. HOW **MANY** INNOCENT **CHILDREN** WILL IT TAKE?

VOICE ON DISTORT AGAIN.

NO EXIT

I'LL CUT HIM UP!

BAINK

I'LL SEND THE LITTLE BRAT TO THEM PIECE BY **PIECE**! **THEN** THEY'LL BELIEVE!

YOU CAN'T!

HE'S JUST A TOOL IN THE STRUGGLE, YOU KNOW THAT! WHAT'S THE MATTER — LITTLE **MINI** DEVELOPED A **CONSCIENCE**?

NO — IT'S OUR **DNA**! IT MIGHT BE **ON** HIM. ANYTHING WE SEND — YOU CAN'T BE SURE! WE TOOK A BIG RISK WITH THE HAIR.

YES. GOOD POINT. BETTER THEY **NEVER** FIND HIM.

WHERE WOULD **ZIMMS** HOLE UP? **THINK!**

NO PLACE ANYONE WOULD KNOW. STANDARD PROCEDURE, NO LINKS, NO CONTACT.

YOUR DAUGHTER'S IN SERIOUS TROUBLE, MRS SMITTS. THESE ARE **BAD** PEOPLE SHE'S MIXING WITH.

ONE **HOUR** TO DEADLINE. HE'D BEEN WORKING FLAT OUT FOR FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, NO TIME EVEN FOR THE SLEEP MACHINE.

Y.M.D.A.

YOUNG MENS DEMOCRAT ASSOC.

CONTROL, CONVEY MY REGRETS TO THE FARGOS. I WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE THEIR SEND-OFF.

IT'S **BREAKFAST** WITH A **VIEW** FOR **RANDY FARGO** AND HIS **MUTANT CLAN**, WHO TRAVEL THIS MORNING TO THE HOVERPORT ABOARD THE **CASHCO SKYBARGE.**

COOL MUSIC FROM THE **ANDROID JAZZ COMBO**, HAUTE CUISINE FROM **ANTON ANTON**, A SPRINKLING OF CITY DIGNITARIES INCLUDING OUR POPULAR **MAYOR**, BYRON AMBROSE. THIS TRULY IS THE **V.I.P. TREATMENT.**

CASHCO

BLOODLINE OF OUR OWN **FATHER OF JUSTICE** — SYMBOLS OF THE **NEW ACCORD** BETWEEN THIS CITY AND ITS **BLIGHTED CHILDREN** — IT IS MY PLEASURE TO ACCORD YOU ALL **HONORARY CITIZENSHIP** OF **MEGA-CITY ONE.**

CHANGE IS DIFFICULT FOR MANY CITIZENS TO ACCEPT.

THE **MUTANT ISSUE** WILL CONTINUE TO BE A CAUSE OF **TENSION** AND **VIOLENCE** FOR MANY YEARS TO COME. BUT BY EXAMPLES LIKE THIS, WE HOPE THAT EVENTUALLY **FAIRNESS** AND **JUSTICE** WILL PREVAIL.

MUCH OBLIGED, I RECKON. THE THING YOU FOLK HAVE GOTTA REALISE ABOUT **MUTANTS** IS YOU GIT **GOOD** 'UNS AND YOU GET **BAD** 'UNS. 'COS MUTANTS ARE JUST **PEOPLE**, SAME AS YOU, I RECKON.

WELL SAID, SIR!

PRESS

SOME DANG TRIP THIS HAS BEEN! WHAT'S PA AFEARED WE WUZ GONNA DO, GET **CORRUPTED**?

WELL, THAT WUZ **MY** INTENTION.

SOMETHIN'S UP WITH WILDY!

HE'S GOIN' OVER! GRAB HIM!

SNIFF SNIFF

AARCCCCUUUUU!

HE'S GOT THE SCENT!

PA! PA!

DREDD, WE'RE OVER SECTOR 27! THE FARGOS CLAIM **WILDY WILDE** HAS PICKED UP THE LARSSEN BOY'S **SCENT**!

SCANDANAVIAN CONFEDERATE

DON'T SET TOO MUCH STORE BY IT, PIRIE. YOUNG WILDE'S NOT A MIRACLE WORKER.

THEY SEEM QUITE ADAMANT. I'VE PUT WILDY IN ONE OF THE SHUTTLES.

STOP!

C'MON, WILDY, YOU CAN DO IT. BOY!

HE'S LOST IT.

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE. THIS IS AN INVESTIGATION.

THAT WAY. GO DOWN.

AARCCCOLLLLLL!

HE'S GOT IT STRONG.

MAAAMAAAA!

RIGHT HERE, AGAINST THE BARE WALL. THIS SHOULD DO.

WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

THEY NEED A DEMONSTRATION. THEY HAVE TO SEE THE CONSEQUENCES.

OLEA, GET THE CAMERA.

WE'LL DUMP THE BODY IN A CHEM-PIT TONIGHT.

NO! I WON'T LET YOU!

JUST AS WELL YOU GOT NO SAY IN IT!

SNAKKK!

I'M BEGINNING TO DESPAIR OF YOU, MINI. I FEEL YOU'RE NOT REALLY **WITH** US IN SPIRIT.

THAT THAR **MO-HO** UP AHEAD!

SURE **LOOKS** LIKE THEY'RE FOLLOWING US!

PRESS

AARCCCOUUUU!

WE'RE SKIMMING HUDSON, HEADING NORTH TOWARD THE INTERSECT! **WILDY'S** DEFINITELY ON TO SOMETHING, DREDD!

EITHER THAT, OR WE'RE GOING TO LOOK PRETTY STUPID!

TWO MINUTES FROM THE INTERSECT! ON MY WAY!

IT WAS **HER**! SHE TOLD THE JAYS!

I-I DIDN'T! HOW **COULD** I?

IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW!

WHAAAAAAA!

THEY'RE BOARDING!

HE'S INSIDE!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE! THIS IS JUSTICE DEPARTMENT BUSINESS!

WE GOT TO FLY OUR WAY OUT OF HERE!

STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

YOU WANT THE KID, **HAVE** HIM!

WHAAAAAAA!

HE'S A-GOIN' OVER - !

GOTCHA.!

WUNKKKKK

JUBAL —

RUN, BOY-.!

HCCNNNNNNNNNNKKKK

SPLUNNNNCHHHH

MY BOY.!

CONTROL, ANY UNIT HUDSON NORTH, PICK UP BOY ON MEDIAN STRIP.!

WE HAVE A FATALITY! ONE OF THE FARGO BOYS!

DROKK!

ZIMMS AND COMPANION LAST SEEN HEADED TOWARD INTERSECT IN FOORD SKIMSTER! KIDNAP VICTIM IS NOT ABOARD!

MINI SMITTS, I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR **KIDNAP.**

HE SAW THEM COMING. THE WAY THEY WERE DRIVING THERE COULD BE NO MISTAKE —

ROUTE 50

ONE SHOT —

BDAM

BARRY!

BARRY!

CONTROL, SEND AERIAL UNIT TO RETRIEVE VEHICLE, STATIONARY OVER SOUTH NORTH. DETAIN ALL PASSENGERS.

THAT'S A ROJ.

1

THESE DRAMATIC PICTURES WERE CAPTURED AT THE SCENE —

HERE YOU CAN CLEARLY SEE YOUNG **JUBAL FARGO**, WITH A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT, PUSH THE BOY TO **SAFETY** AS THE **TRUCK** THAT WOULD TAKE HIS **OWN LIFE** BEARS DOWN ON HIM.

SFLUNNNNCHHHH

OOH.!

YOUNG SVEN LARSSEN WAS LATER REUNITED WITH HIS GRATEFUL PARENTS. JUBAL FARGO'S BODY WILL RETURN WITH HIS FAMILY TO THE CURSED EARTH.

SCANDANA CONFEDER

AND SO THE CASE THAT **BEGAN** WITH FALSE ACCUSATIONS AND AN OUTCRY AGAINST **MUTANTS** ENDS WITH AN ACT OF **SELFLESS SACRIFICE.** NOT VILLAINS, BUT TRUE **HEROES.**

I DEEPLY REGRET YOUR LOSS. JUBAL WAS A FINE YOUNG MAN.

HE WAS.

IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION HIS BRAVERY WILL DO A GREAT DEAL OF GOOD FOR THE MUTANT CAUSE.

WILDY, YOU PUT OUR MACHINES TO SHAME. IF YOU'D CARE TO **STAY** WE CAN PUT YOUR TALENTS TO GOOD USE.

RIGHT KIND, BUT THANKS.

HE MEANS THANKS, BUT NO. APPRECIATE YORE OFFER, COUSIN JOE, BUT DON'T RECKON HIS MA WOULD EVER FORGIVE ME IF I LET HIM STAY.

'SIDES, FROM WHAT I SEEN — NO OFFENCE — **CURSED EARTH** IS A WHOLE LOT **HEALTHIER** PLACE FOR A BOY TO GROW UP.

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

ROAD STOP

THE LINK, STRETCHING ACROSS HUNDREDS OF KILOMETRES OF RAD-RUINS, CONNECTING THE NORTH-WEST HABZONE WITH THE REST OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

SCRIPT
GORDON RENNIE

ART
DAVE TAYLOR

LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

EVEN ON THE BEST OF DAYS, NOT A GOOD PLACE TO BREAK DOWN...

AL FERGUSON BLOK
CHUGOUTS THE PRIDE OF SECTOR 274

TROUBLE?

TURB-HOLDS ARE FAILING ON THE REAR STABILISERS. WE'LL MAKE IT BACK TO THE CITY IF WE NURSE HER GOOD, BUT IT'LL BE SLOW GOING.

NOT ANYMORE. **RAD-STORM'S** COMING IN. TRAFFIC DIVISION'S ALREADY CLOSED THE LINK TO OUTWARD-BOUND TRAFFIC. NO WAY YOU'LL MAKE IT BACK TO THE CITY IN TIME.

FOLLOW ME. NEED TO FIND YOU SHELTER UNTIL THE STORM'S PASSED OVER...

EARLIER THAT DAY, BACK IN MEGA-CITY:

THWOKK

THWOKK

KRUNCH

THERE. **NOW** DO YOU REMEMBER ME?

NOW, WHO'S NEXT?

DICK CHENEY
BLOCK HIGH

CLASS OF 2105

CORNOCOPIA CHALLIS, VOTED GIRL MOST LIKELY TO MARRY AN ALIEN. MOVED TO THE **NORTH-WEST HABZONE** IN 2117 TO WORK AS A MENTAL HYGIENIST.

YES, I REMEMBER HER..

THE QUESTION IS, THOUGH — WILL SHE REMEMBER ME?

ABOUT THE SAME TIME, SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH-WEST HABZONE:

PLEASE! I'VE GOT A **FAMILY**! MY WIFE'S EXPECTING OUR THIRD KID NEXT WEEK!

YEAH, AND I'VE GOT A SCHEDULE TO KEEP. LIFE'S TOUGH LIKE THAT, AIN'T IT?

HELLO? YES, IT'S ME... ALL DONE HERE NOW. HEADING BACK TO THE CITY.

WHAT? THE **HEADS**? THAT WASN'T PART OF THE CONTRACT...

OKAY, BUT JUST AS LONG AS THEY KNOW THAT'LL DEFINITELY COST EXTRA...

THE LINK

THE PRESENT, SOMEWHERE ON THE LINK:

RRRWWWAAARR

YOU KNOW, HILDRA DEAR, I REALLY DON'T THINK HE CARES MUCH FOR THE GROT-FLAVOURED FOODLE NOODLES WITH CHUNKY CHEWY SURPRISE BITS.

OH DEAR. IT ALWAYS HAS TO BE **MEAT** WITH HIM, DOESN'T IT? AND **REAL** MEAT AT THAT.

HOLD ON. I'M SURE WE'VE STILL GOT A FEW PIECES OF THAT **VAGRANT** LEFT. IF NOT, IT'LL JUST HAVE TO BE DOG-VULTURE AGAIN.

NOT DOG-VULTURE, DEAR. YOU KNOW WHAT IT DOES TO HIS —

DING DONG

GUESTS? WE DON'T HAVE ANY **BOOKINGS**, DO WE?

NOT SINCE ABOUT 2119, I THINK.

WELL, WHOEVER IT IS, THEY COULDN'T HAVE ARRIVED AT A BETTER TIME...

ERRM... YES?

NEED TO USE YOUR PROPERTY AS A TEMPORARY RAD-SHELTER, CITIZEN.

DREDD

SORRY, WE'RE CLOSED FOR LONG-TERM REFURBISHMENT —

THEN CONSIDER THIS YOUR GRAND **RE-OPENING.** STAND ASIDE — I NEED TO GET THESE PEOPLE INTO COVER.

...AND B-THANKFUL STOPOVER

AL FERGUSON BLOG CLUGOUTS

EXCUSE ME, JUDGE...

DREDD

...BUT HOW LONG WILL WE BE HERE?

ONLY I'VE GOT A DATE WITH AN OLD **HIGH-SCHOOL SWEETHEART** LIVING UP IN THE HABZONE.

NOT TONIGHT YOU DON'T. STORM WON'T PASS OVER UNTIL MORNING. KEEP MOVING — YOU'RE BLOCKING THE WAY.

DREDD — LEYLAND, TRAFFIC-DIV.

GO AHEAD, LEYLAND.

WE'RE UP HERE AT FLOW-POINT 372. SENDING A FEW MORE STRAGGLERS YOUR WAY, THEN WE'RE PULLING OUT. YOU NEED A RIDE BACK TO THE CITY?

STOP

NEGATIVE. I'LL STAY HERE TO BABYSIT THESE CITS, THEN RESUME ROAD PATROL IN THE MORNING.

YOUR CHOICE, DREDD.

LOOK, JUDGE, IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY? I'VE GOT A **SCHEDULE** TO KEEP, AND YOU'RE LETTING SOME OF THE OTHER DRIVERS THROUGH!

THEIR VEHICLES HAVE ADEQUATE **RAD-SHIELDING.** YOURS DOESN'T. CAN'T LET YOU CONTINUE ON IN IT.

THERE'S A TEMPORARY RAD-SHELTER BEEN ESTABLISHED BACK UP THE ROAD. YOU'LL BE SAFE THERE, UNTIL THE DANGER'S OVER. NOW GET GOING.

CITS. YOU TRY TO DO 'EM A FAVOUR, AND THEY ACT LIKE YOU'RE GIVING 'EM A HARD TIME...

Motel

STORM'S ON US. GOING TO BE HERE FOR THE DURATION NOW.

HOW LONG D'YOU THINK IT'S GOING TO LAST, JUDGE?

WEST-WALL STORMWATCH SAID MAYBE TWELVE HOURS, BUT SOMETIMES THESE THINGS CAN LAST **DAYS.**

DAYS! I'VE GOT A SCHEDULE TO KEEP BACK IN THE CITY! CAN'T YOU RADIO IN AND GET A MORE RECENT UPDATE?

STORM'S BLOCKING ALL COMMUNICATIONS. UNTIL IT PASSES OVER, WE'RE COMPLETELY CUT OFF.

LIKE I SAID, WE'RE HERE FOR THE DURATION.

MIGHT AS WELL MAKE USE OF THE TIME WHILE WE'RE HERE, SO LET'S START CHECKING I.D.s AND DOING A FEW RANDOM BODY SEARCHES.

CREEP WITH THE SCHEDULE TO KEEP — YOU'RE UP FIRST.

WHAT YOU SEE, ZEL?

VEHICLES OUTSIDE, WITH A BUNCH OF REGULAR JOES HOLED UP INSIDE. PLACE IS SEALED TIGHT, BUT THAT AIN'T GONNA BE MUCH OF A PROBLEM, NOW IS IT?

MEAT IN THE CAN BOYS. THAT'S WHAT WE GOT HERE.

I TOLD YOU — I GOT A **LICENCE** FOR THAT GUN!

SO YOU SAY. BUT UNTIL I CAN CHECK THAT WITH CENTRAL RECORDS, THE CUFFS STAY ON.

GOING TO NEED SOMEWHERE TO STOW THESE PERPS UNTIL I CAN GET THEM PROCESSED AFTER THE STORM CLEARS.

YOU GOT A BASEMENT OR SECURE STORAGE ROOM I CAN USE? ANYWHERE LIKE THAT?

A **BASEMENT**? HEAVENS, NO! NOTHING LIKE THAT HERE!

BUT WE'LL FIND SOMETHING FOR YOU, WON'T WE, HILDRA DEAR?

WHY, YES. WE'LL FIND SOMETHING, I'M SURE.

HARRY, DEAR? CAN I HAVE A QUICK WORD, IF THE JUDGE DOESN'T MIND?

STRANGE OLD PAIR. GRUD KNOWS HOW THEY MAKE A LIVING OUT HERE. MAYBE SOMETHING WORTH RUNNING A CHECK ON ONCE HE'S RE-ESTABLISHED RADIO CONTACT WITH THE CITY.

IN THE MEANTIME, PLENTY ELSE HERE TO KEEP HIM BUSY.

CREEP WITH THE SCHEDULE TO KEEP. I.D. CHECK AND BODY SEARCH CAME UP CLEAN, AND NOTHING FLAGGED ON THE BIRDIE. STILL...

...HALF A CENTURY OF STREET EXPERIENCE TELLS HIM THIS CREEP'S HOLDING OUT ABOUT SOMETHING.

OH YEAH, STILL PLENTY HERE TO KEEP HIM BUSY...

YOU! GOT A COUPLE OF PAIRS OF CUFFS LEFT, SO FEET OFF THE FURNITURE!

YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEONE... A GIRL I WAS AT HIGH SCHOOL WITH. YOU'RE NOT HER, ARE YOU?

BUZZ OFF, FREAK. COME NEAR ME AGAIN, AND I'LL TELL THE JUDGE YOU'RE HARASSING ME.

HEH.' THAT'S WHAT **SHE** USED TO SAY TOO, BUT WE BECAME FRIENDS IN THE END. JUST LIKE I KNOW **WE** WILL...

IT'S **YOU-KNOW-WHO**, HARRY LOVE. I'M AFRAID THE STORM'S GOT HIM RATHER AGITATED, AND HE'S STARTED TO GET **HUNGRY** AGAIN.

ALREADY? WELL, I SUPPOSE IT CAN'T BE HELPED...

LEAVE IT TO ME, DEAR. JUST GO BELOW AND MAKE THE USUAL PREPARATIONS.

SOON —

REAL GOOD OF YA TO DO THIS, BUDDY.' THOUGHT I WAS GONNA HAVE TO SEE OUT THE REST OF THE NIGHT SOBER.'

NOT AT ALL, MY FRIEND. LET'S JUST KEEP IT OUR LITTLE SECRET, THOUGH, SHALL WE? THERE'S NOT ENOUGH FOR YOUR FRIENDS, AND I DON'T THINK THE JUDGE WOULD REALLY APPROVE.

HEH, DON'T WORRY, BUDDY.' MUM'S THE WORD.'

SAY, WHAT'S THIS? ONE OF THEM **THEME BAR** JOINTS?

SEE, HILDRA LOVE? I TOLD YOU IT'S NOT SO WRONG IF YOU PICK THE REALLY **STUPID** ONES.

AREN'T WE TAKING AN AWFUL RISK, THOUGH, WITH THAT JUDGE HERE?

SHHHHHNK

NEEDS MUST, SWEETHEART. IF WE DON'T KEEP YOU-KNOW-WHO HAPPY, THEN HE MIGHT BREAK OUT AND GO ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN, AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME.

THOSE POOR PEOPLE ON THAT TOURING VACATION. THEY SEEMED SUCH A NICE YOUNG FAMILY, TOO...

EXACTLY. SO YOU FINISH UP HERE, AND I'LL SEE TO THE REST OF OUR GUESTS.

WITH SO MANY UNEXPECTED VISITORS TONIGHT, WE MIGHT EVEN PICK UP SOME REPEAT CUSTOM FOR ONCE!

THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO KEEP YOUR PEOPLE TOGETHER, AND GET THEM BEDDED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT?

SORRY, JUDGE. I GUESS HE MUST HAVE GONE LOOKING FOR THE DUMP-CUBES AND TOOK A WRONG TURN SOMEWHERE...

212

I'M WARNING YOU NOW — IF I FIND HIM AND HE DIDN'T MAKE IT TO THE DUMP-CUBES IN TIME, THEN I'M GOING TO —

WARNING! WARNING! LAWMASTER AUTO-DEFENCES ACTIVATED!

BIKE COMPUTER ALERT FROM OUTSIDE. SHOULD'VE KNOWN TONIGHT WOULDN'T BE AS EASY AS IT SEEMED...

DREDD

STAY INSIDE YOUR ROOMS, CITIZENS! THAT'S AN ORDER!

ARMED POTENTIAL HOSTILES DETECTED. ISSUING STANDARD LETHAL FORCE ULTIMATUM.

WARNING! JUDGES HAVE BEEN ALERTED AND ARE ON THEIR WAY! UNTIL THEN, THIS UNIT IS AUTHORISED TO TAKE ALL APPROPRIATE OFFENSIVE ACTION!

THIS HAS BEEN A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT STANDARD WARNING! THERE WILL BE NO FURTHER WARNINGS!

REST AND

AN UNUSUALLY BUSY NIGHT AT THE **REST AND B-THANKFUL STOPOVER MOTEL** —

BOTH OUTSIDE...

DISENGAGE AUTO-DEFENCE AND GO TO FULL OFFENCE MODE.! YOU COVER THE RIGHT FLANK, I'LL TAKE THE CREEPS ON THE LEFT.!

WILCO.!

HOLEEEE-.!

...AND **INSIDE.**

AREN'T YOU FINISHED YET, DEAR?

I'M WORKING AS FAST AS I CAN, HILDRA, BUT THESE BONE-CLEAVERS REALLY HAVE SEEN BETTER DAYS.!

WELL, HURRY UP.! ALL THIS GUNFIRE REALLY IS GETTING HIM QUITE **OVER-EXCITED**.!

NEED A HAND, JUDGE? COUPLA US ARE IN OUR BLOCK CITI-DEF UNIT, AND THIS GUY HERE SAID HE ONCE DONE CUBE TIME FOR BEIN' THE SECTOR 12 SKEDWAY SNIPER.

YOU THE ONE DROVE IN WITH THAT LATE-MODEL RED SKOODER?

THAT'S ME, SIR. WHAT OF IT?

HI-EX.!

WHEN YOU GET BACK TO THE CITY, REPORT TO YOUR LOCAL SECTOR HOUSE AND REQUEST A C/228A LAWFUL DAMAGES CLAIM APPLICATION.

UNTIL THEN, EVERYONE STANDS BACK AND LEAVES THIS TO ME.

GOT HALF MY ASS SHOT OFF ONCE IN A BLOCK WAR. KINDA FELT A LOT LIKE THIS.

WE GIVIN' UP THEN, ZEL?

HELL, NO. THERE'S ONLY ONE OF 'EM, AND HE CAN'T COVER THE WHOLE DAMN BUILDING.

WE'LL JUST FIND ANOTHER WAY IN...

GOING OUT TO CHECK FOR SURVIVORS. SCANNER TO MAX RANGE — COVER ME.

UNDERSTOOD.!

NEED ACCESS TO TRAFFIC DIVISION RECORDS — DRIVER I.D. ON ONE OF THE VEHICLES PARKED OUT HERE.

SORRY. ALL OUTSIDE COMMUNICATIONS BLOCKED. STILL TOO MUCH INTERFERENCE FROM THE STORM.

FIGURES.

MAINTAIN POSITION. FULL SCANNER EVERY TEN SECONDS, WITH WEAPONS HOT.

GOING TO BE A BUSIER NIGHT THAN I THOUGHT.

WE'RE UNDER ATTACK. WHAT KIND OF DEFENCES DOES THIS PLACE HAVE?

THE BEST, JUDGE. WE'RE FULLY CERTIFIED — ABLE TO WITHSTAND ANYTHING SHORT OF AN ARMOURED ASSAULT.!

SHOULD PROBABLY BE OKAY UNTIL THE STORM PASSES OVER, THEN. ANY OTHER WAYS IN I DON'T KNOW ABOUT?

YOU MEAN LIKE A **SECRET ENTRANCE**? HEAVENS, NO.!

YOU CAN DEPEND ON US, SIR. **GUEST SAFETY** HAS ALWAYS BEEN OUR NUMBER ONE PRIORITY.!

STRANGE KINDA PAIR, AIN'T THEY? GUESS IT TAKES A SPECIAL KIND TO LIVE OUT HERE.

THE DARK GREY POD-ROCKET OUT FRONT — YOU KNOW WHO CAME IN ABOARD IT?

BEATS ME. TOO BUSY LOOKING FOR ONE OF OUR OWN.

YOU'VE GOT SOMEONE MISSING?

HANK, OUR RESERVE SPIT-CHUGGER. HE WAS KINDA DRUNK AFTER THE MATCH — PROBABLY SLEEPING IT OFF SOMEWHERE.

FIND HIM. AND GET EVERYONE ELSE GATHERED TOGETHER — THOSE CREEPS OUTSIDE MIGHT NOT BE THE ONLY PROBLEM WE'VE GOT TONIGHT.

JUDGE WANTS EVERYONE TOGETHER. SAYS IT'S FOR OUR OWN SAFETY.

WHOOPI-DOO. WONDER WHO HE'S GOING TO STRIP SEARCH THIS TIME?

YOU TOO, BUDDY. JUDGE SAID HE WANTS EVERYONE THERE.

CHET? **CHET DOONAN**? DON'T YOU RECOGNISE ME? WE WERE AT DICK CHENEY BLOCK HIGH TOGETHER. CLASS OF '05!

SORRY FELLA. YOU GOT THE WRONG GUY. I'M FERGUSON BLOCK, BORN AND BRED. NEVER EVEN **HEARD** OF DICK CHENEY!

SURE YOU DO, CHET, OLD BUDDY! SURE YOU REMEMBER!

SEE?

JEEZ, WHAT ARE THE ODDS, HUH? ALL THESE PEOPLE HERE, AND IT TURNS OUT WE **ALL** WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER.

HEH HEH... JUST ONE BIG **SCHOOL REUNION...**

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...

SEE? TOLD YA THERE WAS ANOTHER WAY IN.

COUPLA THERMITE CHARGES GONNA TAKE CARE OF THAT ARMOURED PLASTEEL DOOR, AND THEN WE'LL BE INSIDE, WITH **NOTHIN'** TO STOP US...

LIFE FOR **THE THING IN THE BASEMENT** OF THE REST AND B-THANKFUL STOPOVER MOTEL IS FAIRLY UNCOMPLICATED.

THE PEOPLE THAT LOOK AFTER IT — THEY MEANT SOMETHING TO IT, IT DIMLY REMEMBERS, BACK WHEN IT WAS STILL HUMAN — BRING IT FOOD AND KEEP IT SAFE. OCCASIONALLY, IT GETS ANGRY ABOUT SOMETHING AND BREAKS OUT TO FIND MORE FOOD, BUT IT ALWAYS COMES BACK AGAIN.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, ITS LIFE IS EASY AND COMPLICATION-FREE.

THAT'S ABOUT TO CHANGE...

ロボット

TWENTY-SECOND FUSE — THAT OUGHTA DO IT!

FOR JUDGE DREDD, LIFE IS **ALWAYS** COMPLICATED —

STORM'S STARTING TO PASS OVER NOW. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT RESCUE UNITS WILL BE HERE SOON. UNTIL THEN, THOUGH, I NEED —

GRUD, WHAT NOW?

THEY KILLED BUD! I FOUND HIM TWO LEVELS UP! THERE'S **BLOOD** EVERYWHERE!

DREDD

'BUD'? WAS THAT THE NAME OF THE ONE **WE** HAD?

I DON'T THINK SO. HIS NAMETAG SAID 'HANK', DIDN'T IT?

SHOW ME. THE REST OF YOU, STAY HERE.

SIXTEEN... SEVENTEEN... EIGHTEEN... HEADS DOWN, BOYS!

YOU HEAR THAT? SOUNDED LIKE AN EXPLOSION.

JUST ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER IN THIS PLACE...

HEH HEH HEH.' WELCOME TO THE REUNION.' REMEMBER ME? I'M DAVE, CLASS OF '05.'

DREDD. CLASS OF '79.

DREDD

GRUD KNOWS WHAT THAT WAS ABOUT. AFTERMATH INVESTIGATION AND CLEAR-UP PAPERWORK ON THIS ONE WAS GOING TO BE A BIG JOB.

SEE? WHAT'D I TELL YA? GONNA BE **MEAT IN A CAN** FROM NOW ON.'

UH... ZEL?

GOING SOMEWHERE?

YOU KIDDING? THIS PLACE IS TURNING INTO A **SLAUGHTERHOUSE**! I'D RATHER TAKE MY CHANCES OUT IN THE STORM THAN STICK AROUND HERE!

OH, I AGREE. PLUS, I'M A PROFESSIONAL **CONTRACT KILLER** AND I REALLY NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE JUDGES TURN UP. ONLY I CAN'T USE MY OWN CAR BECAUSE OF THE FIVE **SEVERED HEADS** DREDD FOUND IN IT.

SO THAT'S WHY I NEED YOUR VEHICLE INSTEAD.

HEY, WE'VE ALL GOT OUR PROBLEMS, HONEY. ME, I EMBEZZLED **HALF A MILLION CREDS** FROM MY EMPLOYER THIS MORNING.

NOW, I'M KINDA IN A HURRY HERE, SO IF YOU DON'T MIND —

MAYBE I DIDN'T MAKE MYSELF CLEAR. HERE, LET ME EXPLAIN IT AGAIN...

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THIS PLACE IS JUST FULL OF SURPRISES...

SCREAMS AND GUNSHOTS, COMING FROM SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE DOOR..

PAPERWORK COUNT'S REALLY RACKING UP NOW.

OH DEAR. HE'S FOUND OUR **LITTLE SECRET**, HAROLD...

DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, BUT YOU TWO FREAKS ARE IN A LOT OF —

RRRRRWWWHHHRR!

MEAT IN THE CAN, HE SAID.! MEAT IN THE DROKKIN' CAN.!

GRUD - !

STOP HIM, HARRY.! DON'T LET HIM HARM **MOTHER**!

STOP HIM, HARRY! DON'T LET HIM HARM **MOTHER**!

UHHH-!

LOOK OUT-!

NO, MOTHER! PLEASE-!

RAAAAAWWWWWRRRR

MONSTER! YOU KILLED MY **BROTHER**!

NEED AT LEAST ONE OF YOU ALIVE TO TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.

GUNFIRE FROM INSIDE. LOOKS LIKE SHE PICKED THE RIGHT TIME TO LEAVE.

RED '24 MODEL NOVO SLAB-STAR, BELONGING TO THAT CHUMP SHE JUST KILLED. PIECE OF CRUD, BUT IT'LL GET HER FAR ENOUGH FROM HERE BEFORE THE STORM LIFTS AND MORE JUDGES ARRIVE —

HALT! YOU ARE ENTERING A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT-MONITORED ZONE! IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

PLEASE... I'M SO SCARED! THEY'RE KILLING EACH OTHER INSIDE, AND I JUST WANTED TO GET AWAY-!

LIE DETECTED. SCANNERS ALSO REVEAL YOU ARE CARRYING A HIDDEN WEAPON. STAY WHERE YOU ARE AND MAKE NO HIDDEN MOVES. JUDGES WILL SOON BE HERE TO PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST.

PHUITT

DREDD ALREADY HAD THE CONTENTS OF THAT BAG, TYING HER TO FIVE HEADLESS CORPSES BACK IN THE PIT. GRUD KNOWS HOW MANY CONTRACT JOBS THEY'D EVENTUALLY TRACE BACK TO HER.

WHAT THE HELL... A SLIM CHANCE IS STILL BETTER THAN NO CHANCE AT ALL.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

HAVE TO TELL YOU, CITIZEN, YOU'RE IN A **LOT** OF TROUBLE.

POOR MOTHER... SHE SEEMED SO HAPPY WHEN WE FIRST MOVED HERE.

'WE THOUGHT THE SOLITUDE MIGHT BE **GOOD** FOR HER — THE CITY CAN BE SUCH A CONFUSING PLACE FOR ELDSTERS. SHE WAS FINE AT FIRST, BUT THEN SHE STARTED WITH HER **FUNNY TURNS** AGAIN.

'SHE STARTED WANDERING OFF. THE LAST TIME SHE VANISHED FOR A **WEEK.** WE FINALLY FOUND HER OUT IN THE RUINS, BESIDE A **CHEM-PIT.**

'MAYBE IT WAS THE RADIATION, OR ONE OF THOSE HORRID CURSED EARTH DISEASES, BUT AFTER WE FOUND HER AND BROUGHT HER BACK HOME, SHE SEEMED... **DIFFERENT**, SOMEHOW.'

MOTHER? IS THAT YOU...?

RRRRRWWWWWHRRRR

YOU REALLY THINK THE THING YOU FOUND WAS YOUR MOTHER?

SHE STILL HAD HER WIG WHEN WE FOUND HER.

ON HER HEAD?

WELL, MORE LIKE CHEWED BETWEEN HER JAWS, BUT FROM THE WAY SHE SNARLED AT HARRY WHEN HE WENT NEAR HER, WE **KNEW** IT WAS HER.

AND YOU'VE BEEN FEEDING PEOPLE TO THAT THING EVER SINCE?

SHE ALWAYS HAD AN **APPETITE**, BUT AFTER HER CHANGE IT WAS THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD KEEP HER HAPPY...

KOOK CUBES OR AN ISO-BLOCK — MED DIVISION WILL DETERMINE WHERE YOU'RE GOING. EITHER WAY —

GRUD-!

RRRRRAAWWRRRRR

DREDD — LEYLAND. COMMS ARE BACK UP. YOU READING THIS?

IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING HERE, LEYLAND. GET BACK TO YOU IN A MOMENT.

LAWGIVER GONE, AND CAN'T REACH HIS BOOT-KNIFE. HAVE TO USE WHATEVER HE CAN FIND IN HIS BELT POUCHES —

STUMM GRENADE!

MOTHER-!

SOMEHOW I DOUBT IT.

GO AHEAD, LEYLAND.

STORM'S LIFTING AND WE'RE ON OUR WAY OUT TO YOU. HOW'S YOUR NIGHT BEEN?

ABOUT AVERAGE.

I HAVE TO DO THE PAPERWORK?

THE LINK'S TRAFFIC-DIVISION TURF. CLEAN-UP RESPONSIBILITY'S YOURS.

AT LEAST YOU LEFT ME ONE LIVE PERP TO INTERROGATE. THAT SHOULD HELP SOME.

GETTING SOME GOOD FORENSICS ON THE ONE YOUR BIKE FRAGGED — TIE-INS TO **MOB HITS** ALL OVER THE CITY.

PERP

ONE INSIDE THAT NEEDS TO BE CHECKED OUT TOO. FUTSIE-LOOKING CREEP THAT CAME AT ME WITH A KNIFE. GOT A FEELING LAST NIGHT WASN'T THE START OF IT FOR HIM, EITHER.

YOU'LL HAVE MY REPORT. ANY QUESTIONS, LET ME KNOW.

DREDD

YOU'RE RESUMING LINK PATROL?

ESCORT DUTY. THESE DUMB CREEPS LOST TWO PEOPLE LAST NIGHT. I WANT TO MAKE SURE THE REST OF THEM GET HOME IN ONE PIECE...

THE END

THE CURSED EARTH, IN WHAT WAS PREVIOUSLY THE NEVADA DESERT.

JUDGE DREDD

OWNERSHIP

AREA 51, AS IT WAS ONCE KNOWN.

THAT BELONGS TO ME.

WE DON'T HAVE MANY LAWS OUT HERE, BUT **OWNERSHIP**'S KIND OF WRITTEN IN BLOOD.

YOU TAKE SOMEONE ELSE'S STUFF, YOU **DIE**. IT'S PRETTY SIMPLE.

I MEAN, WITHOUT **LAWS**, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?

I DUNNO. A KILLER PARTY?

IT DEPENDS IF THERE'RE HOT CATHOLIC GIRLS THERE, REALLY.

SCRIPT
ROB WILLIAMS
ART
RICHARD ELSON
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

THAT'S FUNNY. YOU'RE THE FUNNIEST SOON-TO-BE DEAD GUY INEXPLICABLY WRAPPED IN BANDAGES I'VE EVER MET.

WHO **ARE** YOU? WHAT'S IN THE **BRIEFCASE**? QUICKLY NOW, BEFORE WE REMOVE BODY PARTS.

NAME'S **COLUMBUS CHILTON**. DON'T BLAME ME. MY PARENTS OBVIOUSLY HAD A THING FOR ALLITERATON.

I'M LIKE AN **ARCHAEOLOGIST**, BUT WITH BETTER JOKES. WHICH ISN'T DIFFICULT, GRANTED.

AND THE BRIEFCASE IS KIND OF A **PLAN B**. SEE, I FIGURE I CAN USUALLY **STEAL** WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR. THAT'S PLAN A. BUT IF I CAN'T, AND I GET CAUGHT...

...THEN I CAN **BUY** THE ITEM IN QUESTION, AND YOU LET ME GO IN ONE PIECE. ALL VIOLENCE AVERTED.

I'M FAIRLY WELL OFF, AS YOU CAN PROBABLY TELL.

CREDS CREDS CREDS
CREDS CREDS CREDS
DS CREDS CREDS C
CREDS CREDS CR

IT'S A DECENT ENOUGH PLAN. BUT I GOTTA TELL YOU, THERE'S A SMALL **LOGIC FLAW**, COLUMBUS.

WHAT'S TO STOP ME FROM KEEPING THIS MONEY, PUTTING YOUR HEAD ON A SPIKE AND USING THOSE BANDAGES TO CLEAN MY TOILET?

WELL... THAT WOULD BE PLAN C.

THE BOMB IN THE BRIEFCASE.

CHARLIE! SADDLE THE HORSES!

WE'RE LEAVING!

VABOOOOOM

UH... THEY DON'T SEEM TO WANT TO WAKE UP. COLD START IN THE MORNINGS, YOU KNOW HOW THINGS GO.

I'LL ASSUME YOU'RE JOKING.

A LITTLE HUMOUR CAN ALLEVIATE THE DARKEST SITUATIONS.

GOOD TO KNOW. TELL YOU WHAT, YOU'RE EVER SUFFERING FROM A TERMINAL ILLNESS, I'LL PUT ON A PUPPET SHOW.

YOU KNOW YOUR PROBLEM, COLUMBUS?

YOU NEED TO LIGHTEN UP.

HAS TO BE AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE A LIVING...

OUR GLORIOUS LEADER IS ALL BLOWN UP TO DROKK.! THIS CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO PASS.!

LAUNCH RETALIATORY STRIKE.!

AND DIBS ON HIS GOLD TEETH.

YOU HAVE IT?

I'M FINE, IMMY, THANKS FOR ASKING. YOUR CONCERN FOR MY WELLBEING IS TOUCHING.

POO TO YOUR WELLBEING. OPEN THE CYLINDER. QUICKLY.

UM, SORRY TO BOTHER YOU TWO...

MEGA-CITY ONE, CHARLIE. **NOW.**

I'D ABSOLUTELY LOVE TO OBEY, COLUMBUS, BUT WE HAVE A SOMEWHAT MORE PRESSING MATTER.

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE MORE PRESSING THAN THIS?

WE'RE ABOUT TO **DIE.**

THIS COULDN'T REALLY GET ANY WORSE, COULD IT?

WE'RE GOING TO GO SPLAT WHEN WE HIT THE WALL, AND THEY'RE FIRING EVERY GUN THEY HAVE AT US.

HONESTLY, THIS CITY...

...ABSOLUTELY NO RESPECT FOR **ACADEMIA.**

KRRRUMMMPP

I DEMAND TO SEE THE CHIEF JUDGE!

I AM AN ARCHAEOLOGIST!

YEAH, THAT'LL WORK...

HE'S BEEN FOLLOWING CLUES AND ARTEFACTS FOR THE LAST **EIGHT YEARS**, SO HE SAYS.

HE FINALLY TRACKED THE LOCATION OF THIS FINAL 'ITEM' A FEW WEEKS BACK. WHEN HE SAW THE **DATE**... THAT'S WHY HE RUSHED IT BACK HERE.

WE'VE GOT OUR FINEST HISTORIANS LOOKING AT IT RIGHT —

IT'S REAL.

MY GRUD, IF WHAT THIS SAYS IS TRUE...

OF COURSE IT'S REAL, YOU MORONS! LET ME OUT OF HERE AND PERHAPS I CAN ACTUALLY HELP YOU!

THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME!

YOU TRIED TO CRASH YOUR SHIP INTO THE CITY WALL, CHILTON. RECKLESS ENDANGERMENT. FAILURE TO FOLLOW AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL INSTRUCTIONS. WASTING JUSTICE DEPARTMENT AMMUNITION.

ALL YOU **GOT** IS TIME, CREEP —

VRRRRRRRMMMMMMMMM

WHAT THE HELL-?

UH... I THINK YOU'D BETTER RELEASE HIM, DREDD.

WE MAY NEED ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET.

GRUD.

THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.

FIRST WAVE IS MOVING IN NOW.

FOR THE RECORD, I **KNOW** THAT THIS IS A BAD IDEA.

THEN WHY DO IT?

BECAUSE THIS IS **OUR** CITY. IT'S TIME WE SHOWED THEM THAT.

HOWEVER BIG THEIR DROKKING RIDE IS.

'THEY ARRIVED HERE FOURTEEN HOURS AGO.

'DIDN'T MAKE ANY BIG ANNOUNCEMENTS. NO MAJOR SHOW OF STRENGTH.

'YOU DON'T REALLY **HAVE** TO WHEN YOUR SPACESHIP COVERS PRETTY MUCH THE ENTIRE EASTERN SEABOARD OF A MAJOR CONTINENT.

'WHEN YOUR VERY ARRIVAL IN THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE CAUSES TIDAL AND SEISMIC SHIFTS.

'JUST THE WAY THEY SILENTLY SAT THERE MADE THE POINT **VERY** CLEARLY...

'WE **OWN** YOU.

'WE CAN DO WHATEVER WE WANT WITH YOU.

'THAT KIND OF THING.

'I GOTTA TELL YOU... IT'S REALLY QUITE **EMASCULATING.**'

I HATE TO SAY I TOLD YOU SO, BUT...

NAH, WHO AM I KIDDING? I DON'T HATE TO SAY IT AT ALL. I **TOLD YOU SO.**

I **REALLY** WOULDN'T PUSH IT, COLUMBUS. THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR CELL IS BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS DROKKING THING.

THEN DADDY WAS RIGHT ALL ALONG. EDUCATION **WOULD** KEEP ME OUT OF THE CUBES.

'COURSE, HE WAS WRONG ABOUT COMBINING WATER AND ELECTRICITY TO CREATE A NEW POWER SOURCE CALLED **WATERICITY**, BUT ONE OUT OF TWO —

THIS ISN'T A **FIRST CONTACT** THING. WE DON'T RUN CRYING JUST BECAUSE A FEW ALIENS APPEAR OVERHEAD. THAT'S OLD NEWS.

WE **DEAL** WITH THIS.

THE SHIP'S TOO BIG TO SERIOUSLY DAMAGE WITH ANYTHING OTHER THAN A NUKE, AND EVEN IF WE DO THAT, IT SQUASHES US LIKE A BUG WHEN IT FALLS OUT OF THE SKY.

BESIDES, A SHIP OR MISSILE ATTACKS IT THEY JUST DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR.

AND EVERY PSI-JUDGE IN THE CITY STARTED GETTING A MIGRAINE THE MOMENT THE SHIP DROPPED INTO ORBIT, SO THEY'RE USELESS TO US AT THE MOMENT.

AND THEN THERE'S **THIS.**

WHAT ARE WE IF WE'RE NOT **BEHOLDEN** TO THIS, DREDD?

WE **ARE** THE LAW, AFTER ALL.

AND THIS **IS** THE LAW.

MY TEAM AND I HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING THIS FOR EIGHT YEARS.

I'VE STUDIED IT AT GREAT LENGTH — THE CLUES, THE RUMOURS, AND NOW... THE REALITY.

'HISTORY STATES THAT A CERTAIN NAMESAKE OF MINE ARRIVED IN AMERICA IN *1492*. ACTUALLY, HE ONLY HIT THE MAINLAND IN *1498* ON HIS THIRD VOYAGE, BUT I DIGRESS...

'OLD CHRISSIE BOY, HE CLAIMED AMERICA FOR THE EUROPEANS, EFFECTIVELY. TOOK OWNERSHIP OF THE PLACE IN EVERY WAY THAT COUNTS. MURDERED A LOT OF KINDLY NATIVES IN THE PROCESS.

'WHAT CAN I SAY? HE WAS A DROKKER.

'TOO BAD HE WAS **SEVEN YEARS LATE.**

'IN *1491*, ACCORDING TO DOCUMENTS I'VE READ, A SCOUT SHIP FROM THE BAD BOYS SITTING ON TOP OF US LANDED JUST OUTSIDE WHAT WOULD LATER BE CALLED DES MOINES, IOWA.

'AN OFFER WAS MADE, AND QUICKLY ACCEPTED.

'DOCUMENTS WERE SIGNED STATING THAT, AT A PARTICULAR DATE IN THE FAR FUTURE — **YESTERDAY**, SADLY FOR US — THEY WOULD RETURN AND TAKE COMPLETE OWNERSHIP OF THIS GREAT NATION.

'SEA TO SHINING SEA, ETC.'

AND IF YOU COULD SIGN HERE, HERE AND HERE, THAT WOULD BE LOVELY. YOU MAY KEEP THIS COPY FOR YOUR RECORDS.

'THAT WOULD BE LOVELY?'

WHAT? LIKE YOU DON'T OCCASIONALLY **EXAGGERATE** A CRIME REPORT TO MAKE IT SOUND BETTER.

WHY NOW? WHY DIDN'T THEY JUST TAKE OWNERSHIP BACK THEN?

THOSE GUYS WERE THROWING STICKS AT EACH OTHER AND WEARING A PIECE OF STRING BETWEEN THEIR ASS CHEEKS. THERE WASN'T A LOT WORTH OWNING.

'I GUESS THEY LIKE TO PLAY THE LONG CON.

'ANYWAY, IT'S LEGALLY BINDING. WE BELONG TO **THEM** NOW.'

HE'D HEARD ENOUGH. HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE.

THIS WASN'T HIM. WHAT CONCERN DID HE HAVE WITH ANCIENT HISTORY?

THE **STREETS** WERE HIS BUSINESS.

HIS PEOPLE.

NEW MASTERS

WELCOME

HIS CITY.

HIS LAW.

CHILTON.

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT THEY'VE LEFT ORBIT.

YOU HAVE THE CITY'S THANKS, COLUMBUS, AND A FULL JUDICIAL PARDON FOR YOU AND YOUR TEAM. I THINK IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO.

I GUESS WE WERE JUST LUCKY TO BE INVADED BY A RACE THAT RESPECTS THE **LAW** AS MUCH AS WE DO, CHIEF JUDGE.

I'M AMAZED THAT YOU WERE ABLE TO DISCOVER THE OTHER DOCUMENT SO QUICKLY.

WELL, MY TEAM AND I **HAVE** BEEN WORKING ON THIS CASE FOR EIGHT YEARS, DON'T FORGET.

'I KNEW I'D SEEN A SIMILAR DOCUMENT, ONE WE'D DISCOVERED ON A PREVIOUS ASSIGNMENT YEARS AGO.

'IT ONLY OCCURRED TO ME TODAY THAT IT MIGHT BE RELEVANT TO THIS CASE, SO I CHECKED THE SIGNATURE AND, AMAZINGLY, IT MATCHED.'

SO YOU SEE, THE CHIEF HAD ALREADY WRITTEN THIS DOCUMENT TEN YEARS BEFORE MEETING YOU, STATING THAT THE COUNTRY WAS LEGALLY THE PROPERTY OF ITS **PEOPLE.**

SORRY, BOYS. YOU GOT CONNED. HE COULDN'T SELL YOU WHAT WAS NO LONGER **HIS.**

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D EVER EXAGGERATE A DOCUMENT TO MAKE IT SOUND BETTER, WOULD YOU, COLUMBUS?

AN ANCIENT LEGAL DOCUMENT WOULD BE **PHENOMENALLY DIFFICULT** TO FORGE, CHIEF JUDGE. EVEN FOR A WORLD-RENOWNED, HIGHLY SKILLED EXPERT IN THE FIELD, SUCH AS MYSELF.

BESIDES, I'D **NEVER** DO SUCH A THING.

I MEAN, WITHOUT LAWS, WHAT HAVE YOU **GOT**?

RIGHT?

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

THE EDGAR CASE

HE WOKE WITH THAT NAUSEOUS FEELING AGAIN.

EIGHT HOURS NATURAL NEVER AGREED WITH HIM.

HE'D TOSSED AND TURNED AND LAIN AWAKE PICKING OVER CASES — DOUBTED IF HE'D GOT TWO HOURS ALL NIGHT.

OVERACTIVE ADRENAL GLAND, THE MEDS HAD TOLD HIM — MADE HIM RESTIVE, SHORT-TEMPERED AND IMPATIENT.

HE'D NOTICED THE SAME THING IN RICO. IMPULSES THEY HAD TO FIGHT TO CONTROL.

STILL, SELF-DISCIPLINE WAS GOOD FOR THE SOUL.

SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER

PENCILS
PATRICK GODDARD

INKS
LEE TOWNSEND

COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE

LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

BONES FELT CREAKY THIS MORNING.

THERE WAS THAT PAIN IN HIS LEFT SIDE AGAIN, THOUGH HE WOULD HARDLY ADMIT TO IT.

NO, NOTHING THE MATTER THERE. PROBABLY TOOK A KNOCK, HADN'T NOTICED AT THE TIME.

BUT THE NAUSEA... THAT DEFINITELY WASN'T RIGHT. HIS DUTY TO SEE ABOUT IT.

DINSDALE — JUST THE MAN.

SCHEDULED FOR BLOCK COURT, 9.00 SHARP. SOMETHING'S COME UP — BE OBLIGED IF YOU'D HANDLE IT.

UH, SURE, I GUESS, IF —

GOOD. SEE LOGAN, HE'LL FILL YOU IN.

BLOCK COURT, JUST MY LUCK.

CAN'T REFUSE THE MAN.

THERE'D BE TIME IN THE EARLY HOURS, WHEN THE STREETS WERE QUIETER.

FOR THE MOMENT, HE HAD AN APPOINTMENT WITH AN OLD ADVERSARY.

CURSED EARTH CORRECTION FACILITY 17 —

WELCOME, SIR! I'M **FRANK ST JOHN**, YOUR **LIAISON** OFFICER.

NOT THE **FIRST** TIME YOU'VE BEEN AT THIS FACILITY, I UNDERSTAND — THOUGH NEVER AS AN **INMATE**, I'M GLAD TO SAY!

LET'S GET ON WITH IT, ST JOHN.

HAVE YOU KNOWN HER LONG?

LONG ENOUGH.

SHE'S AN EXCEPTIONAL WOMAN. EXCEPTIONAL. I THINK IT'S DISGRACEFUL THE WAY THEY TREATED HER. DISGRACEFUL.

JUDGE DREDD, MA'AM.

DON'T JUST STAND THERE. COME HERE WHERE I CAN SEE YOU. SIT DOWN.

I'M SORRY TO FIND YOU LIKE THIS, EDGAR.

UNNH.

YOU'RE A BAD LIAR, DREDD. YOU NEVER LIKED ME AND I NEVER LIKED YOU, SO LET'S NOT PRETEND YOU GIVE A DAMN.

IT'S ALL THROUGH ME NOW. THEY GIVE ME A WEEK... TWO WEEKS.

WHY DID YOU LEAVE IT? WHY DIDN'T YOU GET TREATMENT?

THINK I WANT THEM CUTTING ME AROUND? OPENING ME UP, HACKING BITS OFF? I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THAT.

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THAT WAY, NOT ANYMORE.

LEAVE IT. IT'S DONE. IT'S TOO LATE NOW.

IN ANY CASE I'M **READY** TO GO. THERE'S NOTHING HERE FOR ME ANYMORE. YOU AND HERSHEY, YOU'VE SEEN TO THAT.

FOR MANY YEARS **JURA EDGAR** HAD BEEN **HEAD** OF THE **PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT.** SHE HAD BUILT IT INTO WHAT IT WAS — JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S PRIME ORGAN OF **CONTROL**, FEARED BY EVERY CITIZEN.

BUT **POWER** HAD BECOME TOO MUCH OF AN END IN ITSELF, AND HAD BROUGHT ABOUT HER DOWNFALL.

ONCE... ONCE I THOUGHT I COULD HAVE IT ALL. CHIEF JUDGE... YES, CHIEF JUDGE. BUT SOMEHOW MY NAME NEVER CAME UP...

OUR HUMAN PRETENSIONS... HOW PATHETIC THEY ALL SEEM NOW.

UNNHHH.

CAN'T YOU GIVE HER SOMETHING?

JUDGE EDGAR IS REFUSING MEDICATION, SIR.

PART OF MY PENANCE... FOR MY SINS. DON'T LET IT CONCERN YOU.

WHY DID YOU ASK TO SEE ME?

GET IT.

YES, MA'AM.

WE'VE HAD OUR DIFFERENCES, DREDD, BUT I'VE ALWAYS RESPECTED YOU AS AN... AS A JUDGE.

OH, YOU'RE NOT THE SMARTEST, NOT BY A LONG STRETCH. BUT YOU'RE THE MOST DETERMINED.

LIKE A TERRIER, NEVER STOP WORRYING AT A PROBLEM. WORRY IT AND WORRY IT UNTIL YOU'VE GOT AN ANSWER.

WHAT IS THIS? SOMETHING **ELSE** YOU HELD BACK?

CALL IT... UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

I WOULD BE OBLIGED IF YOU WOULD LEAVE ME NOW.

DREDD

IT WAS DARK BEFORE HE FOUND A SPARE MOMENT. ALL DAY LONG THE VID SLUG HAD BURNED LIKE AN INCENDIARY IN HIS POCKET.

EDGAR'S OCCASIONAL REVELATIONS HAD NEVER BEEN DULL, AND THIS ONE HAD BEEN DELIVERED WITH MORE THAN THE USUAL HINT OF **MALICE** — THE AIR OF A SCORE UNSETTLED.

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

WHAT NEW **INIQUITIES** WERE ABOUT TO BE **EXPOSED** AT THE HEART OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT...?

DATELINE AUGUST 2096. A JUDGE — LATE TWENTIES, MAYBE — WITH A WOMAN. LOOKED LIKE **RAMOS**...

05/08/2096 14:17:54

YES, RAMOS — YOUNG HERE.

05/08/2096 14:17:54

RAMOS AND THE SAME WOMAN ENTERING A HOTEL, FIVE MINUTES APART — LEAVING SEPARATELY TWO HOURS LATER.

05/09/2096 15:30:54

HOTEL

05/09/2096 15:35:54

REPEATING THE PROCESS — SEVERAL TIMES, SEVERAL PLACES. ALL BETWEEN AUGUST 2096 AND SEPTEMBER 2097. OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO.

JUST THAT. NOTHING MORE.

ALL EDGAR'S PENT-UP BITTERNESS — THAT CAULDRON OF RESENTMENT, KEPT SIMMERING OVER THE YEARS SINCE HER DEMOTION — WAS THIS ALL IT BOILED DOWN TO? THE FINAL TWIST OF THE OLD WOMAN'S KNIFE —

— THIS PETTY EXPOSE?

HE HAD EXPECTED MORE.

WHAT DID SHE WANT HIM TO DO? HAUL RAMOS IN OVER AN AFFAIR THAT HAD PROBABLY **ENDED** THIRTY YEARS BEFORE?

WHAT WOULD BE THE POINT? UNLESS HE COULD PROVE **PATTERN** OF BEHAVIOUR, LEADING TO POTENTIAL DERELICTION OF DUTY...

DREDD, RESUMING PATROL. AT THE GRAND HALL.

ROG. GO TO 22119 COSTELLO. DOMESTIC.

HE LIKED RAMOS — IN AS MUCH AS HE COULD BE SAID TO 'LIKE' ANYONE. THE MAN WAS A FINE STREET JUDGE, A DEPENDABLE VOICE ON THE COUNCIL OF FIVE.

EVEN IF THE REST OF THE FORCE SHARED HIS DISAPPROVAL OF EXTRA-JUDICIAL LIAISONS — AND, HE HAD TO CONCEDE, ATTITUDES HAD SOFTENED — IT WOULD SERVE NO GOOD PURPOSE TO DIG UP THESE OLD BONES. LET THEM LIE.

AND EDGAR..

HE OWED EDGAR NOTHING.

I'M FINISHED HERE, CONTROL.

GO TO ZZIZ REHAB ON WINEHOUSE, REPORT OF DISTURBANCE.

HE WAS KEPT MORE THAN OCCUPIED THAT NIGHT.

SKASHHHHH

STAFF LEVELS WERE DANGEROUSLY LOW. THEY USED HIM AS RELIEF, CATAPULTING HIM IN WHEREVER THE NEED WAS GREATEST.

SETTLE DOWN HERE BEFORE SOMEONE GETS HURT!

WALTER — MRS GUNDERSON.

IT'S JUDGE DWEDD, MRS G! JUDGE DWEDD!

THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, WALTER. I'LL HAVE A SMALL SHERRY.

THE HATE BRIGADE WAS OUT IN FORCE —

MUTIES

MUTIES OUT

MUTANTS OUT.

MUTIES OUT!

MUTIE-BASHING HAD BECOME THE NEW SLAB SPORT. ALL OVER THE CITY INCOMERS WERE BEING SINGLED OUT FOR **ASSAULT, HARASSMENT** AND **MURDER.**

THE ISO-BLOCKS WERE FILLING WITH HATE CRIMINALS.

WE GOT ANOTHER MUTANT VICTIM, CONTROL. MEAT WAGON REQUIRED.

STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

THEY HAD BEEN RIGHT, THE NAY-SAYERS, WITH THEIR WARNINGS OF THE INCREASED CRIME **MUTANT REFORM** WOULD BRING.

THINGS HAD BEEN, IN MANY RESPECTS, BETTER THE WAY THEY WERE.

TAKE OVER HERE.

YES, SIR.

FIFTH ONE TONIGHT. THEY'RE KILLING THEM FASTER THAN YOU CAN LET THEM IN.

RELATIVES NEED TO BE INFORMED.

HE WAS NOT BLIND TO THE DISCONTENT WITHIN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. MANY BLAMED HIM. LET THEM.

IF THEY'D LEARNED ONE THING AT THE ACADEMY IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THIS — THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE WAS NOT **MEANT** TO BE EASY.

CHANGEOVER, 0600 HOURS. THE GRAND HALL —

THE **EDGAR** BUSINESS HAD BEEN NAGGING AT HIM.

WHY WOULD SHE **BOTHER** SHOWING HIM THIS? UNLESS SHE HAD LOST HER MIND COMPLETELY...

NO... THIS WAS INFORMATION SHE HAD KEPT TO HERSELF FOR YEARS, WAITING FOR THE RIGHT TIME. HER LAST VINDICTIVE ACT. THERE **HAD** TO BE MORE TO IT.

FIRST STEP: THE WOMAN — WHO WAS SHE?

NO MATCH IN THEIR FILES. NOT SURPRISING. THIS WAS OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO. A LOT OF INFORMATION HAD BEEN LOST IN THE WAR

ARTIFICIALLY **AGE** HER. ADD THIRTY YEARS, TRY AGAIN.

NEGATIVE.

HE COULD, OF COURSE, SIMPLY ASK RAMOS. BUT IF THERE **WAS** A CASE TO INVESTIGATE...

NO, HOLD BACK ON RAMOS.

ASSUMING THE AGEING PROCESS WAS ACCURATE... CONCLUSIONS? THE WOMAN WAS NO LONGER IN THE CITY — OR ALIVE.

EITHER WAY, IT HAD HAPPENED PRE-WAR.

CHECK WITH **TEXAS CITY**... IF SHE HAD TRAVELLED, SHE MAY HAVE TURNED UP THERE. AND **THEIR** RECORDS FROM THE TIME WERE STILL **INTACT.**

THAT'S THE BEST IMAGE YOU GOT? I'LL RUN 'ER, BUT NO GUARANTEES.

BINGO.

THIS FROM HER PASSPORT. NOTICE THE TWO SMALL MOLES, CIRCLED ON BOTH IMAGES. CAN'T BE ANY MISTAKE.

ANGEL ALICE DEINE. OCCUPATION GIVEN AS **MODEL.** AIN'T SURPRISED, QUITE A LOOKER.

DEINE, ANGEL ALICE.
1123 Turrentine Conapts
Sec 7 M-C 1

DEINE VISITED TC SEVERAL TIMES BETWEEN 2093-2097. LAST VISIT IS LOGGED 1ST OCTOBER 2097. WHAT'S SHE DONE?

I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE NOTHING.

NEWSZINES FROM THE TIME HAD BEEN PRESERVED. NOW THAT HE HAD A **NAME** THE REST WAS EASIER.

Sympatico

THE BIG MEG

09 NOV 2097.

TOP MODEL SHOT DEAD!

'ANGEL DEINE, THE "FACE OF SYMPATICO", WAS PRONOUNCED DEAD AT THE SCENE THIS MORNING AFTER BEING SHOT THROUGH THE WINDOW OF HER ROADSTER.

'NO SUSPECTS HAVE BEEN NAMED. THE MODEL WAS REPRESENTED BY MODREP INTERNATIONAL, THE BUSINESS ARM OF GANGLAND FIGURE JIMBOY BODEN...

GHOSTS FROM THE PAST. THEY NEVER HAD MANAGED TO PIN A DECENT CHARGE ON SLIPPERY JIMBOY BODEN. IF HIS MEMORY WAS CORRECT, BODEN HAD **HIMSELF** BEEN SHOT **DEAD** NOT LONG AFTERWARDS.

WHERE WAS THIS **LEADING**? WHAT WAS **EDGAR** TELLING HIM...?

patico.

JUDGE EDGAR IS UNAVAILABLE.

SHE'S GONE INTO A COMA. THE MED DROID IS WITH HER. I THINK WE MAY BE NEARING THE END.

I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT.

JUST LIKE THE WOMAN TO SET HIM THIS CONUNDRUM AND LEAVE HIM TO STEW.

A FEW CAM SHOTS FROM THIRTY YEARS AGO — THE JUDGE AND THE MODEL. RAMOS AND HIS ANGEL.

NOTHING MUCH TO GO ON, BUT NOW HE KNEW ANGEL DEINE HAD BEEN MURDERED. AND BECAUSE IT CAME FROM EDGAR HE KNEW THERE WAS MORE...

WHAT DID YOU TELL HIM?

JUST THAT YOU WERE IN A COMA, MA'AM.

YOU'RE IN PAIN. PLEASE, LET ME GIVE YOU SOMETHING.

NO! I'VE TOLD YOU! GO AWAY, YOU FOOL! GET OUT OF HERE!

DREDD WILL FIND OUT. I KNOW HIM WELL. HE'LL LEARN.

LEARN WHAT, MA'AM?

HELL HATH NO FURY...

MEGA ROCK FINANCE

BORIS YELTSIN SUNSET HOME

TELL ME ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER, MRS DEINE.

BLOCK 10C

BORIS YELTSIN SUNSET HOME —

SHE WAS A LOVELY GIRL. A LOVELY GIRL. WHY ANYONE WOULD WANT TO... TO...

HER KILLER WAS NEVER FOUND. WHO WAS THE JUDGE ON THE CASE?

BINGO

ODESSA DEINE'S MIND HAD DECAYED. IT WAS CLEAR HE WOULD GLEAN LITTLE FROM HER.

THE JUDGE...

IT WAS A FUNNY NAME. LIKE MUNCE —

OH NO. NO, NO — THAT WAS LUNCH —

I REMEMBER NOW — WINTERGREEN. THAT WAS IT. WINTERGREEN. ISN'T THAT AN ODD NAME?

DID YOU EVER SPEAK TO A JUDGE **RAMOS** — HEAR HIS NAME IN CONNECTION WITH YOUR DAUGHTER?

RAMOS... NO, I DON'T BELIEVE I DID. PITY. IT'S A MUCH MORE SENSIBLE NAME.

DREDD

HE FOUND **WINTERGREEN** AT THE ACADEMY. EASED INTO RETIREMENT, BUT THE OLD MAN'S MIND WAS STILL SHARP —

THE MURDER SCENE WAS RIGHT OUTSIDE THE VICTIM'S APARTMENT. CREEP ON A SKIDDER. COULDN'T SEE THE FACE FOR THE HELMET.

TWO SHOTS — ANGEL DEINE'S DEAD, HE'S GONE.

COULD NEVER RULE OUT SOME LUNATIC, BUT IT LOOKED PROFESSIONAL. I HAD TWO MAIN SUSPECTS — **JIMBOY BODEN**, WHO HAD CONTROLLING INTEREST IN DEINE'S AGENCY, MODREP. AND DEINE'S **HUSBAND**, OF COURSE.

DARKO BOVIC, THE PAINTER. SLIMY LITTLE SUCKER.

BOVIC HAD SUSPICIONS ANGEL WAS BESTOWING HER HEAVENLY CHARMS ELSEWHERE, SO THERE WAS MOTIVE. BUT I QUESTONED HIS ASS OFF. HE DIDN'T DO IT. IT WAS BODEN.

HUSBAND?

YOU'RE SURE OF THAT?

ABSOLUTELY. DEINE AND A BUNCH OF OTHERS THREATENED TO QUIT **MODREP** BECAUSE OF BODEN'S CRIMINAL CONNECTIONS, SO BODEN PUTS THE HIT ON DEINE TO FRIGHTEN THE OTHERS INTO LINE. CRUDE, BUT THAT'S THE WAY JIMBOY WORKED.

BUT YOU NEVER MADE AN ARREST?

CREEP HAD HIS VOICEBOX REMOVED SO WE COULD NEVER CATCH HIM ON A VERBAL.

IT WAS ALL THE RAGE BACK THEN.

AND YOU CAN'T **LIE DETECT** SIGN LANGUAGE, JOE. THE CONTRACT WAS PUT OUT TO A THIRD PARTY SO THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE TO CONNECT IT TO BODEN, BUT I **KNEW** HE WAS GUILTY.

FUNNY THING WAS, TEN DAYS LATER THE SAME THING HAPPENS TO **BODEN**, SHOT DEAD IN A SECTOR NINE 'DUST ZONE.

THE CITIZENS' COURT — REMEMBER THEM? BUNCHA 'CONCERNED CITS' WHO THOUGHT WE NEEDED A LITTLE HELP OFFING THE BAD GUYS. STILL, CAN'T SAY BODEN DIDN'T HAVE IT COMING.

ONE LAST THING. DID ANY OTHER OFFICER TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE DEINE CASE? ANY OFFICER SHOW A PARTICULAR INTEREST?

NO. NO, NOT THAT I RECALL. 'COURSE, ANYONE COULD ACCESS THE CASE NOTES.

YEAH.

SO THE YOUNG JUDGE RAMOS HAS AN AFFAIR WITH ANGEL DEINE. DEINE'S BOSS JIMBOY BODEN HAS DEINE MURDERED, AND TEN DAYS LATER BODEN IS GUNNED DOWN.

BY THE VIGILANTES WHO'D CALLED THEMSELVES **THE CITIZENS' COURT**...?

OR BY **RAMOS**?

STARING AT THE STREETS AGAIN, RAM?

WHAT? OH... COME IN, CARL.

I MISS THE OLD SLAB. TRY TO GET OUT WHEN I CAN, BUT THESE DAYS CAN'T SEEM TO CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER THE PAPERWORK.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

THIS OFFICE CLEAN?

CHECKED EVERY MORNING.

WHY, WHAT IS IT?

DREDD'S BEEN TALKING TO **ODESSA DEINE.**

THAT... DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN ANYTHING, CARL.

HE WENT TO SEE **EDGAR** YESTERDAY.

SHE'S DYING — RIDDLED WITH CANCER. SHE TOLD HIM SOMETHING, I DON'T KNOW WHAT. AFTER DEINE HE CALLED ON **WINTERGREEN** AT THE ACADEMY.

I SEE...

YOU KNOW DREDD, ONCE HE GETS HIS TEETH IN — WHAT ARE WE GOING TO **DO**, RAMOS?

NOTHING. WE DO NOTHING.

BUT —

WHAT IS THE CHOICE, CARL — TO SILENCE DREDD? THAT'S UNTHINKABLE. WE MUST LET THE CARDS FALL HOW THEY WILL.

THEN WE'RE FINISHED! WE'RE ALL FINISHED!

THEN SO BE IT.

SUIT YOURSELF — BUT DON'T THINK **KUBITTS** IS GOING TO ROLL OVER AND DIE.

HE CAUGHT AN **ALL UNITS** AND DIDN'T GET FREE AGAIN UNTIL AFTER DARK.

CLEAR UP HERE.

YES, SIR.

THEY STILL HAD THE BODEN CASE ON FILE.

IT HAD BEEN NO **ORDINARY** KILLING. SHOT DEAD ON WASTEGROUND IN WHAT WAS NOW SECTOR 301, UP IN THE HAB ZONE, ALONG WITH HIS DRIVER AND A LIEUTENANT.

EVIDNCE INDICATED AT LEAST **FOUR** ASSAILANTS.

THEY'D FOUND A **CARD** WEDGED BETWEEN BODEN'S BLOODY FINGERS.

INDICT

BY PUBLIC DEMAN
EXECUTE
BY THE
ITIZENS' COURT.

BODEN HAD BEEN THE VIGILANTE GROUP'S **FOURTH** VICTIM. THEY'D GONE ON TO KILL ANOTHER **THIRTEEN** — VICTIMS WHO MANY MIGHT SAY DESERVED EVERYTHING THEY GOT. THEN THE KILLINGS HAD STOPPED. THE VIGILANTES HAD NEVER BEEN FOUND, THE CASE STILL REMAINED ON FILE.

SO WHERE DID RAMOS FIT IN?

MAYBE IT WAS TIME TO PUT IT TO RAMOS, CUT THIS SHORT. EDGAR HAD BEEN KNOWN TO TWIST THE TRUTH BEFORE. AND YET...

BETTER TO HAVE A WORD WITH THE JUDGE ON THE BODEN CASE FIRST, IF HE WAS STILL AROUND.

KUBITTS — NOT A NAME HE RECOGNISED.

TWENTY-THREE YEARS. TWENTY-THREE YEARS SINCE HE'D LEFT THE FORCE, AND STILL NOT A SCRAP OF FAT ON HIM.

KEPT HIMSELF FIT. FIGHTING FIT.

HE'D WORKED HARD, DAMNED HARD, TO GET WHERE HE WAS. NOW THEY WERE GOING TO WHIP THE RUG OUT.

HIS WHOLE LIFE DOWN THE DRAIN.

NO WAY, JOSE. NO FREAKIN' WAY!

ONE SHOT, THAT'S ALL IT WOULD TAKE.

HI, HATE TO MISS YOUR CALL. YOUR BUSINESS IS IMPORTANT TO ME.

KUBITTS, BEFORE YOU DO **ANYTHING**, SPEAK TO ME.

YOU **HEAR** ME? SPEAK TO **ME**!

CONTROL, THIS IS — VZZTT — SMITH, V-DIV. RADIZZZZZOULED UP. GOTTA USE THE DAMNED PUBVZZZRR —

I ZZZZZZRRURGENT PACKAGE FRZZ DREDD — GOT A CURRENT LOCAZZZZN — ?

SOUTH HARBOUR. BIG SHAKEDOWN GOING ON, PIER TWELVE.

XXX

CAN'T VERIFY THAT I.D. WHAT'S YOUR BADGE NUMBER THERE, SMITH — ?

HE PARKED A GOOD KAY FROM THE HARBOUR.

THE REGALIA HAD CHANGED A LITTLE — MINOR DETAILS. IN THE HEAT OF AN OPERATION HE DOUBTED ANYONE WOULD PICK UP ON IT.

PITY IT WAS DREDD. ANY DAMNED ONE BUT DREDD.

GALTON

STILL, CHOICE DIDN'T COME INTO IT. DO OR BE DONE.

HE PASSED INTO THE DOCKS WITHOUT TROUBLE.

THEY HAD THEIR HANDS TOO FULL TO PAY HIM NOTICE.

WE GOT TWENTY MORE ILLEGALS HERE. ISO-BLOCK'S ASKING IF WE CAN HOLD UP ON THE ARRESTS.

NEGATIVE. SECTOR HOUSE HOLDING PENS TILL THEY CAN BE PROCESSED.

AND SUDDENLY THERE HE WAS —

DREDD...

THE **ENORMITY** OF WHAT HE WAS ABOUT TO DO HIT HIM LIKE A GUT PUNCH —

HE'D BUILT UP A GOOD LIFE SINCE HE'D QUIT. HE HAD TOO MUCH TO LOSE. NOW! IT HAD TO BE **NOW!**

COME ON! YOU CAN **DO** THIS!

YOU OKAY THERE?

HEY - THAT RIOT GUN'S NOT REGULATION.!

SHWUNKKK

NOW.!

THERE'S ONE THERE.!

JUST A MOMENT'S HESITATION —

UNNHHH.!

BDAM BDAM BDAM

JIMP.../*

HE... HE'S GOT A LANSING 7 LAZBLASTER —

* JUDGE IMPERSONATOR.

BDAM BDAM

SPATT!

UNNH!

HOVERJETS HIT HIM, PRESSING HIM INTO THE SLAB —

THEN HE WAS UP, HOBBLING ON HIS SHATTERED HEEL —

I'M SHOT! NEED YOUR BIKE!

YOU NEED THE MEDS!

SWUMKKK

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON?

JIMP'S BIKED UP!

OFF!

THIS IS DREDD! JIMP ON A BIKE, HEADING FOR HARBOUR EXIT! STOP HIM!

BDAM BDAM!

THINK I MIGHT HAVE WINGED HIM! HE TOOK THE FIRST LEFT!

THE SHOT HAD BEEN AIMED AT HIM, HE WAS CERTAIN OF THAT. WHY?

DREDD, WE HAVE A TRACE ON THAT **LAZBLASTER**. IT'S REGISTERED TO **KUBITTS SECURITY**, SECTOR TWO.

KUBITTS — THE INVESTIGATING JUDGE ON THE **BODEN** MURDER.

INTERESTING. COULD BE HE WAS ABOUT TO GET SOME ANSWERS TO THE EDGAR CONUNDRUM...

WE HAVE SUSPECT ON CAMERA, TURNING NORTH AT ASTER.

WARN ALL UNITS — I WANT THIS CREEP **ALIVE**!

DREDD! **SUSPECTS WOUNDED!** WE GOT THE HEEL OF HIS SHOE WITH A LUMP OF **FOOT** IN IT!

GET THAT ANALYSED!

TRAFFIC SNARL-UP —

KEEP BACK!

SKREEEEEEEEEEE

IT'S A **CHASE!**

TWO MORE BIKES JOIN THE PURSUIT —

GOT TO **SHAKE** THEM — !

BUY

UNHHH!

HE'S LOST HIS COOL.

HIS ONLY THOUGHT NOW IS TO SAVE HIS SKIN.

UNGGG!

IF CITIZENS GET IN THE WAY, SO BE IT.!

VRMMMMMMM

TAKE OVER HERE.!

SHE'S POPPED A VEIN — KEEP IT PRESSED IN TIGHT. MEDS ARE ON THEIR WAY.

UHHH...

WE HAVE NUMEROUS INJURED, CONTROL, DAYNITE MART.! **URGENT** THAT MED ASSIST.!

HIS ROADSTER WAS PARKED NEARBY —

I FOULED UP! I'M FINISHED —

GRUD, WHAT'VE I DONE?

DREDD FOLLOWED THE TRAIL TO THE BACKSTREETS BEHIND THE DAYNITE. STREETCAMS HERE HAD BEEN BLANKED OUT BY HACKERS ALL THE WAY UP TO CHERNOBYL BOULEVARD. HAD THE SUSPECT KNOWN?

CREEP HAD A VEHICLE WAITING —

DREDD, WE'VE GOT AN **I.D.** **JEFFERSON KUBITTS**, 56, 2114 IBSEN HIGH.

KUBITTS IS A **FORMER JUDGE**, LEFT THE FORCE 2107 UNDER THE **JUSTICE** IN THE **COMMUNITY** PROGRAMME. SINCE THEN RUN **KUBITTS SECURITY**, OPERATING OUT OF SECTOR TWO.

GET UNITS ROUND TO BOTH ADDRESSES. REMIND THEM I WANT HIM ALIVE.

THE JUDGE WHO TOOK KUBITTS' SHOT — WHAT'S HIS CONDITION?

IT WAS FINDLAY.

DEAD WHEN THE MEDS GOT THERE. SORRY.

HE DETAILED WISTEY TO TAKE OVER AT THE HARBOUR. THE CASE DEMANDED HIS FULL ATTENTION —

KUBITTS HAD BEEN CASE JUDGE ON THE **JIMBOY BODEN** MURDER... IN FACT, ON **ALL** THE **CITIZENS' COURT** KILLINGS.

MAYBE THIS WASN'T ABOUT **RAMOS** AFTER ALL. BODEN HAD MURDERED RAMOS'S ANGEL, BUT IT WAS **KUBITTS** WHO'D TAKEN REVENGE — MADE IT APPEAR LIKE BODEN WAS ONE OF THE VIGILANTE GROUP'S VICTIMS.

IT WAS PLAUSIBLE, BUT... **WHY**? WHY WOULD **EDGAR** THROW HIM THIS **CRUMB**? IT WAS TOO TRIVIAL.

THE WOMAN WAS CAPABLE OF FAR GREATER MALICE. THIS WAS HER **LAST ACT**, HER LAST OUTPOURING OF SPITE. THERE **HAD** TO BE MORE...

JULY 30, 2097 — SLUM LANDLORD **IRVING T. LOWSE** SHOT DEAD BEHIND SECTOR 43 SMOKATORIUM. FIRST VICTIM OF **THE CITIZENS' COURT.**

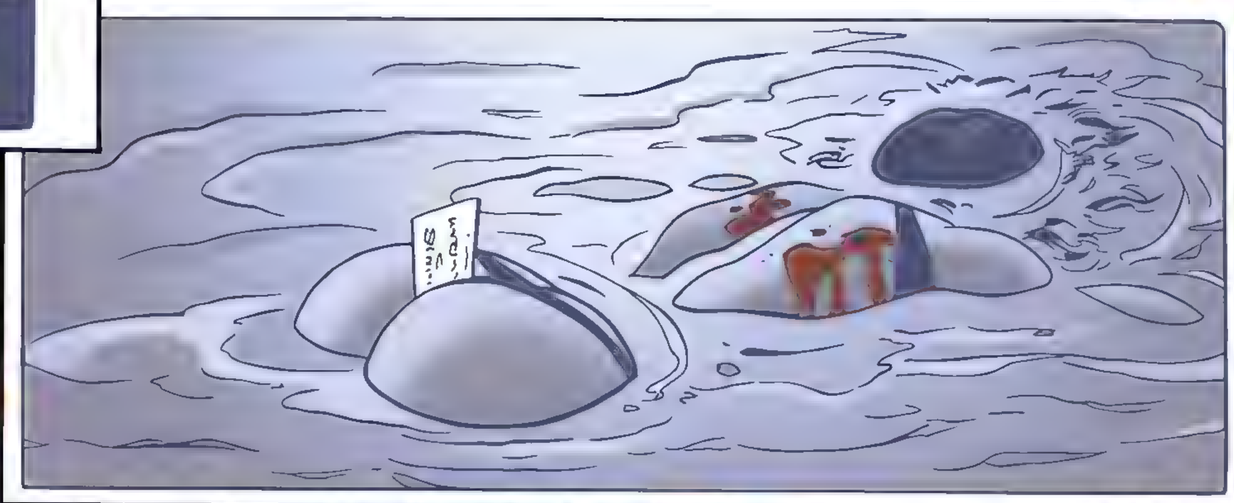
FIRST JUDGE ATTENDING — **KUBITTS.**

SEPTEMBER 12, 2097 — WEBSTER SILCOTT, REPUTED **DRUGLORD**, HEAD PRACTICALLY BLOWN OFF. BODY FOUND BY JUDGE MASTERSON — WOULD THAT BE **CARL MASTERSON**, NOW NUMBER TWO AT **VICE**?

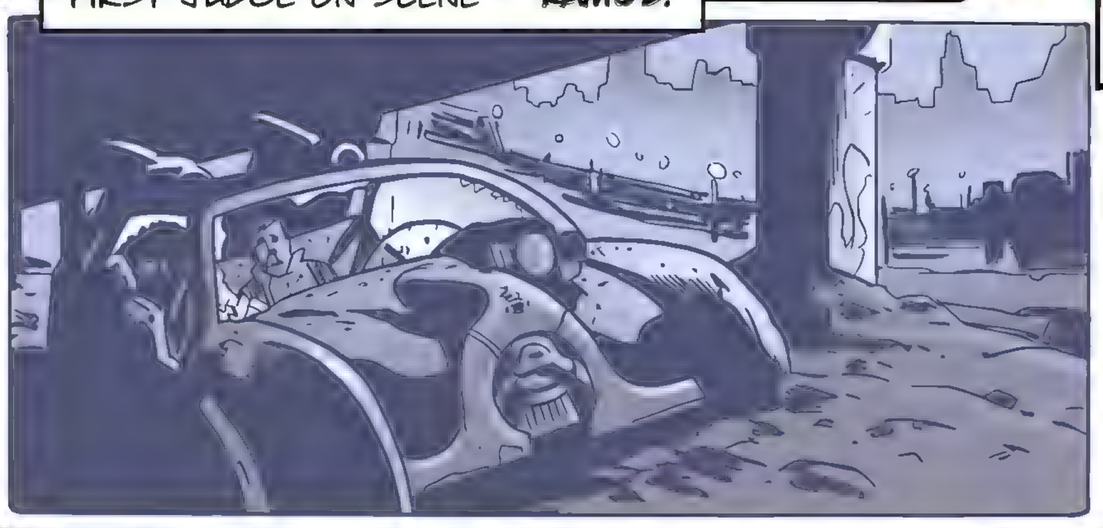
CASE PASSED TO **KUBITTS.**

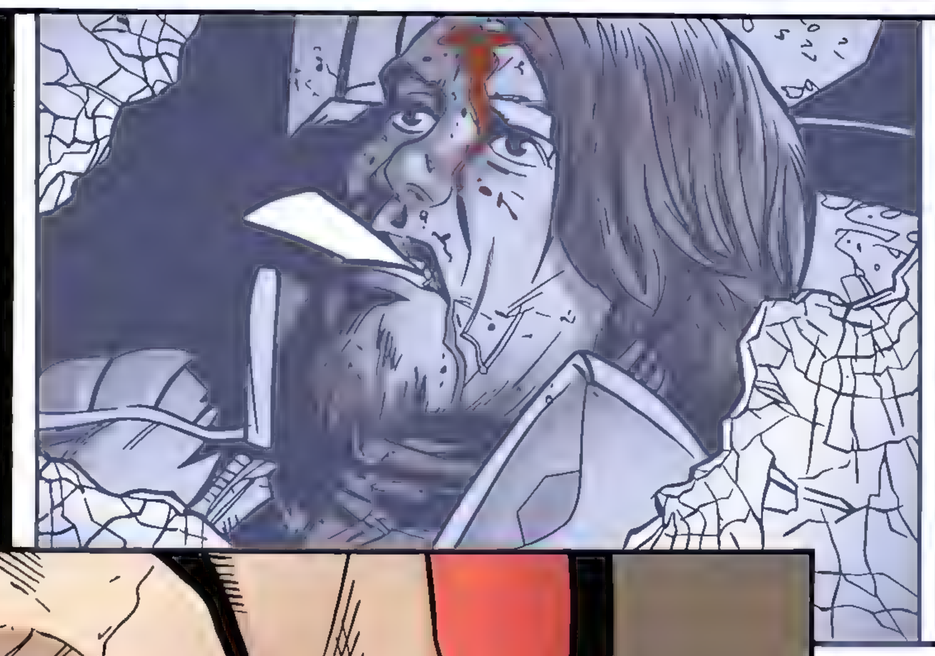
OCTOBER 16, 2097 — ORGANLEGGER **MELITTA JANE DORIAN** — SO-CALLED **MADAME DEATH.** CALL ANSWERED BY JUDGE **EADE**, CASE PASSED TO **KUBITTS.**

NOVEMBER 9, 2097 — BODEN. REPORT OF SHOOTING ANSWERED BY... **MASTERSON.** CASE PASSED TO **KUBITTS.**

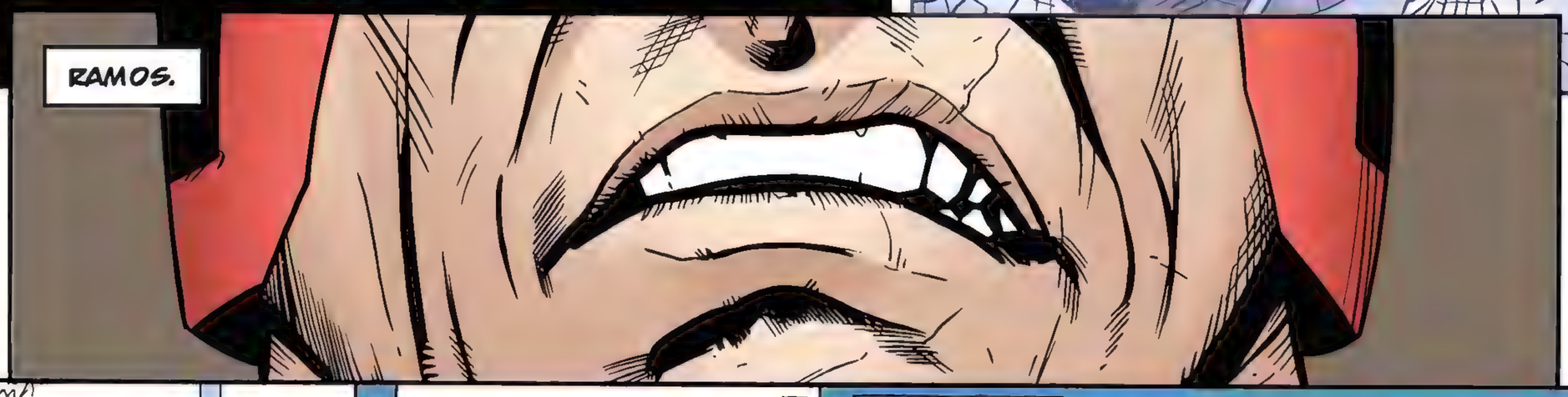


DECEMBER 24, 2097 — HEAD OF TRANSMUTATION INC., **YURI GLUCK.** FIRST JUDGE ON SCENE — **RAMOS.**





RAMOS.



SEVENTEEN VIGILANTE KILLINGS OVER TWO YEARS. THE SAME NAMES, TIME AND AGAIN — **MASTERSON. EADE, RAMOS... KUBITTS.** NOT A PATTERN THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN PICKED UP, NOT THEN. AND NEVER ANY WITNESSES —

SEARCH NO

— OR DID **KUBITTS** SIMPLY FAIL TO RECORD THEM?

DID **THE CITIZENS' COURT** EVER **EXIST?**

WITNESSES... WAIT NOW.

THE SIXTEENTH KILLING, **JUNE 4, 2099** — A BOY HAD CALLED IN, REPORTED SEEING **JUDGES** GUNNING DOWN AN UNARMED MAN.

STATEMENT: 188/30-11.

Chaz Lorca Garcia, 14, Kielder Conapts, Sector 90: Interviewed by Judges Kubitts and Ramos, Garcia admitted his story was invented. Confirmed by lie detector. Sentenced to six months' juve rehab.

EVEN IN A CITY SO HUGE, THERE COULDN'T BE THAT MANY CHAZ LORCA GARCIAS...

CITIZEN GARCIA?

YES?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU **WANT** FROM ME! I MADE IT **UP** ABOUT THE JUDGES — I PAID THE PRICE! OKAY?

NOT OKAY.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF **SCARE** THEY PUT INTO YOU, GARCIA, BUT COMPARED TO **ME** THEY'RE PUSSYCATS. I WANT THE **TRUTH**!

TELL HIM, CHAZ! TELL HIM!

RAMOS, IT'S ME.

VID WITHHELD.

I'M IN TROUBLE, RAMOS.

I KNOW. I'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT IT.

I NEED HELP. I'M HURT — I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THE CITY.

WHERE ARE YOU?

YOU KNOW... THE USUAL PLACE. THE OLD PLACE.

ALL RIGHT, WAIT WHERE YOU ARE. I'M ON MY WAY...

I WAS JUST MESSING ABOUT, DOWN BY THE SEWAGE PUMPING STATION.

YOU WERE **SCRAWLING**, GARCIA. ADMIT IT. IT WAS **THIRTY YEARS** AGO — YOU THINK I'M GOING TO **CHARGE** YOU FOR IT?

ALL RIGHT. OKAY. IT WAS SMELLY, NOBODY WENT THERE. LESS CHANCE OF BEING CAUGHT.

SO WHAT HAPPENED?

I SAW HEADLIGHTS COMING SO I HID...

SOV POWER!

WHAT THE HELL **IS** THIS?

THIS IS **JUSTICE**, MR KLEWS.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? LISTEN, IF IT'S THAT RITCO BUSINESS YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME! NOTHING!

THERE'S A **LOT** WE DON'T HAVE ON YOU, MR KLEWS. BELIEVE ME, IF WE DID YOU'D BE ROTTING IN A CUBE.

BUT WE ALL **KNOW** WHAT YOU ARE. YOU'RE **VERMIN**, AND VERMIN MUST BE EXTERMINATED.

YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND **GUILTY** BY THE **CITIZENS' COURT.**

CITIZENS' COURT? WHAT THE HELL — HAVE YOU FLIPPED YOUR FREAKIN' LIDS - ?

BADOW

BADOW

BADOW

BADOW

BADOW

BA-DAM

BLAM

BOOM

DON'T ANYONE TELL ME YOU'VE GOT QUALMS ABOUT THIS BASTARD.

BY PUBLIC DEMAND

EXECUTED

BY THE

CITIZENS' CO

I WANNA EXECUTE! Comic Cut

MY **MOM** MADE ME REPORT IT TO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. TWO **JUDGES** CAME ROUND ABOUT AN HOUR LATER. THEY... THEY MADE IT CLEAR I BETTER CHANGE MY STORY.

DID THEY THREATEN YOU?

THEY LET ME KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I DIDN'T 'GET MY FACTS RIGHT' — THAT'S HOW THEY PUT IT.

WHAT WAS I GOING TO DO? I WAS SCARED.

SO YOU **INVENTED** THE EVIDENCE ABOUT FOUR HOODED MEN — AND YOU'VE TOLD **NO ONE** THE **REAL** TRUTH UNTIL THIS DAY?

THOSE JUDGES COULD STILL BE AROUND. IN FACT, I **KNOW** ONE IS — ON THE GRUDDAM **COUNCIL** OF **FIVE.** YOU THINK I'M GOING TO OPEN MY MOUTH?

AND THE NAMES OF THE JUDGES WHO CAME TO SEE YOU?

RAMOS. RAMOS AND KUBITTS. KUBITTS WAS THE ONE GAVE ME **JUVE REHAB** FOR GIVING FALSE EVIDENCE. BASTARD!

WHAT **ELSE** COULD A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD DO WHEN THE **MURDERERS** TURNED OUT TO BE IN **CHARGE** OF THE INVESTIGATION?

THE **POWER** OF JUDGES WAS **ABSOLUTE** — THEIR **INTEGRITY** TAKEN FOR GRANTED. NO ONE WOULD QUESTION THEIR WORD WITHOUT GOOD REASON.

AND ALL THESE YEARS THEY'D KEPT QUIET ABOUT IT. THE **CITIZENS' COURT**, A COLD CASE THAT WOULD HAVE REMAINED LOCKED AWAY FOREVER IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR EDGAR.

CONTROL, ANY PROGRESS ON KUBITTS?

NEGATIVE. WE BELIEVE HE MAY BE USING A CLIENT'S VEHICLE. WE HAVE AN ALERT OUT. HE WON'T GET FAR WITH THAT INJURY.

PUT ME THROUGH TO THE CHIEF JUDGE.

I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD BE INFORMED, CHIEF JUDGE, I AM ORDERING THE ARREST OF **JUDGES RAMOS, MASTERSON** AND **EADE.**

STAND UP, MASTERSON.

PLACE YOUR LAWGIVER ON YOUR DESK.

JUDGE EADE —

OH BOY - !

JUDGE RAMOS SIGNED OUT FROM THE BIKE POOL TWENTY MINUTES AGO. HE DOES NOT RESPOND TO RADIO MESSAGES. WE HAVE A FIX ON HIM.

NOW ON THE BAKERVILLE STRIP HEADING INTO SECTOR THREE.

RAMOS

JUDGES ONLY!

STOP GO NO FURTHER

DREDD, RAMOS NOW ON WATCHING BAY 09987, OFF BAKER. LOOKS LIKE HE'S MEETING SOMEONE —

IT'S KUBITTS!

HALF A KAY! I'M ON IT!

LONG TIME NO SEE, BUDDY.

REMEMBER WHEN WE USED TO MEET HERE?

I NEVER REGRETTED ANY OF IT. NOT ONE OF THEM.

YOU WERE ALWAYS A VERY SPECIAL MAN, KUBITTS. MUST BE USEFUL TO BE BORN WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE.

I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU IN.

TAKE ME **IN**? YOU'RE KIDDING ME —

C'MON, RAMOS, WHAT ABOUT OLD TIMES? YOU'RE GOING TO TURN IN YOUR OLD BUDDY —?

YOU KILLED A **JUDGE**! YOU PUT EIGHT CITIZENS IN HOSPITAL — RAN THEM OVER LIKE THEY DIDN'T MATTER! ONLY YOUR SKIN! YOUR LOUSY SKIN!

THIS WILL BE MY LAST ACT AS A JUDGE.

YOU GOT THAT **WRONG**, BUDDY BOY! YOUR LAST ACT IS TO **DIE**!

SPAK!

I'M STILL **STRONG**, RAMOS! KEPT MYSELF FIT! NOT LIKE SOME FAT OLD DESK JUDGE - !

KUBITTS!

BDAM!

HANG ON, RAMOS!

I HAVE TO TELL YOU, RAMOS, I'M HERE TO **ARREST** YOU.

YES, I KNOW.

I'D HOPED IT WASN'T TRUE — THE **CITIZENS' COURT**, A **CONSPIRACY** OF **JUDGES.**

THIRTY YEARS I'VE HAD TO LIVE WITH IT. IT'S ALMOST A **RELIEF** THAT IT'S OVER.

YOU KNOW ABOUT **ANGEL**, I SUPPOSE. LOVE... IT'S A FINE THING, DREDD, NO MATTER WHAT YOU THINK.

YES, YES, I KNOW — I'VE PLAYED THE OLD FOGEY TOO. BUT TO HAVE EXPERIENCED IT ONCE, JUST ONCE...

THEN JIMBOY BODEN HAD HER SHOT DEAD... DEAD. HER LIFE OVER, JUST LIKE THAT.

I **KNEW** IT WAS BODEN. JUST COULDN'T PROVE IT.

I WAS YOUNG — MAYBE A BIT OF A HOTHEAD. WHEN **KUBITTS** AND THE OTHERS CAME TO ME, I WAS RIPE FOR RECRUITMENT...

'WHY **SHOULD** LOWLIFES LIKE BODEN GET AWAY WITH MURDER? WE **KNEW** THEY WERE GUILTY — SURELY THAT WAS ENOUGH. WE WERE **JUDGES**, THAT WAS WHAT WE WERE CHOSEN FOR.'

ANOTHER ONE FOR THE CITIZENS' COURT.

KEEPS ALL THE HEAT OFF. AS LONG AS WE CONTROL THE INVESTIGATIONS, NO ONE'S GOING TO FIND OUT...

YOU COULD HAVE LET YOURSELF DROP BACK THERE.

I THOUGHT OF IT. BUT THAT WOULD BE LETTING MYSELF OFF TOO EASY. I SHOULD TAKE WHAT'S COMING TO ME.

TITAN... IT'S THE LEAST I DESERVE.

ONE LAST THING — WHY DID YOU STOP?

SEVENTEEN KILLINGS AND THEN YOU STOPPED. WHY? CHANGE OF HEART? GUILTY CONSCIENCES? THE INCIDENT WITH THE GARCIA BOY?

THEY WERE ALL PART OF IT. MOSTLY IT WAS EDGAR.

EDGAR?

IT WAS HER DECISION. SHE WAS A RISING STAR AT **PSU**. SHE DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO JEOPARDISE THAT. MOST OF US WERE READY FOR IT ANYWAY.

YOU'RE SAYING... EDGAR WAS **PART** OF IT?

YOU DIDN'T KNOW? YOU WENT TO SEE HER. I THOUGHT —

EDGAR WAS IN IT FROM THE START. WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT HER. SHE WAS AT **PSU** — KEPT US INFORMED OF THE TARGETS' WHEREABOUTS, MADE SURE NOTHING SHOWED UP ON CAM AFTERWARDS.

SHE WAS BITTER AFTER THAT SHOT CRIPPLED HER..

YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU LOOK SICK.

JUST A LITTLE NAUSEA. IT'LL PASS.

YOU'RE TOO LATE, I'M AFRAID. JURA EDGAR DIED AN HOUR AGO.

I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT.

SUCH A FINE WOMAN. SO MISUNDERSTOOD. THEY DON'T MAKE THEM LIKE HER ANYMORE.

THEY NEVER DID.

NO.

SO THAT WAS IT... EDGAR'S FINAL ACT OF REVENGE. HER OWN GUILTY SECRET —

— A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO TWIST THE KNIFE INTO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ONE LAST TIME.

SO WHY FEED HIM SUCH FLIMSY EVIDENCE IN THE FIRST PLACE? IF THE WOMAN KNEW EVERYTHING —

BUT SHE HAD KNOWN HIM WELL. HE WOULD GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT, OR DIE TRYING.

DIE TRYING. ALWAYS A CHANCE. EITHER WAY, JURA EDGAR WON.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WAS NOT IN THE HABIT OF PUBLICISING ITS OWN SHORTCOMINGS —

NEWS-1

THE CHIEF JUDGE'S OFFICE TODAY ANNOUNCED THAT **JUDGE HOOLIO RAMOS** WILL BE **STANDING DOWN** FROM HIS POSITION ON THE **COUNCIL** OF **FIVE.**

RAMOS, A BY-WORD FOR **INTEGRITY** WITHIN THE DEPARTMENT, WILL BE TAKING UP AN IMPORTANT POSITION **OFF-PLANET.**

RAMOS WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY **CARL MASTERSON,** PREVIOUS DEPUTY HEAD OF **VICE.**

NO FURTHER INFORMATION ON THEIR DESTINATION, BUT WITH TWO SUCH **HEAVY-HITTERS** ON THE MOVE, WE CAN BE SURE **SOMEONE'S** GOING TO **SUFFER.**

RAMOS

MASTERSON

YOU HAVE A **GROWTH** HERE ON THE DUODENUM. PROBABLY MALIGNANT, BUT SO FAR NO SIGN OF METASTASIS. THAT'S NO DOUBT CAUSING THE SYMPTOMS OF NAUSEA.

PROGNOSIS?

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. SHORT COURSE OF THERAPY, OBSERVATION — SHOULDN'T THINK WE'LL NEED ANYTHING INVASIVE.

I TAKE IT YOU HEARD ABOUT JURA EDGAR?

YES.

IT'S BROUGHT A LOT OF YOU STREET JOCKEYS IN FOR A ONCE OVER, I CAN TELL YOU. NOTHING LIKE A GOOD SCARE.

WHAT BEATS ME IS WHY DID SHE REFUSE INTERVENTION? WE'RE NOT IN THE DARK AGES ANYMORE. EVEN TOWARDS THE END WE COULD HAVE SAVED HER.

JURA EDGAR HAD SIMPLY LOST THE WILL TO LIVE. BUT NOT THE WILL TO **HURT**. SOME THINGS DIED HARDER.

HER BARB HAD STRUCK HOME. ONE BY ONE, OVER THE YEARS, HE'D SEEN SO MANY OF THE THINGS HE BELIEVED IN CRUMBLE INTO DUST.

MASTERSON, EADE AND KUBITTS HE HARDLY KNEW, BUT RAMOS... THAT HIT HIM HARD. HE HAD BELIEVED IN RAMOS. JUDGES LIKE HIM WERE THE HEART AND SOUL OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. AND NOW...

NOW, MORE THAN EVER, WHAT WAS REQUIRED WAS SOMEONE TO SET THE EXAMPLE...

ANY UNIT VICINITY TRINITY MALL, FUTSIE IN THE FOOD HALL.

DREDD! ON MY WAY!

THE END

BLOCK WAR BETWEEN WYATT EARP AND IKE CLANTON BLOCKS!

ALL JUDGES IN VICINITY OF SECTOR THIRTEEN RESPOND!

JUDGE DREDD

BLINDSIDE

Incident Report 9219, 23/7/30:

The conflict between Wyatt Earp and Ike Clanton blocks began with an assault on two Earp juves, presumably carried out by rivals from Clanton.

The retaliations progressed quickly from the ranks of the juves to blockwide aggression, resulting in further beatings, street fights, and the firebombing of Clanton's Corral, the official block bar.

A full-scale block war erupted when an unidentified sniper opened fire from an apartment on level 68 of Clanton, causing three deaths and nine casualties.

SCRIPT
ROBBIE MORRISON

ART
RICHARD ELSON

LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

I SAID, STOP, PUNK!

UNGH!

CADET KERRIGAN, WHY DIDN'T YOU ISSUE A CHALLENGE?

I, UH... I DIDN'T...

YOU DIDN'T RECOGNISE HIM?

SAMMY CANNON. WANTED FOR TWO KNIFINGS. THEY PUT OUT A MUGSHOT TWO HOURS AGO.

HE'S CUT HIS HAIR AND GROWN A BEARD, BUT IT'S HARDLY A FACE-CHANGE. I'M NOT IMPRESSED.

SORRY, SIR. I'LL FOCUS MORE ON —

LESS ACADEMY TALK, CADET, MORE STREET ACTION.

DREDD — CONTROL. SOMETHING YOU MIGHT WANT TO CHECK OUT.

YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE EARP/CLANTON BLOCK WAR? WE'VE NARROWED THE LOCATION OF THE SNIPER TO FIVE APARTMENTS.

ONE OF THEM'S REGISTERED TO A **RICHARD PRICE**, CLEAN RECORD, BUT BLOCK SURVEILLANCE HAS IDENTIFIED THE ACTUAL OCCUPANT AS **JAY MARSDEN**, KNOWN ASSOCIATE OF **HARRY TRASK**.

MIGHT BE NOTHING, BUT YOU WANTED TO BE INFORMED OF ANYTHING RELATING TO TRASK.

WHERE'S MARSDEN NOW?

LEFT IKE CLANTON JUST BEFORE THE FIGHTING STARTED. PICKED UP BY PSU TWO MINUTES AGO, HEADING NORTH, DUMPTON SKEDWAY.

MAIL THE DETAILS. WE'LL INTERCEPT.

SIR? WHO'S TRASK?

JUDGE KILLER. TOP OF MY PERSONAL WANTED LIST.

HARRY TRASK REALISED THE NET WAS TIGHTENING, KNEW HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING BEFORE IT BECAME A **NOOSE.**

E.T.A. PHOENIX TOWER, EIGHT MINUTES.

FINAL EQUIPMENT CHECK.

EVEN IF HE HADN'T KILLED THE UNDERCOVER OPERATIVE WHO'D INFILTRATED HIS ORGANISATION*, THE JUDGES WOULD'VE TARGETED HIM EVENTUALLY.

IT'S **MARSDEN.**

WAR'S IN FULL SWING, CAPTAIN. WENT JUST LIKE YOU SAID. HELL, I THOUGHT IT MIGHT EVEN KICK OFF TOO SOON.

NOW, JUST LIKE IN THE TRI-DS, IT WAS ABOUT ONE LAST JOB — THE ONE THAT WOULD SCREW THEM **ALL** OVER.

THE GOOD CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE NEVER NEED MUCH OF A REASON TO START KILLING EACH OTHER.

*THARGNOTE: SEE THE INCIDENT, PROG 1538.

GOOD WORK. SEE YOU AT THE RENDEZVOUS. TRASK OUT.

MARSDEN! THIS IS JUDGE DREDD!

PULL OVER! NOW!

DROKK!

HE'S TRYING TO RUN, KERRIGAN!

BIKE CANNON! DISABLE THE VEHICLE!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

SHRRANNNGGG

PHOENIX TOWER WAS THE EARTH HEADQUARTERS OF AN INTERSTELLAR CONGLOMERATE THAT SPECIALISED IN ENERGY EXPLORATION AND TERRAFORMING WORLDS FOR COLONISATION.

TRASK KNEW THE SECURITY SYSTEMS INSIDE OUT. HE'D **DEVISED** MOST OF THEM.

WHOA! HOLD UP THERE!

NO ONE INFORMED US ABOUT ANY SPECIAL DELIVERIES. WHERE'S IT GOING?

THE PLASTIC GUNS FIRED EXPLOSIVE SHELLS.

STRAIGHT TO HELL! SAME AS YOU!

PRIMITIVE AND LESS ACCURATE THAN STANDARD AMMUNITION, MAYBE, BUT TRASK HAD OTHER REASONS FOR CHOOSING THEM FOR THIS OPERATION.

Y-YOU GOTTA HELP ME, DREDD! YOU'RE THE LAW!

AND YOU'RE A PERP. INJURY LIKE THAT, YOU'LL BE DEAD IF I DON'T MAKE A CALL. START TALKING.

YOU INSTIGATED THE BLOCK WAR AS **COVER** FOR SOMETHING TRASK'S PLANNING, RIGHT? **WHERE?**

PH-PHOENIX TOWER! A HEIST! SET TO START IN TWELVE MINUTES! THAT'S ALL I KNOW, I SWEAR!

CALL THE MEDICS, DREDD! CALL 'EM!

WEAVER?

PRIMED AND READY TO GO, CAPTAIN. ON YOUR COMMAND.

OKAY, PEOPLE, SEAL YOUR SUITS AND TAKE COVER

CONTROL — DREDD.

SEND BACK-UP TO PHOENIX TOWER. POSSIBLE HEIST IN PROGRESS.

ALL AVAILABLE UNITS ARE ENGAGED IN CONTAINING THE EARP/CLANTON BLOCK WAR, DREDD. WE NEED CONFIRMATION BEFORE WE CAN REASSIGN.

CAPTAIN! JUDGES APPROACHING THE MAIN RECEPTION! TWO OF 'EM! ALMOST INSIDE!

FIRE!

GRUD -!

SIR! ARE YOU OKAY?

I THINK WE WERE STRUCK BY AN **ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE** — WE COVERED THEM IN WEAPONS CLASS.

NOTHING'S WORKING. HELMET RADIO, LAWGIVER, LAWMASTER... THEY'VE BEEN SHORT-CIRCUITED. WE'RE CUT OFF AND UNARMED...

IT'S WORSE THAN THAT.

A FEW YEARS BACK, A MUTANT LUNATIC THAT WANTED TO TAKE OVER THE CITY RIPPED OUT MY EYES. THE TEKS REPLACED THEM WITH **BIONIC IMPLANTS.** THE EMP JUST TOOK THEM OUT.

I CAN'T SEE A GRUDDAMNED THING, CADET.

I'M **BLIND!**

SAVE YOUR ENERGY, CADET.

PHOENIX TOWER WAS BUILT TO NEW SECURITY SPECIFICATIONS AFTER THE TOTAL WAR TERROR ATTACKS. LOCKED DOWN LIKE THIS, IT'S VIRTUALLY IMPREGNABLE.

WHAT DO WE DO THEN, SIR?

OUR DUTY.

THERE ARE PERPS ENGAGED IN ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES WITHIN THIS BUILDING. WE FIND THEM AND STOP THEM. END OF STORY.

BUT... THE E.M.P. KNOCKED OUT YOUR **BIONIC EYE IMPLANTS**! YOU CAN'T SEE! OUR WEAPONS ARE DISABLED!

NOT **ALL** OF THEM, KERRIGAN.

TIMES LIKE THIS, A JUDGE'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS **BOOT KNIFE**.

COLE! HARLEY! NORTON!

TAKE THE STAIRS. IT'S THE ONLY WAY THE JUDGES CAN REACH US. REMEMBER, THEY'RE UNARMED, BUT DANGEROUS. SHOOT TO KILL.

COLE. STAIRWAY THREE. LEVEL TWENTY-SIX.

NOTHING SO FAR. MAYBE THEY'RE HIDING. THE PLACE IS AS DEAD AS —

DROKK!

GET YOUR ASSES DOWN HERE! IT'S DREDD!

SOMETHING'S **WRONG**, THOUGH. HE LOOKED SLOW, CONFUSED, MAYBE INJURED.

YOU GOT ME, PUNK.

MUST BE YOUR LUCKY DAY.

HE'S IN MY SIGHTS, CAPTAIN. HE'S SURRENDERING.

DREDD DOESN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD! JUST DROKKING **SHOOT HIM**, SOLDIER!

SHE TRIED TO REMEMBER HER TRAINING.

IF SHE DIDN'T STRIKE THE EXACT SPOT, SEVER THE SPINAL COLUMN IMMEDIATELY, THEN THE BLOOD OF THE BEST JUDGE IN THE CITY WOULD BE ON HER HANDS.

HE HAD LITTLE FAITH IN THE CADET'S ABILITIES, BUT HAD NO OTHER CHOICE.

HE TRIED TO DECIPHER THE SOUNDS OF THE STRUGGLE, EXPECTING A BULLET AT ANY MOMENT.

I KILLED HIM... I JUST KEPT STABBING...

IT WAS HIM OR ME, KERRIGAN.

THERE'S SO MUCH BLOOD... IT'S EVERYWHERE... ALL OVER ME...

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER. THINGS ARE GOING TO GET A LOT BLOODIER.

HARSH WORDS, BUT NECESSARY. HE COULDN'T REMEMBER HIS FIRST KILL. WAS THAT A GOOD THING OR...?

FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRWAY, MOVING FAST, COMING CLOSER.

COLE?

STOMM!

THE GIRL WAS TOO SHAKEN TO BE OF ANY USE.

HE GAUGED THE DISTANCE AS BEST HE COULD, THEN LET INSTINCT TAKE OVER.

AAAGHKK!

HOW...? HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE HE WAS?

TOOK A WILD GUESS.

WHERE'D I HIT HIM?

THE FOREHEAD. DEAD CENTRE.

LUCKY FOR US HE WASN'T A SHORT-ASS.

GET THEIR GUNS AND WHATEVER ELSE WE CAN USE.

PROTECTIVE CLOTHING TO SHIELD THEM AND THEIR EQUIPMENT FROM THE E.M.P. PLASTIC GUNS, AGAIN IMPERVIOUS TO THE E.M.P.

SHORT-RANGE COMMUNICATORS, NOT POWERFUL ENOUGH FOR US TO REACH CONTROL.

COLE/ HARLEY/ COME IN/

WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPENING DOWN THERE?

YOUR BUDDIES HAVE BEEN **JUDGED**, TRASK. GUESS WHAT THE SENTENCE WAS.

YOU'LL GET THE SAME IF YOU DON'T SURRENDER.

BIG TALK FOR A MAN WHO'S OUTGUNNED AND OUTNUMBERED, DREDD.

NOBODY'S COMING TO BACK YOU UP FOR HOURS. YOU'RE **TRAPPED** IN HERE, LIKE A RAT IN A HOLE.

YOU REALLY DON'T GET IT, DO YOU, CREEP? **YOU'RE** THE ONE WHO'S TRAPPED IN HERE.

WITH **ME.**

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. I READ THEY SWITCHED OFF **LISA FERRARA'S** LIFE SUPPORT A FEW WEEKS BACK.

I THINK ABOUT HER SOMETIMES. BODY OF A GODDESS. SHAME SHE HAD THE MIND OF A JUDGE.

WAY I HEARD IT, SHE'D HAVE LIVED IF YOU WERE A FEW MINUTES EARLIER. GUESS THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET PAST YOUR PRIME. YOU SLOW DOWN.

START RUNNING, OLD MAN.

RADIO SILENCE. SWITCH ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO HEADPHONE IMPLANTS.

NORTON, YOU'RE ON THE LEVEL BELOW DREDD. PUSH HIM TOWARDS US, WE'LL CATCH THEM IN A CROSSFIRE.

PHOENIX TOWER CORPORATE ART GALLERY.

THE WOMAN TRASK MENTIONED WAS UNDERCOVER JUDGE LISA FERRARA, SENT TO INFILTRATE TRASK'S ORGANISATION.

TRASK'S A SECURITY EXPERT, TAKES STATE-OF-THE-ART PRECAUTIONS. THE ONLY WAY WE COULD GATHER EVIDENCE WAS THROUGH AN **IMPLANT WIRE.**

FERRARA'S COVER WAS BLOWN BEFORE WE COULD REMOVE THE WIRE.

TRASK SENT A COUPLE OF FREELANCE HITMEN NAMED LOUIS ALDRICH AND WINSTON EGAN AFTER HER...

'I INTERCEPTED THEM ON THE STEWART EXPRESSWAY, BROUGHT THEIR VEHICLE TO A HALT.

'ALDRICH AND EGAN WERE KILLED IN THE PURSUIT. NO WAY TO PROVE THAT TRASK HIRED THEM.

'THE BASTARDS HAD INJECTED HER WITH A **NANO-VIRUS** TO CORRUPT THE DATA ON THE IMPLANT WIRE.

'IT DESTROYED HER NERVOUS SYSTEM, LEFT HER BRAINDEAD. THE MEDICS DID THEIR BEST, BUT IT WAS NO USE.'

MAYBE IF I'D GOTTEN TO HER SOONER, SHE MIGHT HAVE SURVIVED.

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, SIR.

I KNOW IT WASN'T, KERRIGAN.

DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY EASIER TO TAKE.

CADET?

DROKK YOU, DREDD!

DOWN!

HE FELT SHRAPNEL STRIKE HIS HELMET, BURN HIS CHEEK. THE DARKNESS PRESSED IN ON HIM, HIS EYES DEAD WITHIN HIS HEAD.

WHERE IS HE, DAMN IT!

TWO O'CLOCK! I'VE GOT HIM COVERED!

ON YOUR FEET! KEEP A HOLD OF ME!

CAPTAIN, IT'S NORTON. I'VE GOT THEM — LEVEL TWENTY-ONE, THE ART GALLERY.

IT'S LIKE COLE SAID, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH DREDD. HE WAS LOOKING RIGHT AT ME WHEN I OPENED FIRE AND HE DIDN'T EVEN MOVE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WHAT I SAID! HE DIDN'T REACT, DIDN'T SHOOT BACK, NOTHING. IT WAS AS IF HE COULDN'T **SEE** ME.

THEY'RE ON THE MOVE AGAIN. THE OTHER JUDGE IS DRAGGING HIM ALONG LIKE SOME USELESS OLD DROKKER. HE CAN'T SEE WHERE HE'S GOING.

AND SHE'S JUST A KID, PROBABLY A CADET. IT'S LIKE THE BLIND LEADING THE —

AAAHH!

GOT HIM! BUT I'M SURE I HEARD HIM YELLING. HE MAY HAVE ALERTED TRASK AND THE —

DROKK!

SORRY TO KEEP KNOCKING YOU DOWN, SIR.

BETTER THAN BEING SHOT, CADET.

TROUBLE WITH YOUR EYESIGHT, OLD MAN? I DID SOME RESEARCH WHEN YOU STARTED COMING AFTER ME...

YOU HAD YOUR EYES REPLACED WITH **BIONIC IMPLANTS** A FEW YEARS AGO. I'M BETTING MY E.M.P. FRIED THEM, WHICH PUTS YOU AT A REAL DISADVANTAGE.

TRASK WAS RIGHT. HE WAS A DEAD WEIGHT. THE CADET HAD SAVED HIS LIFE TWICE ALREADY; THAT COULDN'T LAST.

THERE'S A SET OF DOORS ABOUT FIFTY METRES AWAY, SIR. I THINK WE CAN —

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, KERRIGAN. MAKE A RUN FOR THE DOORS, I'LL LAY DOWN COVERING FIRE. FIND A WAY OUT. ALERT CONTROL.

NO! I CAN'T JUST —

THAT'S AN **ORDER**, CADET!

KLIK! KLIK! KLIK!

FIRING BLIND AND SHOOTING BLANKS. HOW MUCH LOWER CAN YOU SINK, DREDD?

LOLA, GO AFTER THE GIRL.

AN AIR AMBULANCE FROM ST JUDE'S, PROBABLY EN ROUTE TO THE EARP/CLANTON BLOCK WAR AND CURIOUS ABOUT THE POWER FAILURE IN PHOENIX TOWER.

SHE BATTERED THE WINDOWS, YELLING FOR HELP, TRYING TO GET THEIR ATTENTION.

THE AIRCRAFT CAME SO CLOSE TO THE WINDOW THAT SHE COULD SEE THE PILOTS WATCHING HER DOING NOTHING.

SCREAM AND SHOUT ALL YOU WANT, BITCH.

THEY'RE NOT HERE TO HELP YOU.

HOW DO YOU THINK WE PLANNED TO GET OUT OF HERE?

AAAHH!

CAPTAIN, SHE'S UNARMED AND WOUNDED.

I'M GOING IN FOR THE KILL.

RENDEZVOUS WITH US ON THE ROOF AFTER YOU FINISH HER OFF.

REMEMBER TO WEAR YOUR MASK — IT'S THE ONLY PLACE WHERE THERE'S STILL A RISK OF SURVEILLANCE.

WHAT THE - ?

UUURRGH!

Incident Report 9219, 23/07/30.

Trask's target was the Data Core of the Phoenix Corporation. They reactivated the core with a portable power source in the wake of the EMP, circumventing the security systems that would otherwise have made such a raid impossible.

GAME ON, CAPTAIN. WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING WE NEED RIGHT HERE.

BLACKMAIL, TRASK?

PHOENIX IS ONE OF THE EARTH'S BIGGEST ENERGY EXPLORATION COMPANIES, BUT THEIR OFFWORLD PROGRAMME'S BEEN DOGGED BY RUMOURS OF CORRUPTION AND THE ABUSE OF INDIGINOUS SPECIES.

YOU USED TO BE THEIR HEAD OF SECURITY, SO YOU KNOW WHERE THE SKELETONS ARE BURIED.

STEALING EVIDENCE OF THAT AND HOLDING PHOENIX TO RANSOM'LL MAKE YOU MORE MONEY THAN ANY HEIST, ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU OFFWORLD AND OUT OF OUR REACH.

THAT ABOUT RIGHT?

MORE OR LESS.

LUCKY FOR US, DEAD JUDGES TELL NO TALES.

LOLA, YOU DEALT WITH THE CADET?

SHE WAS DEAD WHEN I FOUND HER. CRAWLED INTO A CORNER AND CURLED UP LIKE A GOOD LITTLE DOG.

I LOVE IT WHEN A PLAN COMES TOGETHER.

WE'RE AHEAD OF SCHEDULE. MIGHT AS WELL HAVE OURSELVES A LITTLE FUN.

DO YOUR WORST, PUNK.

MY PLEASURE!

Incident Report 9219, 23/07/30:

The getaway vehicle was an air ambulance from St Jude's, the pilot an associate of Trask's who had joined the hospital months earlier.

HEADS UP, PEOPLE! OUR RIDE'S ARRIVED!

THEY BACKED OFF AS THE AIRCRAFT APPROACHED. HE BEGAN TO PUSH HIMSELF TO HIS FEET, TO LET THEM KNOW THEY HADN'T BROKEN HIM.

ONE OF THEM LEANED IN CLOSE, SLIPPING SOMETHING INTO HIS HAND.

TIME LIKE THIS, SIR, A JUDGE'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS BOOT KNIFE.

LOOKS LIKE I'M GETTING AWAY **AGAIN**, DREDD. EXCEPT THIS TIME YOU AIN'T GONNA BE COMING AFTER ME.

LLLGGGHHH!

ONLY THING I'M SORRY ABOUT IS THAT YOU WON'T SEE THE SMILE ON MY FACE AS I BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF —

AAAAAHHH!

STILL SMILING, PUNK?

CADET!

FIRE ON THE GETAWAY VEHICLE! STOP THEIR ESCAPE!

NO WORDS OF GRATITUDE, JUST ORDERS. BUT THAT MADE HER FEEL MORE LIKE A JUDGE, AS IF HE FINALLY TRUSTED IN HER ABILITIES.

VADDCCCMM

DREDD!

LOOK OUT, SIR!

HE FELT KERRIGAN SLAM INTO HIM, HEARD THE PAIN AND FEAR IN HER GASP —

KERRIGAN!

AND THEN THERE WAS NOTHING, SILENCE, THE DARKNESS CRUSHING IN ON HIM...

THWAK

SPAK

THE ROOF BENEATH HIM WAS SLICK WITH BLOOD. THE THOUGHT THAT IT MIGHT BE KERRIGAN'S ROARED THROUGH HIM.

YOU MUST HAVE SOMETHING AGAINST WOMEN, DREDD, 'CAUSE YOU KEEP GETTING THEM KILLED.

NOT EASY FIGHTING SOMEONE YOU CAN'T SEE, IS IT, OLD MAN?

I DON'T **NEED** TO SEE YOU, CREEP!

WCCDARRGH!

SPAK

AFTER THAT, THERE WAS NOTHING RESEMBLING TRAINING OR TECHNIQUE, JUST BLIND RAGE.

HE WASN'T SURE WHICH BROKE FIRST — HIS FIST OR TRASK'S SKULL.

WHEN HE FINALLY UNLOCKED THE CUFFS, THE PERP HIT THE GROUND LIKE A PIECE OF MEAT ON A BUTCHER'S BLOCK.

IT WAS ALL HE DESERVED.

HE HELD THE CADET AS BEST HE COULD, BUT WORDS OF SYMPATHY AND REASSURANCE DIDN'T COME EASILY TO HIM.

SHE COULDN'T SPEAK, BUT HE COULD SENSE THE QUESTION IN HER TREMBLING BODY. DID SHE PASS? DID SHE MAKE JUDGE?

SHE DIDN'T HEAR HIS ANSWER

THE MEDICS REPAIRED AND UPGRADED HIS BIONIC EYES, NOT THAT HE NOTICED THE DIFFERENCE.

THE CITY LOOKED THE SAME AS EVER WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE STREETS.

THE EVIDENCE UNCOVERED DURING THE HEIST LED TO THE BIGGEST CORPORATE SCANDAL IN THE HISTORY OF THE CITY.

THE PHOENIX CORPORATION'S BOARD OF DIRECTORS, AND HUNDREDS OF EMPLOYEES THROUGHOUT THE OFFWORLD COLONIES, WERE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY.

THE ARRESTS WERE CREDITED TO A SINGLE OFFICER.

JUDGE SIOBHAN KERRIGAN.

KERRIGAN.S
JUDGE:S287176

THEY ADDED KERRIGAN'S NAME TO THE ROLL OF HONOUR IN THE ACADEMY OF JUSTICE, THE LIST OF JUDGES KILLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY.

ONE DAY, NO DOUBT, HIS NAME WOULD JOIN THEIRS.

BUT NOT TODAY.

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

MUTIE BLOCK

MEGA-CITY ONE, WEST GATE 17 —

KEEP THOSE LINES ORDERLY!

SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER
ART
KEV WALKER
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

2
CLAIMING CITIZENSHIP?
YES, SIR.
4
I NEED DOCUMENTS. BIRTH, MARRIAGE, REASON FOR EXPULSION.
6
THESE ALL THE PAPERS YOU GOT?
8

I WAS BORN HERE. MY BIRTH SHOULD HAVE BEEN RECORDED, MY DNA AND STUFF.

A LOT OF RECORDS GOT LOST, BUDDY. WE'LL CHECK YOU OUT, BUT DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP.

TAKE THIS TO ROOM 4, VERIFICATION.

NO ADMISSION WITHOUT VALID GENETIC ID

NO ARGUING

TED OLSAWSKI, AUXILIARY —

WORKING **IMMY** USED TO BE EASY. MUTIES ALL GET THE SAME ANSWER — HIT THE **ROAD**, TOAD. NOW THE **LAW'S** CHANGED AN' WE AIN'T EVEN SUPPOSED TO CALL THEM **MUTIES** ANYMORE.

I GUESS THEY HAVE A LEGIT GRUMBLE. A BIG INJUSTICE WAS DONE TO THEM. BUT YOU GOTTA WONDER, IS THIS THE WAY TO MAKE IT RIGHT? DO WE REALLY **WANT** THESE PEOPLE BACK?

NDUCTION

YOU HAVE ALL BEEN APPROVED TO CLAIM **CITIZENSHIP** OF **MEGA-CITY ONE**. BEFORE I HAND YOU TO OUR ALLOCATIONS OFFICER, I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU SOME FRIENDLY ADVICE — **THINK AGAIN.**

URL

DESPITE WHAT YOU MAY HAVE HEARD, LIFE IN THIS CITY IS NO BOWL OF ROSES.

ENIGMA TURNER, AUXILIARY —

THEY CALL ME **INDUCTION OFFICER.** I'M REALLY A KIND OF OFFICIAL **'DISUADER'.** I SHOW THEM THE **UNEMPLOYMENT, CRIME** AND **SUICIDE** STATS. I GO REAL BIG ON **PREJUDICE.** THEY'VE GOT TO REALISE, IN THIS CITY THEY'RE GOING TO BE **PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE.**

NO MUTIES

I'M TALKING ABOUT **HATE.** PURE, UNBRIDLED **HATE.** YOU WILL BE TARGETS FOR **VERBAL** AND **PHYSICAL ABUSE**, YOU WILL BE SINGLED OUT FOR **VIOLENT ASSAULT. MURDER** STATS — **NORM** ON **MUTANT** — ARE *3600* **PER CENT** ABOVE AVERAGE.

SURE, THE **JUDGES** WILL MAKE ARRESTS, BUT THEY CAN'T ARREST THE WHOLE CITY. BECAUSE — AND LET'S BE HONEST — **NOBODY** REALLY WANTS YOU HERE.

ASK YOURSELVES — IS THAT THE KIND OF **LIFE** YOU WANT?

I PAY A **BONUS** OF **FOUR HUNDRED CREDITS** TO ANY APPLICANTS WHO TURN BACK, PROVIDED THEY **RELINQUISH** ALL FURTHER CLAIM TO CITIZENSHIP. SAVES THE CITY A **HEAP** OF MONEY, BELIEVE ME.

IN THE END, IF THEY STILL WANT TO COME IN, NOTHING I CAN DO. THE LAW'S THE LAW. I TRIED MY BEST. IT'S THEIR FUNERAL.

NEW CITIZENS WERE BUSSED INTO SPECIALLY PREPARED BLOCKS DOTTED ACROSS THE MEGA-CITY —

JEAN CORMAN BAKER

MUTIES OUT!

NO MUTIES HERE!

SCUMBOTS!

WHAT ABOUT THE GENE POOL?

KEEP THESE NORMS BACK!

CHANK

JOE MCJOE, ORDINARY CIT —

MUTIES ARE LAUGHIN' ALL OVER THEIR FREAK FACES! CITY'S THROWING CASH AT THEM LIKE CONFETTI!

YOU WANT A NEW FREEZE BOX? YOU GOT IT, UGLY! BANJO LESSONS FOR THE JUVIES? NO PROBLEM!

GOT A LITTLE DRIP ON YOUR DIP, WE'LL SEND SOMEONE ROUND TA SHAKE IT FOR YA!

BUT YOU TRY GETTING ANYTHING OUTA THIS CITY IF YOU'RE NORMAL! THAT'S A DIFFERENT STORY!

HERE'S A BRICK.

GO ON, THROW IT. NOBODY'LL SEE YOU.

ARREST THAT CREEP!

IMPATIENCE WATSON, HOUSING DEPT —

WE BEGAN CLEARING THE RESIDENTS OUT OF NORMA JEAN BAKER AS SOON AS THE MUTANT LAW WAS PASSED.

THE IDEAL IS FULL INTEGRATION, OF COURSE, BUT INITIALLY IT WAS FELT THAT MIXED BLOCKS MIGHT BE A TEENSY BIT DIFFICULT TO POLICE.

HIDEY SMEG, MOTHER'S OF MEGA-CITY —

WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE? WE NEVER ASKED FOR THEM! WE DON'T WANT THEM! THEY'RE TAKING OUR FOOD AND OUR HOUSES AND OUR JOBS!

RIGHT ON, SISTER! WE AIN'T GONNA TAKE IT!

AREN'T THING BAD ENU

BARABAS ODODO, CHURCH OF H.A.T.E. —

LET THE MUTANTS BE PURGED IN THE FLAMES OF OUR RIGHTEOUS ANGER! WE WILL NEVER ACCEPT THE PRESENCE OF THESE DISGUSTING, SUB-HUMAN MONSTROSITIES AMONG US!

ENDELL WENN, ANARCHY IN ACTION —

DISORDER — TURBULENCE — CHAOS... THESE ARE THE OPTIMUM CONDITIONS FOR OUR WORK. THE CITY IS A TINDERBOX. ALL THAT IS REQUIRED NOW IS THE RIGHT ORGANISATIONAL SKILLS TO SET IT ALIGHT.

MAY BICKERSTAFF, A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO YOUR FAMILY WAS GRUBBING FOR **GRUBS** AT YOUR WASTELAND HOVEL. TODAY, A FINE NEW APARTMENT WITH ALL MOD CONS. HOW DOES IT FEEL?

IT'S JUST WONDERFUL. IT WILL TAKE US A WHILE TO ADAPT, OF COURSE.

AND HAVE YOU MET ANY OF THE LOCALS — **NORMAL** PEOPLE, I MEAN?

OH NO. WE DON'T GO OUT. IT'S NOT SAFE. QUITE A FEW RESIDENTS HAVE BEEN VERY BADLY INJURED GOING OUT — KILLED, EVEN.

THEY FOUND OLD GIB SMELLIE FROM 422B WITH HIS **HEAD** CUT OFF JUST YESTERDAY.

THEY DON'T LIKE US. IT'S JUST NOT SAFE.

IT WAS SEVERAL WEEKS BEFORE THE RIOT BARRIERS AROUND NORMA JEAN BAKER WERE REMOVED.

GRADUALLY THE GUARD WAS REDUCED AS **PROTESTORS'** NUMBERS DWINDLED, UNTIL THERE WERE JUST A FEW **DIEHARD** MUTANT HATERS WILLING TO BRAVE THE COLD OF ONCOMING WINTER.

23:37

WELCOME TO NORMA JEAN BAKER

TONIGHT EVEN **THEY** WERE ABSENT.

STRANGE.

CONTROL, THERE'S NO ONE WATCHING BAKER. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GUARD?

REASSIGNED TO THAT JUVE GANG CONFRONT AT PRECINCT 9. FIGURED THEY COULD BE SPARED FOR AN HOUR OR TWO.

HE DIDN'T LIKE IT. AND WHY NO PROTESTORS? COLD MAYBE, BUT NOT **THAT** COLD.

SOMETHING SMELT WRONG...

TOOT HORNABY, SEVENTEEN, WEST SECTOR GANG ALLIANCE —

THE WORD'S OUT. WE'RE GOING AFTER THE **MUTIE BLOCK** TONIGHT. WE'RE ALL TOOLED UP, GUNS AN' BLADES AN' ANYTHING THAT'LL BREAK HEADS.

THEY'RE PASSING ROUND THE **ANGRY DUST** AND EVERYBODY'S GETTIN' STEAMED.

FREAKIN' MUTIES AIN'T GONNA KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM.'

GONNA SPLASH THEIR JUICE ALL OVER NORMA JAY.'

A FEW SNORTS AND I'M IN THE MOOD — AND IT AIN'T FOR **LOVE.'**

BLOOD.' BLOOD.' BLOOD.'

A **WORD** HERE, A **WHISPER** IN THE RIGHT EARS — PLUS **LIBERAL** HELPINGS OF **BRAIN CHOWDER.** A **SACK** OF **JACK** JUST TO GET THEM FIRED UP, THAT'S ALL IT TAKES.

IT'S HAPPENING. TONIGHT, MIDNIGHT.

WE'LL BE THERE.'

CLICK

ARNIE OAKLEY, COLONEL, ARCHIBALD LEACH BLOCK VOLUNTEERS —

IT'S NOT OUR FULL **CITI-DEF** UNIT — CAN'T CALL IT CITI-DEF. GAVE EVERY MAN AND WOMAN THE CHANCE TO CRY OFF AND SOME TOOK IT. **YELLOWBELLIES.'** DON'T GIVE A **DAMN** THEIR CITY'S GOING TO **HELL** IN A HOVERCRAFT.'

WELL, WE DON'T NEED THEM.' WE GOT DAMN NEAR A **TON** OF HIGH-GRADE **PLASTEEN** AND WE KNOW HOW TO USE IT.'

WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO?

BLOW THAT BLOCK SKY HIGH, MAN.'

FIRST MUTIE BLOCK ON THE MOON.'

THEY MOVED THROUGH THE CITY LIKE A SWARM OF RATS, PUMPED UP HIGH ON DRUGS AND HATE —

TONIGHT THEY WERE GOING TO **FIX** THOSE MUTIES.! FIX 'EM **DEAD**.!

THERE SHE IS.!

MORE THAN 40,000 **MUTANTS** HOUSED IN **NORMA JEAN BAKER BLOCK**. THEY THOUGHT IT WOULD BE SAFER THAT WAY. TONIGHT THEY WERE GOING TO LEARN DIFFERENT...

LOOKS REAL QUIET, MAN.

THREE MINUTES. WE GO AT MIDNIGHT.

COLONEL ARNIE OAKLEY, ARCHIBALD LEACH BLOCK VOLUNTEERS —

OUR FIRST PRIORITY IS **COUNTER SURVEILLANCE.** WE'RE SETTING A **CHARGE** HERE TO KNOCK OUT **LANDLINES** TO THE BLOCK.

IN ADDITION I'VE POSITIONED **JAMMERS** AT STRATEGIC POINTS. THEY'LL TAKE OUT **CAMERAS** FOR A WIDE RADIUS AROUND THE TARGET. JUDGES'LL KNOW **SOMETHING'S** UP, BUT THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT.

READY TO **BLOW**, COLONEL.

TWO MINUTES.! GET READY, WE GO IN TWO.!

IN AND OUT QUICK AS WE CAN, THAT'S THE PLAN. SET THE EXPLOSIVES, GET OUT OF THERE AND BLOW **NJB** TO **F.R.A.G.**.' NONE OF THIS PUSSYFOOTING AROUND. YOU WANT TO KILL MUTIES, THINK BIG.

SURE, THERE MAY BE A LITTLE COLLATERAL DAMAGE TO OTHER ATTACKING FORCES, BUT MOST OF THEM ARE LOWLIFE **SCUM** ANYWAY, SO WHO **CARES**? TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE, FAR AS I'M CONCERNED.

SPIKE CHESNEY, LEGION OF HATE —

VUGGIN' MUTIES.' GONNA VUGGIN' KILL 'EM.' GONE KILL 'EM.' KILL VUGGIN' MUTIES.'

HATEHATE

HAVE ANOTHER SNORT, MAN.

JUDGES INSPIRED A DEEP-ROOTED **FEAR** IN THE RESIDENTS OF **NORMA JEAN BAKER.**

THEY HADN'T ALWAYS BEEN THEIR SO-CALLED **FRIENDS** AND **PROTECTORS.** MEMORIES OF **OTHER** DEALINGS WITH MEGA-CITY'S FINEST WERE SCORED TOO **DEEP** AND TOO **RAW** TO EASILY FORGET.

INDEED, TO DO SO WOULD BE NAIVE. THEY WERE **CITIZENS** NOW, AND THE JUDGES WOULD SHOW THEM NO MORE **FAVOUR** THAN ANY OTHER — WHICH WAS PRECIOUS **LITTLE.**

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT INTO ME... I'VE NEVER HAD KNEEPADS BEFORE. I JUST GOT THIS URGE TO... TO...

SHUT UP.

DREDD MADE A DETOUR VIA THE TERRACE. HE HAD AN UNEASY FEELING THAT ALL WAS NOT RIGHT TONIGHT. **SOMETHING** WAS BREWING...

BEGIN JAMMING.

JAMMERS ON.

JAMMERS ON.

JAMMERS ON.

A HIGH-PITCHED **SCREAM** IN HIS HELMET SENSORS —

VAROOM

LANDLINES GONE! LET'S **MOVE!**

NO PRISONERS!

GO GEDDEM!

GONNA BAG ME A MUTIE!

WH-WHAT'S GOING ON?

MAGNIFY!

MAG x10

DROKK!

NOW HE UNDERSTOOD THE JAMMING, AND THE **GANG INCIDENT** THAT HAD DRAWN THE SECURITY DETAIL FROM NORMA JEAN BAKER. CLEARLY A WELL-ORGANISED ASSAULT.

ONE THAT CALLED FOR THE MAXIMUM DETERRENT.

HI-EX.!

BDOW!

KLAROOM

WAR DOOM

SIGNALS MIGHT NOT GET THROUGH THE ELECTRONIC WHINE, BUT A **PITCHED BATTLE** COULD NOT FAIL TO ATTRACT ATTENTION —

ZIG ZAGLIO, BLOOD MEMBER, VIOLENT BOYS —

I'M HALFWAY ACROSS THE SLAB, MAN, NEXT THING I'M FLYIN' THROUGH THE AIR **WITHOUT** AN **ASS**!

THAT'S RIGHT, BLEW IT CLEAN **OFF**, MAN.! THEY'RE GONNA MAKE ME A BRAND NEW ONE — FOAM AND PLASTEEN, WORKS BETTER THAN THE REAL THING.

THEN THEY'RE GONNA PLONK MY BRAND NEW **ASS** IN AN **ISO-CUBE** FOR THE NEXT TWENNY YEARS.!

ENDELL WENN, ANARCHY IN ACTION —

EXCELLENT.

MY PART IS FINISHED. IT REMAINS ONLY TO STAND BACK AND ENJOY THE FRUITS OF MY LABOURS. WHATEVER THE OUTCOME NOW, THE FORCES OF CHAOS CANNOT LOSE.

GO! GO! GO!

LAST HI-EX!

BOOM

SKY SURFERS - !

OUR CALCULATIONS INDICATE THE BEST SPOT TO PLACE THE CHARGES IS AT THE BASE OF TIER TWO. THE WEIGHT OF THE COLLAPSING UPPER LEVELS WILL CRUSH ANYTHING BELOW. WE'RE LOOKING FOR **MAXIMUM BODY COUNT** HERE.

SKYSURFERS!

HEAT SEEKERS!

AHHHHH!

THERE IS NO DOUBT IN HIS MIND THIS IS A WELL-ORGANISED ATTEMPT TO SLAUGHTER THE ENTIRE BLOCK — **GENETIC CLEANSING** ON A GRAND SCALE.

GET BACK TO YOUR APARTMENT, ISSUE A WARNING ON THE BLOCK SYSTEM — RESIDENTS TO STAY IN THEIR HOMES, BARRICADE THEIR DOORS.

Y-YES, SIR!

TOOT HORNABY, SEVENTEEN, WEST SECTOR GANG ALLIANCE —

BODIES EVERYWHERE! DIDN'T FIGGER ON RUNNIN' INTO NO **HI-EX** —

THE REST OF 'EM TOO HIGH ON **DEVIL DUST** TO THINK STRAIGHT, BUT NOT **THIS** JUVE, MAN! I'M OUTA HERE!

WELCOME TA THE MEG, YOU MUTIE SCUM!

RUUD BOYDEN, SICK THINGS —

YOU GOTTA HAVE SOMEONE TO **HATE**, KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'? USED TO BE THE **DULTS** AN' THE **SPUGS** AN' THE **SKYSCUM** AN' JUST ABOUT ANYBODY **ELSE** THAT COME ALONG. NOW IT'S THE **MUTIES** — AN' THERE AIN'T **NOTHIN'** LOWER THAN A MUTIE! CITY OUGHTA GIVE US A MEDAL!

WASTIN' OUR TIME.! THIS ONE'S DEAD.!

OPEN THE **DOOR**, MUTIE.! WE GOT SOMETHING **FORRR** YOUUU.!

WHAM

THIS IS **SKIP PICKINS**, LEVEL 41, PASSING ON A **MESSAGE** FROM **JUDGE DREDD**.! **LOCK** YOUR **DOORS**, **BARRICADE** YOURSELVES IN.! THERE'S **NORMS** ALL OVER WITH GUNS AN' STUFF.! THEY'VE COME TO **KILL US**.!

THEY'RE COMING UP THE **ELS**.!

CONTROL, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, WE HAVE A MAJOR SITUATION HERE.!

HE IS SPARING WITH HIS AMMUNITION.

FIVE SHOTS, FIVE CLEAN KILLS.

HE MAY NEED EVERY BULLET BEFORE THIS IS OVER.

ELEVATOR CONTROLS

JUSTICE DEPT. ONLY

WITH THE ELS OUT OF ACTION, THE ATTACKERS ARE LIMITED TO THE STAIRWELLS, EAST AND WEST —

HE CAN DO NOTHING YET ABOUT THE SURFERS ON THE UPPER LEVELS. HE CAN ONLY TRY TO LIMIT THE CARNAGE UNTIL REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE.

HE HEARS THEM BELOW, AND HE HURRIES TO MEET THEM —

LONG WAY TO COME FOR A TRIP TO **RESYK**, BOYS.

SHEEE - .!

RICOCHET.!

SPANG

DUD

ANOTHER LEVEL DOWN AND HE RUNS INTO A FIRESTORM —

DOW

UDDA

POW

BUT

BDOW

THEIR NUMBERS ARE SWELLING, TOO MANY TO HOLD BACK WITH DWINDLING AMMUNITION —

WATCH IT —!

KAROOM

THAT'LL BLOCK ACCESS TO THE UPPER LEVELS FOR A WHILE. **EAST** STAIRS NOW.!

IS IT ALL RIGHT TO COME —

NO! INSIDE!

ELWYN GUNTER, CONTROL ROOM SUPERVISOR —

WE KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG AS SOON AS THE **CAMS** WENT DOWN. REPORTS OF EXPLOSIONS WERE COMING IN. I PUT OUT AN EMERGENCY **ALL UNITS** AND DESPATCHED AN **H-WAGON**. FROM THE PICTURES THEY SENT BACK, IT WAS CLEAR WE HAD A PROBLEM.

IT'S ALL-OUT **WAR** ON **NORMA JEAN BAKER!**

AT THAT TIME I DIDN'T KNOW WE HAD AN OFFICER IN THE BLOCK. I HAD UNITS ASSEMBLE IN BAKER PLAZA TILL WE HAD A FORCE SUFFICIENT FOR THE TASK.

TAKE 'EM DOWN!

DON'T GET ME WRONG, I'M NO MUTANT LOVER. IF YOU ASK ME, RE-ADMITTING THEM WAS A MAJOR MISTAKE. BUT THIS IS A SIMPLE MATTER OF LAW AND ORDER. **MOB LAW** CANNOT BE TOLERATED.

HE HAS NO **HI-EX** AND NO SPARE **CHARGES.** EVEN **STANDARD EXECUTION** ARE RUNNING LOW.

HE KNOWS THAT IF THE DRUG-CRAZED **MOB** GETS PAST HIM THERE WILL BE FURTHER **CARNAGE** AMONG THE **MUTANTS** OF **NORMA JEAN BAKER BLOCK** —

INCENDIARY!

THUMP

THAT PUT THE **FEAR** OF THE **LAW** INTO THEM —

SCRAMOLA!

BShhhhh

A SCAVENGED BLASTER A **MITRON 40** —

GOOD WEAPON IN A CRISIS —

BOOM KA-DOOM KOOM

NO TIME OR CALL FOR FINESSE...

YOU BREAK THE LAW, YOU PAY THE PRICE.

THE **RADIO** CRACKLES INTO LIFE. HE KNOWS THEY'VE FOUND THE **JAMMERS** —

THIS IS DREDD! I'M ON LEVEL 7, BAKER BLOCK! I'M HOLDING ATTACKERS BELOW THIS POINT, BUT YOU GOT SKYSURFERS IN THE UPPER LEVELS!

SITUATION UNDER CONTROL, DREDD. WE'RE **IN BLOCK.**

LOOIS 'LEFTY' FIPPS, MIKE TYSON BLOCK GLEE CLUB —

SUDDENLY THE **LIGHT-HEARTED** MOOD OF THE EVENIN' IS SHATTERED. THE **JAYS** COMIN' ON REAL **MEAN**, GIVVIN' OUT **DAYSTICK** IF YOU EVEN **BREATHE**. BLOOD ALL OVER THE PLACE.

I MEAN, I ASK YA, IS THAT ANY WAY TA TREAT **CITIZENS**? THEY GOTTA UNNERSTAND, WE'RE YOUNG, WE WAS JUST OUT FOR A LITTLE FUN.

MOVE.!

SPONK

COLONEL ARNIE OAKLEY, ARCHIBALD LEACH BLOCK VOLUNTEERS —

WE TOOK TOO LONG SETTING THE CHARGES. THEY STOPPED US AT THE PLAZA PERIMETER. I ORDERED THE VOLUNTEERS TO **SURRENDER**, OF COURSE. WE'RE NOT OUT TO KILL JUDGES.

I'M **CONFIDENT** THAT WHEN THEY'VE HAD TIME TO **REFLECT** WE'LL BE RELEASED ON A **CAUTION** — AT WORST A SPELL OF **BLOCK DETENTION**. WE'RE NOT **CRIMINALS**, JUST DECENT CITIZENS STANDING UP FOR OUR RIGHTS.

DETONATORS IN HERE — TRACES OF PLASTEEN EXPLOSIVE.!

I SUGGEST YOU ORDER YOUR JUDGES TO CLEAR THE BUILDING. **CHARGES** SHOULD BE GOING OFF ANY **TIME** NOW.

CHARGES? **WHAT** CHARGES?

TIER TWO, THE FOUR CORNERS. SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO BRING THE WHOLE BUILDING DOWN.!

AND IT'S GOODBYE NORMA JEAN.!

BAWOOMM

BAWOOMM

DROKK!

BADOOMM

MAWWWWWW.

IT'S GOING — IT'S **GOING** —

SWEET GRUD - !

I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

IT'S STILL STANDING!

EVACUATE NORMA JEAN BAKER!

DON'T UNDERSTAND IT... WENT OVER THOSE CALCULATIONS TIME AND AGAIN...

IMPATIENCE WATSON, HOUSING DEPT —

WELL, ALL A LITTLE **SELF-DEFEATING**, WASN'T IT? WE'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO CLEAR **ANOTHER** BLOCK TO HOUSE THE NORMA JEANERS, AND THAT WILL PUT MORE NORMAL CITIZENS' NOSES OUT OF JOINT.

HONESTLY, SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY WE BOTHER! WE **DECENT** CITIZENS SHOULD ALL JUST **MOVE OUT** AND LEAVE THEM TO IT!

MEDI-DROID PARA-1359, EMERGENCY RESPONSE TEAM —

WE'VE HAD ABOUT TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY BODIES SO FAR, ATTACKERS AND RESIDENTS. WE'RE TAKING **I.D.S** AND SHIPPING THEM STRAIGHT OVER TO RESYK. AS DISASTERS GO, I SUPPOSE YOU'D RATE THIS ABOUT AN 8.

IF YOU'RE GIVEN TO THAT SORT OF THING.

AND I'M NOT.

OVER A KAY AWAY AND AN ONLOOKER GETS **CRUSHED** BY THE BLAST DEBRIS.

GOING TO NEED A MEAT WAGON, CONTROL.

ENDELL WENN. RESIDENT WATT TYLER.

INNOCENT BYSTANDER. HOW'S THAT FOR PURE DUMB BAD LUCK?

JOE DREDD, JUDGE —

I'M ALL FINISHED HERE, CONTROL.

ROG. GO TO CORNER TWELFTH AND DAVE, CITIZEN CAUGHT IN THE APE CHUTE.

ON MY WAY!

THE END

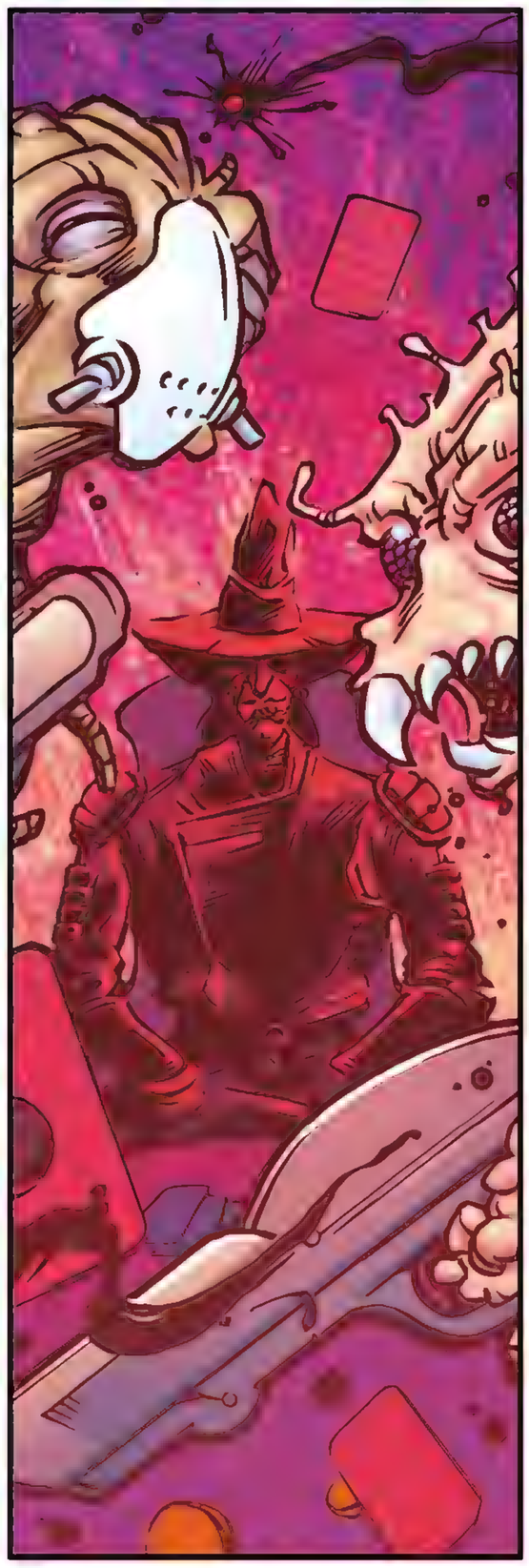
I AM THE LAW, PUNK!

IT GOES WHERE I GO.!

BDAM BDAM BDAM BDAM

JUDGE DREDD

FIRESTORM



SLICK WILLY'S SALOON, THE PLANET GAMORRA.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BLOODSTONE? DON'T YOU FANCY YOUR CHANCES AGAINST SOMEONE WHO SHOOTS BACK?

YOU CAN SHOOT ALL YOU WANT, BUT YOUR BADGE DON'T MEAN A THING OUT HERE. LIKE I SAID, YOU'VE GOT NO JURISDICTION.

TRYING TO ARREST ME, BLOWING AWAY MY POOR, INNOCENT COMPATRIOTS... THAT MAKES **YOU** THE FUGITIVE, DREDD.

WHY SHOULD I KILL YOU, WHEN I CAN WATCH THE GAMORRAN MILITARY DO IT? THEY'RE A BLOODTHIRSTY BUNCH — KILLERS AFTER MY OWN HEART.

SCRIPT
ROBBIE MORRISON

ART
SAM HART

COLOURS
LEN O'GRADY

LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

YEAH?

THEY'RE GONNA HAVE TO SHOOT THROUGH **YOU** FIRST.

YOU CAME ALL THE WAY FROM LITTLE OLD EARTH JUST TO BRING ME IN?

I'M FLATTERED, BUT I KNOW A FEW FOLKS WHO WON'T BE...

JUDGE DREDD!

YOU WERE WARNED WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU TRANSGRESSED OUR LAWS! THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND RELEASE YOUR PRISONER, OR ELSE!

HEY, HOW DOES THEIR RESPONSE TIME COMPARE WITH THE BIG MEG?

NOT BAD. BUT WITH SOME PERPS YOU SHOOT FIRST AND DROKK THE WARNING.

HI-EX!

VADCCCCOM

SHAME ON YOU, DREDD. HOW MANY INNOCENT CITIZENS DO YOU THINK YOU KILLED WITH THOSE FIREWORKS?

THIS IS **GAMORRA**. JUST ABOUT EVERYONE HERE'S A WANTED CRIMINAL OR A MERCENARY.

ANY COLLATERAL DAMAGE I CAUSE'LL DO LAWMEN THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE A FAVOUR.

GOOD POINT.

HEADS UP, PEOPLE! THE NAME'S LUCIFER BLOODSTONE! YOU MIGHT'VE HEARD OF ME!

A MILLION UNI-CREDS TO WHOEVER KILLS THIS MEGA-CITY SONUVABITCH!

A MILLION UNI-CREDS? I'D KILL MY BROOD GRANDMA FOR THAT.

IF I HADN'T ALREADY!

YAAARRGH!

I SENSED AN ENORMOUS PSI-WAVE OF HATRED DIRECTED AT ONE PARTICULAR INDIVIDUAL.

FIGURED IT MUST'VE BEEN YOU, DREDD.

I USUALLY HAVE THAT EFFECT ON LAWBREAKERS.

YOU'RE LATE, NOVA.

THE GAMORRAN MILITARY HAVE BEEN TAILING ME SINCE I LEFT THE SPACEPORT.

TOOK A LITTLE LONGER THAN I EXPECTED TO SHAKE THEM OFF.

SPDING!

SPDANG!

YOU DIDN'T DO A VERY GOOD JOB.

YOU WANT TO DRIVE?

BETTER IF I MAN THE BIG GUNS.

ZAMOCLES SPACEPORT, DOCKING BAY DISTRICT 12.

THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM. GET US ABOARD THE SHIP BEFORE THEIR BACK-UP ARRIVES.

BADDOOM

SLIGHT PROBLEM, DREDD.

WE'VE BEEN **GROUNDED!**

CHECK THE SHIPPING SCHEDULES. FIND US SOMETHING THAT'S HEADING IN THE DIRECTION OF EARTH.

ONLY CANDIDATE IS THE PLEASURE CRUISER **HORNBLOWER**, ON A SEVEN-GALAXY SIGHTSEEING TOUR. SHE'S DOCKED HERE FOR REFUELLING, SCHEDULED TO DEPART IN TWELVE MINUTES.

'MAKE SURE WE'RE ON IT.'

LAST CALL FOR PASSENGERS TRAVELLING ON THE PLEASURE CRUISER *HORNBLOWER*. TAKE-OFF IMMINENT.

ALL DOORS WILL BE SEALED IN THREE MINUTES.

I SAY, **TICKETS**, PLEASE!

MEGA-CITY ONE, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, EARTH.

SEND 'EM THE BILL!

GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE. FIVE DAYS AGO.

LUCIFER BLOODSTONE.

WANTED FOR MASS MURDER AND SEVENTEEN COUNTS OF INTERSTELLAR PIRACY ON MEGA-CITY SHIPPING ALONE.

THE FOOTAGE YOU'RE VIEWING WAS RECORDED BY A SECURITY DROID ON THE LAST ASSAULT.

BLOODSTONE SHOWS NO MERCY TO CREW OR PASSENGERS. THOSE THAT AREN'T KILLED DURING THE STORMING OF THE SHIP ARE JETTISONED FROM AIRLOCKS AFTERWARDS.

ONE OF OURS?

UNFORTUNATELY. BORN IN **ALIENTOWN**, 2093. MOTHER GRANTED ASYLUM FROM RANKOR'S WORLD, ARRESTED FOUR TIMES FOR SLABWALKING. FATHER UNKNOWN, BUT OF HUMAN ORIGIN.

PRIME SUSPECT IN A STREET-GANG MURDER IN '09. FLED OFFWORLD, PRESUMABLY FELL IN WITH RAIDERS AND WORKED HIS WAY UP TO COMMANDING THEM.

HE OPERATES OUT OF GAMORRA, A ROGUE WORLD THAT REFUSES TO HONOUR EXTRADITION TREATIES WITH OTHER SYSTEMS, BUT IS AN ESSENTIAL REFUELLING STATION FOR LONG-HAUL CRUISERS.

THE REGIME'S AS CORRUPT AS IT GETS. TURNS A BLIND EYE TO CRIMINALITY AS LONG AS THEY GET A CUT.

I WANT YOU AND NOVA TO BRING HIM IN, JOE. A SURGICAL STRIKE, JUST THE TWO OF YOU. ANYTHING BIGGER'LL CAUSE AN INTERSTELLAR INCIDENT.

GO IN SHOOTING IF YOU HAVE TO, BUT REMEMBER — AS FAR AS THE GAMORRANS ARE CONCERNED, **YOU'LL** BE THE LAWBREAKER.

FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING, HUH?

THE **HORNBLOWER** IS PROUD TO PRESENT THE SPECTACULAR FIRST STOP IN OUR SEVEN GALAXIES TOUR — THE STAR SYSTEM OF **HYPERION.**

THE HYPERION SUN, NOW NEAR THE END OF ITS LIFE CYCLE, IS EXPANDING RAPIDLY AS IT APPROACHES SUPERNOVA, THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE.

THIS IS MOST IRREGULAR, JUDGE DREDD. WE'RE A PLEASURE CRUISER, WE DON'T HAVE THE PROPER FACILITIES FOR PRISONER TRANSPORT.

THERE'S A JUDICIAL OUTPOST ON **ABRAXA**, YOUR NEXT PORT OF CALL. WE'LL LEAVE AS SOON AS —

DON'T LET HIM SWEET-TALK YOU, CAPTAIN. YOU'LL BE DEAD LONG BEFORE THEN.

BARRROOM

DROKK!

BRIDGE TO CAPTAIN ALARIC! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

PIRATES!

YOU'RE GONNA NEED MORE **FIREPOWER**, DREDD...

MAYDAY! MAYDAY! THIS IS THE PLEASURE CRUISER HORNBLOWER! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK BY PIRATES!

ANY SHIPS IN THE VICINITY OF THE HYPERION SYSTEM, PLEASE RESPOND! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!

ALL PASSENGERS ARE ADVISED TO TAKE REFUGE IN THEIR CABINS AND USE THE EMERGENCY LOCKDOWN CONTROLS TO SEAL THEMSELVES IN.

THE CAPTAIN AND CREW APOLOGISE SINCERELY FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE.

ALL SHIPBOARD PERSONNEL, BREAK OUT WEAPONS FROM THE ARMOURY AND PREPARE TO REPEL BOARDERS.

RIP 'EM UP!

A CREW OF BLOODTHIRSTY BASTARDS ALL HOWLING FOR YOUR BLOOD...

LOOKS LIKE A VERY BAD DAY TO BE A LAWMAN, DREDD.

THE MORE OF YOU CREEPS THAT COME MY WAY...

...THE MORE I'LL TAKE DOWN.

SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD DAY'S WORK TO ME.

JUDGE DREDD!

THE NAME'S **QUEEG**.! FIRST MATE OF THE **SHATTERSTAR**!

YOU'RE A **DEAD MAN**.! NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT THAT.!

WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO ASK YOURSELF IS, HOW MANY MORE DEATHS DO YOU WANT ON YOUR CONSCIENCE? LET BLOODSTONE GO, OR WE START KILLING PASSENGERS.!

AND I DON'T MEAN QUICKLY. I MEAN NICE AND SLOW, 'TIL THEY'RE SCREAMING YOUR NAME OVER AND OVER.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, LAWMAN?

I SAY YOU'RE FULL OF STOMM. YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE YOU CAME TO RESCUE BLOODSTONE 'CAUSE YOU'RE SUCH GOOD BUDDIES?

YOU HIJACK STARSHIPS, STRIP THEM DOWN, AND SELL THEM ON THROUGH INTERMEDIARIES.

THE PROFITS HAVE TO BE TRANSFERRED TO SOME SECRET ACCOUNT SOMEWHERE. I RECKON BLOODSTONE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS THE **ACCESS CODES**. THAT MEANS YOU NEED HIM ALIVE.

AM I RIGHT?

UHH...

HARM ANY PASSENGERS AND THE ONLY THING YOU'LL GET OUT OF HIS BRAIN IS A LAWGIVER MARK II BULLET.

AND IN CASE YOU'RE HAVING TROUBLE KEEPING UP, THAT MEANS WE HAVE YOU AT A SLIGHT DISADVANTAGE...

YOU CAN'T FIRE ON US IN CASE YOU HIT YOUR BOSS, BUT WE CAN BLOW YOU ALL TO HELL.

INCENDIARY!

GRUDDAMNED JUDGES!

MIGHT BE AN IDEA IF YOU TOOK US SOMEWHERE MORE SECURE, CAPTAIN.

THIS WAY! THROUGH THE ENGINEERING DECKS!

THERE ARE THREE PANIC STATIONS ABOARD THE **HORNBLOWER**, DESIGNED TO BE IMPREGNABLE IN THE EVENT OF AN ATTACK.

IF WE SEAL OURSELVES IN ONE, WE CAN OVERRIDE THE NAVIGATION SYSTEM AND PILOT THE SHIP TOWARDS HELP.

NO GOOD.

IF THEY THINK THEY CAN'T GET AT US, THEY'LL DEFINITELY START ON THE PASSENGERS.

WHAT ABOUT THE EMERGENCY SHUTTLES? ARE THEY MANUALLY OPERATED OR CAN THEY BE FLOWN BY REMOTE?

EITHER, DEPENDING ON THE CRISIS. BUT WE'LL BE CUT DOWN IN SECONDS IF WE BEGIN EVACUATION PROCEDURES...

YOU'RE A PIECE OF WORK, DREDD. ONE MEAN, NASTY SONUVABITCH.

YOU GET THE TREATMENT YOU DESERVE, CREEP.

IT'S CALLED **JUSTICE.**

YEAH, WE TEND TO FROWN UPON PERPS THAT MURDER HUNDREDS OF OUR CITIZENS.

SO WHY DID YOU TARGET SO MANY MEGA-CITY ONE SHIPS, ANYWAY?

OLD TIMES' SAKE. I'D TORCH YOUR WHOLE DROKKIN' CITY IF I GOT THE CHANCE.

WELL, I GUESS WE DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT TRYING TO REHABILITATE YOU, THEN —

AAAAHHH!

RAPID FIRE!

AAAAHHHH!

AAAAHHHH!

DROKK!

DREDD! LOOK OUT! HE'S GOING FOR HER —

YOU'RE GOING DOWN WITH YOUR SHIP, CAPTAIN!

HI-EX.!

KADDOOOM

ON YOUR FEET, NOVA.!

ALL HELL'S BREAKING LOOSE AND YOU'RE NO GOOD TO ANYONE DEAD.!

ORDERS, CAPTAIN?

GET THESE DROKKIN' CUFFS OFF.!

I'VE GOT A POWER OF **KILLING** TO DO.!

ATTENTION! THIS IS YOUR NEW CAPTAIN SPEAKING — ON ACCOUNT OF I SLIT THE OLD ONE'S THROAT!

JUDGE DREDD! WHEREVER YOU'RE HIDING, YOU MIGHT WANT TO GET YOURSELF TO THE STARBOARD SIDE, TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE.

A FEW OF THE PASSENGERS ARE ABOUT TO DO A LITTLE SIGHTSEEING.

THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO WAVE 'EM GOODBYE.

EEEEEAAARRGH!

AAAHHHHHH!

HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE SHOW, DREDD. DON'T WORRY IF YOU MISSED IT, THERE'S A **RE-RUN** IN HALF AN HOUR.

TWENTY-FIVE PASSENGERS WILL BE JETTISONED INTO THE VOID EVERY THIRTY MINUTES UNTIL YOU AND THE PSI-LADY GIVE YOURSELVES UP.

THE NEXT BATCH'LL INCLUDE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

YOUR MOVE, LAWMAN.

NOVA.

ENCODE YOUR LAWGIVER TO MY PALMPRINT.

N-NO...I'M COMING WITH YOU...

YOU'RE WOUNDED. YOU CAN DO MORE DAMAGE BEHIND THE SCENES.

THERE'RE DOZENS OF THEM... THEY'LL KILL YOU!

DREDD

THEY'LL TRY.

STOP RIGHT THERE! TAKE OUT YOUR LAWGIVERS AND HAND THEM OVER, NICE AND SLOW, BUTT FIRST.

DO YOUR WORST, PUNK.

DON'T WORRY, DREDD. WE WILL.

SKINK, GET HIS GUNS.

I'M DISAPPOINTED, DREDD. THOUGHT YOU OF ALL PEOPLE WOULD BE A MAN OF YOUR WORD.

THE DEAL WAS YOU **AND** THE GIRL GIVE YOURSELVES UP.

SHE'S DEAD. YOUR CREW ARE BETTER MARKSMEN THAN I'D HAVE GIVEN THEM CREDIT FOR.

YOU'RE **LYING**, LAWMAN, BUT WHAT THE HELL. NOTHING SHE CAN DO.

I'M GONNA KILL EVERYONE ON THIS SHIP AND SET IT ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH A SUPERNOVA.

YEAH?

IF YOU DO THAT, HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET BACK TO WHATEVER SEWER YOU CALL HOME?

BADDDOOM

DROKK! WHAT THE HELL -?

IT'S CALLED LAYING DOWN THE LAW, CREEP!

BDAM BDAM BDAM BDAM

GRUDDAMNED STONEY-FACED BASTARD! HE'S USING THE **HORNBLOWER**'S ESCAPE SHUTTLES AS MISSILES!

QUEEG! TAKE TO THE AIR! GET BEHIND HIM!

DREDD - NOVA. YOU STILL ALIVE IN THERE?

ALIVE AND KICKING! WHAT'S YOUR STATUS?

I'VE SEALED MYSELF INSIDE THE **HORNBLOWER**'S PANIC STATION AND SUPERCEDED CONTROL FROM THE COMMAND BRIDGE TO HERE.

I'VE LAUNCHED THREE ESCAPE SHUTTLES, PILOTING THEM BY REMOTE. I TARGETED THE **SHATTERSTAR**'S ENGINES WITH THE FIRST SHIP...

...THE OTHER TWO ARE AIMED AT THE CONTROL DECK AND THE DOCKING BAY, TO SEPARATE THEM FROM THE **HORNBLOWER**..

BRACE YOURSELF FOR THE IMPACT.

KADDDOOOOOM

THERE GOES THE REST OF YOUR SHIP, BLOODSTONE.! YOU'RE TRAPPED.!

THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS OR GO THE SAME WAY AS YOUR CREW.!

WATCH YOUR BACK, LAWMAN.!

HEY, DREDD.!

ALL THAT FANCY SHOOTING'S NOT WORTH A DROKK IF YOU CAN'T AIM AT WHAT YOU NEED TO HIT.!

RICOCHET.!

UUURRRKK.!

GRUDDAMN YOU, DREDD!

BDAM BDAM

BDAM

NOVA — DREDD. PANIC'S OVER.

TELL THE PASSENGERS TO ENJOY THE REST OF THE TRIP WITH MY COMPLIMENTS. AND PATCH ME THROUGH TO THE MEG.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, MEGA-CITY ONE.

...ON OUR WAY HOME. ANY OUTSTANDING WARRANTS EN ROUTE? SEND US THE DETAILS.

WAIT A SEC, DREDD... YOU TOOK OUT BLOODSTONE AND HIS **ENTIRE** CREW?

YOU KNOW ME, HERSHEY.

NOTHING IF NOT **THOROUGH.**

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

ZEBEDEE & ZEL... ROBO-ATTORN...

SCRIPT
ROBBIE MORRISON
ART
PAUL MARSHALL
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

MARSHALL

AS YOU KNOW, MR CASTRO, YOUR UNCLE HAROLD SADLY PASSED AWAY RECENTLY.

UH, YEAH... I WANTED TO MAKE THE RESYK SERVICE, BUT I WAS A LITTLE **HUNGOVER**, Y'KNOW?

DIDN'T WANT TO RISK BARFING AT THE SIGHT OF ALL THOSE BODIES BEING MUNCHED UP.

QUITE. IT WAS YOUR UNCLE'S WISH THAT HIS **BUSINESS INTERESTS** BE PASSED TO YOU. LET ME REPLAY HIS INSTRUCTIONS —

GIVE IT TO THAT SADCASE MY SISTER CALLS A SON. MIGHT MAKE A **MAN** OUTTA THE LITTLE DROKKER!

WHOA! I'M UNEMPLOYABLE! I'M A WALKING, TALKING **SKILL SHORTAGE!** I'M A SLACKER, A WASTER, A DUDLEY DO-NOTHING!

THE HELL DO I KNOW ABOUT RUNNING A BUSINESS? WHAT SORT OF BUSINESS, ANYWAY?

A MODEST ESTABLISHMENT IN SECTOR 10, JUST OFF ROSETTA STRIP...

...THE BIGGA-BUM EROTIC DANCE EMPORIUM AND NIGHTCLUB.

WHERE DO I SIGN?

THE INFORMANT

DON'T LOOK LIKE MUCH, ZAC...

MAYBE NOT, BUT I'M THE **BOSS.**

AND THAT MEANS FREE BEER AND NAKED DANCING GIRLS TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY IF WE WANT IT.

BIGGABUM CLUB

EROTICA

WHAT MORE COULD A GUY ASK...?

ULP...

cocktails

YOU BOYS ARE IN THE WRONG PLACE. THIS IS REGULARS ONLY.

FACES THAT DON'T FIT IN TEND TO GET **STOMPED ON**, YOU GET ME?

BOP

I-I'M THE NEW **OWNER**!

H-HARRY CASTRO WAS MY UNCLE! HE LEFT THE PLACE TO **ME**!

EASE ON UP THERE, DAVE! YOU'RE BREAKING YOUR NEW BOSS'S NECK!

WHAT KIND OF **WELCOME** IS THAT?

YOUR UNCLE HARRY WAS A STAND-UP GUY. KNEW WHEN TO TURN A BLIND EYE, AND WHEN TO DROP A LITTLE WHITE LIE TO THE JUDGES. HOW ABOUT YOU?

I... I...

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR! NOW LET'S GET YOU A DRINK AND A PRIVATE DANCE!

AND SO ZAC CASTRO BECAME THE OWNER OF WHAT WAS GENERALLY ACKNOWLEDGED BY DENIZENS OF THE UNDERWORLD TO BE THE **ROUGHEST** BAR IN THE MEG.

AND AS IF TRYING TO GET THIEVES, MURDERERS AND CON-ARTISTS TO SETTLE THEIR BILL WASN'T BAD ENOUGH...

XXX

...THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER WERE JUST AS HEAVY-HANDED.

CRIME BLITZ.!

UP AGAINST THE WALL, CREEPS.! HAPPY HOUR'S OVER!

DREDD

THIS RATHOLE BREAKS AT LEAST SEVENTEEN HEALTH AND SAFETY REGULATIONS. A RADLANDS WASTEPIT'D BE HEALTHIER.

B-BUT...

SAVE YOUR EXPLAINING FOR THE SECTOR HOUSE.

Dance

...NOTHING TO DO WITH ME.! I ONLY INHERITED THE PLACE LAST WEEK.!

DRHOUSE 10

YOUR NAME'S ON THE DEEDS. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'LL TAKE THE RAP.

THOUGH MAYBE WE CAN COME TO AN ARRANGEMENT...

WALDEN STICKLEY, KINGPIN OF SECTOR 10, A CONDUIT FOR EVERY CRIMINAL OPERATION IN THE AREA. EITHER HE GETS HIS CUT OR THEY GET A BULLET.

WE NEED AN **INSIDE MAN** TO GATHER EVIDENCE ON STICKLEY AND PASS IT ON TO US.

YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL, CASTRO. I'M GIVING YOU A CHANCE TO EXERCISE YOUR **CIVIC DUTY**.

EITHER THAT, OR YOU BETTER BRACE YOURSELF COME SHOWER-TIME IN THE CUBES...

ZAC CASTRO HAD A HARMLESS AURA AND AN ENGAGING SENSE OF HUMOUR THAT MADE HIM SURPRISINGLY ADEPT AS BOTH **BAR OWNER** AND **JUDICIAL INFORMANT.**

IT'S ALL ARRANGED. **VINTNER'S JEWELRY**, TOMORROW NIGHT.

THE SECURITY GUARD'S A USELESS OLD FART. WAVE A GUN IN HIS FACE AND HE'LL DROP DEAD OF A HEART ATTACK.

EAGER TO BREAK STICKLEY'S HOLD OVER THE SECTOR 10 UNDERWORLD, THE JUDGES ACTED SWIFTLY ON ZAC'S TIP-OFFS.

AS THE WEEKS PASSED, ZAC'S EFFORTS TO EAVESDROP ON HIS CLIENTELE GREW BOLDER.

FIVE BIG ONES TO BREAK HIS LEGS, TEN TO BREAK HIS NECK.

EITHER WAY, IT'S HALF UP FRONT.

THE QUALITY OF ZAC'S INFORMATION WAS SO HIGH THAT THE ARREST RATE FROM TIP-OFFS WAS SOON **TRIPLE** THAT OF ANY OTHER INFORMER..

...A FACT THAT DIDN'T GO UNNOTICED IN CERTAIN OTHER QUARTERS.

TOO MANY OF OUR BOYS ARE GOING DOWN. WE'VE GOT A **RAT** IN THE RANKS.

PAULIE? START SPREADING SOME RUMOURS ABOUT THAT AURORA BANK HEIST WE'RE PLANNING.

WHAT AURORA BANK HEIST?

EXACTLY.

AND MAKE SURE HARRY CASTRO'S NEPHEW HEARS EVERY WORD YOU SAY...

QUIET AS THE GRAVE, DREDD. NO SIGN OF ANY CRIMINAL ACTIVITY WHATSOEVER. LOOKS LIKE YOUR MAN'S LOSING HIS TOUCH.

CONTROL — DREDD.

SEND BACK-UP TO THE BIGGA-BUM NIGHTCLUB. CASTRO'S COVER MIGHT HAVE BEEN BLOWN.

PLEASE, MR STICKLEY, I HAVEN'T TALKED TO **ANYONE**, I SWEAR!

I'M A **STAND-UP GUY**, REMEMBER? JUST LIKE MY UNCLE HARRY!

Cocktail

QUIT PLEADING, ZAC. IT AIN'T A PRETTY SIGHT.

PAULIE TOLD YOU, AND YOU TOLD THE JUDGES. IT WAS A PROCESS OF ELIMINATION. AND HERE COMES THE **ELIMINATION PART** —

EXI

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, CREEPS! DROP YOUR WEAPONS!

STICKLEY! FLICK THAT SWITCH AND IT'LL BE YOUR **OWN** EXECUTION!

DROKK YOU, DREDD!

RAPID FIRE!

D-DANCE, YOU LITTLE RAT! DANCE!

WHOA... WHOA...

WWOOAARRGH

GGAB

CLUB

ROTICA

WHEN HE RECOVERED THE POWER OF SPEECH, ZAC CASTRO AUTHORISED THE IMMEDIATE **SALE** OF THE BIGGA-BUM.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE CLUB'S RUINOUS REPUTATION MADE IT A POOR INVESTMENT OPTION AND THE FEW BIDS THAT WERE MADE DIDN'T EXACTLY PAY TOP CRED.

WELFARE OFF

THE PROFITS FROM THE SALE ONLY JUST COVERED THE COST OF THE MEDICAL TREATMENT THAT HAD BROUGHT HIS TOASTED TESTICLES BACK FROM THE BRINK OF INCINERATION.

WITHIN WEEKS, THE REST OF THE MONEY RAN OUT AND ZAC RETURNED TO THE WELFARE OFFICE, WHERE HE WAS GREETED AS A CELEBRITY BY HIS OLD SLACKER BUDDIES.

ZAC FELT REBORN. HE WAS A WASTER ONCE AGAIN, FREE FROM THE DANGERS OF '**CIVIC RESPONSIBILITY**'.

A LIFETIME OF DOING ABSOLUTELY NOTHING LAY AHEAD OF HIM LIKE A...

CASTRO!

YOU'VE BEEN KEEPING A LOW PROFILE LATELY. THOUGHT I'D PAY YOU A VISIT.

WHAT? BUT WHY?

YOU'RE AN OFFICIAL JUSTICE DEPARTMENT INFORMER. YOU'RE ONLY ON THE STREET BECAUSE WE DID YOU A FAVOUR. YOU HAVE TO **RETURN** THAT FAVOUR.

BUT I'M **GAINFULLY UNEMPLOYED** AGAIN! MY LIFE'S A CRIME-FREE ZONE!

NO SUCH THING IN THIS CITY.

WELFARE FRAUD IS ONE OF THE MOST FINANCIALLY DAMAGING CRIMES IN THE CITY AND YOU'RE IN A PRIME POSITION TO SNIFF THE PERPS OUT.

I'LL BE HEARING FROM YOU, CASTRO.

OR YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM **ME**!

DREDD

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

STILL MENTAL AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

SECTOR WELFARE OFFICE

SECTOR WELFARE OFFICE

OH...

IT'S YOU AGAIN.

95 94 93 92

SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER

ART
CLIFF ROBINSON

COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE

LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN — NEARLY TWENTY YEARS?

YOU LOOK DIFFERENT. PUT ON A LITTLE **WEIGHT** THERE. STILL, TWENTY YEARS CHANGES EVERYONE. TAKE **ME** —

Pheeeep

HEY! GEDDOUDOVIT!

TRUTH IS, I'M NOT REALLY THAT **MENTAL** ANYMORE. OH, SURE, I DO DUMB THINGS JUST TO KEEP THEM GUESSING, BUT I KNOW WHAT I AM — JUST ANOTHER SAD OLD **DULT**, ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE SYSTEM.

THEY GOT TO ME, THEY BEAT ME DOWN. THE CITY CHEWED ME UP AND SPAT ME OUT. NOW I'M JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE — **DULL, DOWNTRODDEN AND DEPRESSED.**

WINDOW 9. HURRY IT UP.

MY **WELFARE** PAYMENT IS **SHORT.**

SHORT?

THE BEARER OF THIS CARD IS MENTAL

I HAVE A **MENTAL CARD.** THAT ENTITLES ME TO AN EXTRA 12.70 CREDS A WEEK **MENTAL ALLOWANCE.** IT'S NOT THERE.

THE THING IS, YOU SEE, **EVERYONE** HAS TO BE **RE-EVALUATED** FROM TIME TO TIME, AND FRANKLY WE'RE NOT AT ALL SURE YOU **ARE** MENTAL.

BUT I **AM** MENTAL.

YES, YOU WOULD SAY THAT.

DIDN'T I JUST WAIT IN A LINE FOR **FOUR HOURS** FOR A PALTRY 12.70? THAT **PROVES** I'M MENTAL.

YOU MIGHT THINK SO...

...BUT IF WE FOLLOW YOUR LOGIC THAT WOULD MAKE PRACTICALLY **EVERYONE** HERE MENTAL, AND THAT WOULD TOTALLY **DEVALUE** THE MENTAL CARD, WOULDN'T IT?

INDEED, YOU WOULD BE MENTAL **NOT** TO CLAIM YOUR 12.70 BACK. THE FACT THAT YOU'VE STOOD IN LINE FOR FOUR HOURS TO DO SO SUGGESTS YOU'RE VERY **SANE** INDEED.

WELFARE GUIDELINES, SUBSECTION 33 — A CITIZEN MAKING A **JUSTIFIED** CLAIM FOR **REINSTATEMENT** OF **MENTAL ALLOWANCE** MAY BE REGARDED, THROUGH THEIR **OWN SENSIBLE ACTIONS**, AS BEING OF SOUND MIND.

YOU MEAN, IF I **HADN'T** COME YOU'D HAVE GIVEN IT BACK TO ME ANYWAY?

I DIDN'T SAY THAT.

BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO. IT'S **CATCH 33.**

CATCH 33?

JUST TO REMOVE ANY LINGERING DOUBT I THINK WE'D BETTER RUN THIS THROUGH THE **SHREDDER.**

MY CARD!

NNNOOOOOOO!

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU DID THAT! I-I WANT IT BACK!

YOU'D BE MAD NOT TO. JUST PROVES MY POINT.

COME ON, YOU. HOP IT.

THIS IS TERRIBLE! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? I CAN'T **LIVE** WITHOUT THAT CARD!

OH GRUD, MY **HEART**! I THINK I'M GOING TO DIE!

I MIGHT AS **WELL** BE DEAD! OH, **CARD**! DEAR, **DEAR** CARDY! YOU WERE MY NIGHT, MY DAY — MY **REASON** FOR LIVING! YOU'RE WHAT MADE ME **ME**! I WASN'T JUST ONE OF THE MASSES — I WAS SOMEONE SPECIAL! I WAS **MENTAL**! AND NOW... WITHOUT YOU, I DON'T THINK I CAN GO ON!

EUTHANASIUM

AND THERE'S THE ANSWER, STARING ME RIGHT IN THE FACE. **EUTHANASIA.** YES, I'LL END IT ALL! THEY'VE TAKEN MY CARD, NOW HAVE THE REST OF ME!

BUDGET THANASIU

WAITING ROOM

AND YOU'RE OF SANE MIND?

NEVER SANER.

THAT'S OFFICIAL.

TAKE A SEAT IN THE WAITING ROOM.

WHAT ARE YOU IN FOR?

AH, JUST HAD ENOUGH, I GUESS.

YOU?

THEY TOOK MY MENTAL CARD AWAY.

THAT CARD WAS A **PART** OF ME, YOU SEE? LIKE AN **ARM** OR A **LEG**. I HAVEN'T BEEN WITHOUT IT SINCE I WAS **NINE**. IT'S SEEN ME THROUGH GOOD TIMES AND BAD, IT'S ALWAYS BEEN **THERE** WITH ME, MY CONSTANT COMPANION...

RAISE 'EM. DON'T MAKE ANY FUNNY MOVES.

YOU MEAN LIKE FUNNY HA-HA OR FUNNY PECULIAR?

SHUT UP!

WHAT'S THE POINT? AREN'T YOU HERE TO **END** IT ALL?

CHANGED MY MIND.

THAT'S JUST MY FROG.

SPROING

I **WARNED** YOU, DON' GET FUNNY WIT ME!

A HUNNERD AN' THIRTY CREDS — THIS ALL YOU GOT?

WOULDA BEEN ANOTHER 12.70. THEY DOCKED MY ALLOWANCE.

OH MY —

BDAM BDAM

I WASN'T HERE, YOU NEVER SAW ME, OKAY?

MY LIPS ARE SEALED.

ENTER THE LAW —

IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES AGO. WE HEARD SHOTS AND CAME IMMEDIATELY.

DREDD

DID YOU GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM?

ONLY HIS FACE.

THAT OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH. WITH ME.

STILL A CHANCE HE MIGHT BE IN THE VICINITY. GET ON, SEE IF YOU CAN PICK HIM OUT.

COULDN'T THIS WAIT? I'M SUPPOSED TO BE EUTHANISED.

BE EUTHANISED LATER.

HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEPLACE BEFORE?

YES, YOU SENT ME TO THE CUBES. TWICE. I... I USED TO HAVE A MENTAL CARD.

THEY TOOK IT AWAY! **SOB!** IT'S NOT FAIR! LIFE'S NOT WORTH LIVING IF I'M NOT MENTAL!

OH, I'VE GOT YOU NOW.

I PREFERRED YOU WHEN YOU HAD A SUNNY DISPOSITION. YOU WERE A PLEASURE TO BUST.

THAT'S HIM!

YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT! YOU SAID YOUR LIPS WERE SEALED!

BDAM BDAM BDAM

THIS YOURS?

I TAKE THE FIFTH.

130 CREDS? YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND — YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO GET EUTHANASIA FOR **THIS**, EVEN AT **BUDGET**.

OH WOE! STORY OF MY LIFE JUST NOW! STILL, WHERE THERE'S A WILL —

DROP IT!

bzing

bzang

DROKK!

BADOWWWWW

I SUPPOSE IT'S MY FAULT, HAULING YOU OUT OF THE EUTHANASIUM!

CONTROL, I NEED **MED** AND **MEAT** WAGONS, GADD PEDWAY.

I'LL GEDD THIS RIDE IF IT GILLS ME —

GOOBYE, GROOL WORLG!

YOU DON'T **LISTEN** – !

SPONGGGGGG

YOU'RE DOING **HEAVY TIME** FOR THIS!

ILLEGAL POSSESSION AND **USE** OF A **FIREARM**, RECKLESS **ENDANGERMENT** OF A **JUDGE**, PUTTING THE **PUBLIC** AT RISK — TWO **YEARS** EACH COUNT!

I DON'T CARE. MY LIFE'S AS GOOD AS OVER ANYWAY.

GIVE **THIS** TO THEM AT THE CUBES. CREEP'S OUT OF HIS TINY MIND. I'M **REINSTATING** HIS **MENTAL CARD.**

M-MUH-MUH-MY CARD! MY DEAR, DEAR CARD!

OH, THANK YOU! THANK YOU! DEAR, DEAR JUDGE DREDD! I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU! MWAH! MWAH!

SUDDENLY MY **SUN** IS **SHINING** AGAIN! I'M **REJUVENATED**! WHY, I EVEN FEEL A NEW **WAVE** OF RIDICULOUS BEHAVIOUR COMING ON!

'COURSE, I'VE STILL GOT **SIX YEARS** TO SERVE, BUT THAT'S NO PROBLEM. DOESN'T BOTHER ME AT ALL. BUT THEN IT WOULDN'T, WOULD IT? I'M **MENTAL**, YOU SEE.

OFFICIALLY!

THE END

I APPRECIATE YOUR CONCERN, JUDGE DREDD, BUT THERE IS A **LASER SCREEN** AROUND THE **L.S.E.I. BUILDING.** IT IS PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF DETECTING AND NEUTRALISING **ANY** FORM OF MISSILE ATTACK.

I'M PLEASED TO HEAR IT, RAZZO. ALTHOUGH IT'S NOT EXACTLY ENERGY **EFFICIENT**, IS IT?

IT WAS THE ONLY SOLUTION, GIVEN THE NUMBER OF BOMB THREATS AND PHYSICAL AND VERBAL ASSAULTS ON MY INSPECTORS.

NOT TO MENTION THE **RIOTS** EVERY TIME ONE OF YOUR VEHICLES PULLS UP OUTSIDE A BLOCK.

UNFORTUNATELY, THAT IS THE PRICE OF **PROGRESS**, DREDD.

THE CITIZENS DON'T APPRECIATE THE **IMPORTANCE** OF OUR WORK.

NOW IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME...

WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE GIVEN RAZZO'S ORGANISATION SUCH POWERS. THEY'VE BEEN THROWING ENTIRE FAMILIES ONTO THE STREET.

I KNOW YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN AGAINST THE '**BIG FOOTS**', DREDD, BUT LOOK AT IT THIS WAY...

...THEY'RE MAKING **US** LOOK GOOD. HOW'S THAT FOR A P.R. MIRACLE?

I'M NOT SO SURE. I'VE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS...

JUDGE DREDD

STEAMERS

SCRIPT
PAT MILLS

ART
SMUDGE

COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE

LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

PA WAS AT THE END OF HIS TETHER. HE HAD DONE GREAT THINGS IN THE WAR: HE HAD LED THE DEFENCE OF STONEWALL JACKSON BLOCK AGAINST THE INVADERS. BUT THE JUDGES DIDN'T CARE — THEY STILL ABANDONED US TO DIE.

STEAM WAS THE WAY WE MANAGED TO SURVIVE. PA SAID THERE WAS SOUL IN COAL.

AND IF IT'S TRUE THAT THE EYES ARE THE WINDOWS TO THE SOUL, THEN MAYBE PA HAS A FURNACE FOR A SOUL.

WE HAD LOST EVERYTHING NOW; EVERYTHING BUT A HANDFUL OF LOST DREAMS AND A SACKFUL OF NUTTY SLAG.

BUT WE'D RATHER DIE STANDING ON OUR HIND LEGS THAN YIELD TO THE BIG FOOTS. YESSIR, OR MY NAME'S NOT MOONSHINE WACO.

MY SISTER CLEO FELT THE SAME WAY. ALL OUR DEAD COUSINS WERE TATTOOED ON HER IN A ROLL OF HONOUR: AMARILLO ARMALITE, SAM QUENTIN, PECAN PYRO AND ALISON HELL.

'ALWAYS REMEMBERED', 'NEVER FORGOTTEN', 'BELOVED COUSIN', 'MEMENTO MORI'.

MY BROTHER CAJUN IS LIKE OUR PRIEST. FOR US, THE FAMILY IS A RELIGION AND HE ABSOLVES US OF OUR SINS.

AND THERE IS ONLY ONE SIN THAT MATTERS TO US: A SIN AGAINST THE FAMILY.

THEN THERE'S FUBAR [FRAGGED UP BEYOND ALL REDEMPTION]. HE DONE ALL OUR INVENTING. THAT'S HOW HE BLOWED HIMSELF UP. HE SUFFERS FROM A KIND OF INITIALS TOURETTES.

B.F.B.V.A.! G.P.O.! P.I.T.A.!*

*BIG FOOT'S BREATHING VALUABLE AIR! GOOD FOR PARTS ONLY! PAIN IN THE ASS!

THEN WE SAW IT: 'LIES HOUSE', THE HQ OF THE BIG FOOTS AND THE CAUSE OF OUR BITTERNESS.

LET'S MAKE THOSE SOYA-SUCKERS PAY!

SAY THE **PRAYER**, CAJUN.

SURE THING, PA.

OUR BOILER HAD NOT GONE OUT SINCE THE APOCALYPSE WAR. IT HAD BECOME THE SACRED SYMBOL OF THE FAMILY.

OBEDIENCE WAS FORCED UPON US AT AN AGE WHEN WE WERE WITHOUT CHOICE. BEFORE WE WERE EVEN SENTIENT, WE WERE **ENSLAVED** BY THE JUDGES.

AND IN RETURN, THEY LEFT US TO DIE IN THE WAR.

SO WE SWEAR, FROM HERE ON, THERE IS ONLY ONE LAW THAT WE ANSWER TO...

...THE LAW OF THE **FAMILY**!

¡ADDCCCCCM

STEAMERS!

WE NEVER PROGRAMMED THE SCREEN FOR **STEAM** WEAPONS!

USE YOUR SOLAR GUNS! CALL THE JUDGES!

G.O.M.F.!*

*GET OUT OF MY FACE!

I'M GOING TO SETTLE MATTERS WITH RAZZO! WHEN THE JUDGES TURN UP, **GO**!

BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE YOU, PA!

YOU **HAVE** TO, MOONSHINE! MAKE A NEW HOME IN THE RADLANDS! THE FAMILY **MUST** SURVIVE!

AND MAKE SURE FUBAR STOPS **INHALING** STEAM! THAT BOY'S BECOMING ADDICTED!

FUBAR COULD IDENTIFY A STEAM ENGINE JUST FROM SNIFFING ITS SMOKE.

IT'S THAT NEW MIXTURE OF NUTTY SLAG AND PINE. HE LOVES IT, PA!

RAZZO!

MR WACO, ISN'T IT? DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT?

YOU THREW US OUT OF OUR HOME! BULLDOZED IT TO THE GROUND!

LET'S SEE... THE STONEWALL JACKSON BLOCK, IN THE SEM-TEK RECLAIM ZONE...

I'M AFRAID, AS **LIFESTYLE ENVIRONMENT INSPECTORS**, IT IS OUR DUTY TO CHECK THE **CARBON FOOTPRINT** OF ALL CITIZENS AND TAKE **APPROPRIATE** ACTION.

YOU WERE FOUND GUILTY OF GLOBAL WARMING, ACIDIFICATION, SMOG, OZONE-LAYER DEPLETION, EUTROPHICATION, HUMAN-TOXICOLOGICAL POLLUTION, DESERTIFICATION, AND OVERFILLING YOUR BIN.

YOUR HOME WAS CONDEMNED AS ECOLOGICALLY UNSAFE.

WE WERE JUST TRYING TO **SURVIVE**!

YOU **BIG FOOTS** GET YOUR WAY, YOU'LL HAVE US ALL ON A RESERVATION, DRINKING SOYA-SLOPS, EATING LENTIL BURGERS AND SHIVERING OVER A SOLAR CELL!

BARRCCM!

DAMN! I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE FIXED THAT BOILER!

POLLUTER! YOU COME IN HERE LEAVING YOUR SOOTY FILTH ON MY EMISSION-FREE PASTELS!

I AM TRYING TO SAVE THE PLANET, AND YOUR **BREATH** ALONE HAS RAISED THE CARBON FOOTPRINT OF THIS BUILDING PAST THE LEGAL LIMIT!

YOU THINK WE **ENJOY** SNOOPING THROUGH YOUR RUBBISH BINS? INSPECTING YOUR HOMES? IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN CATCH THE ENVIRONMENTAL CRIMINALS!

AND MAKE YOU **PAY**!

GUK!

IT'S DREDD! LET'S GO!

THEIR LEADER! HE'S GONE AFTER MR RAZZO!

I'M ON IT!

THIS GUN IS SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO SHOOT FILTHY, DISEASE-CARRYING RATS LIKE **YOU** —

RAZZO!

I'M ARRESTING YOU ON A CHARGE OF ATTEMPTED MURDER.

BUT IT WAS **SELF-DEFENCE!** I'LL —

I'LL —

YOU'LL **WHAT?**

I WAS ONLY TRYING TO CLEAN UP THIS CITY.

YOU AND ME, WE'RE THE **SAME**, DREDD.

I'M NOTHING LIKE YOU, RAZZO.

WE WERE LOST WITHOUT PA, BUT IT WAS **CAJUN**, AS USUAL, WHO GAVE US NEW HOPE...

THE JUDGES STAND BEFORE THE THRONES OF OUR HEARTS, IN THE TEMPLE OF OUR SPIRITS, FOREVER DAMNED IN THE PITS OF OUR SOULS, FOR TAKING OUR PA FROM US!

YEAH! WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM IN AN ISO-CUBE! WE GOTTA GET HIM OUT!

J.C.T.D.! F.T.D.!*

*JUDGES CIRCLING THE DRAIN! FIXIN' TO DIE!

WE JUDGE **THEM** AND FIND **THEM** GUILTY OF SINNING AGAINST THE **FAMILY!**

AND WE HEREBY DECLARE **WAR** ON THE **JUDGES!**

THE END

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! FOR TOO LONG HAS THE LAW BEEN HELD IN THE NIGHTMARISH CHAINS OF BAD TAILORING!

LUMPY OLD EAGLES AND STUFFY PADS! CLOTHING TECHNOLOGY STRAIGHT OUT OF THE MIDDLE AGES! WELL, NO MORE!

BEHOLD — MY GREATEST CREATION! GRIZZLED YET GROOVY! THE FACE SAYS 'STONE' BUT THE CLOTHES CRY 'SPONGE'! THE CHIN IS IN, DARLINGS!

MAY I PRESENT THE ALL-SHINY, ALL-DIFFERENT —

WHOLE NEW JUDGE DREDD

WHO'S THIS CLOWN AGAIN?

FABIAN D'AMOUR, CHIEF JUDGE — MEGA-CITY'S TOP FASHION DESIGNER.

HE, AH, TENDERED THE LOWEST BID.

SO WOW — SO NOW! AND IT'S NOT JUST SLEEKER AND SEXIER, DEAR HEARTS — IT THINKS! THE WORLD'S FIRST NANO-SENTIENT COUTURE!

THE IN-BUILT COMPUTER USES REAL HUMAN BRAIN PATTERNS TO INCREASE REACTION TIME, MONITOR ARREST RATE — EVEN MOVE AND WALK UNAIDED FOR SHORT PERIODS!

AND NOW YOU CAN KEEP AN EYE ON THE CITY TWENTY-FOUR SEVEN WITH THE NEW HELMET CAMERA! WATCH THE SCREEN, MY LOVES!

THIS IS THE FABULOUS FUTURE OF LAW ENFORCEMENT — JUDGE PLUS!

SCRIPT
AL EWING
ART
DAVID ROACH
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

BASED ON AN IDEA BY BRENDAN MCCARTHY

TRAJECTORY PREDICTION SOFTWARE IS ONLINE, JUDGE DREDD.

H-HE DODGED THE BULLET — AAAH H.!

FINGERTIP SCANNERS DETECT TRACES OF REFINED SUGAR ON HIS HIDEOUS JACKETI

AIN'T NO CALL FOR PERSONAL REMARKS, JUDGEY.!

SHUT IT, MEATBALL.!

IT'S BEEN TWENTY YEARS SINCE THAT PAYROLL ROBBERY.! I CHANGED MY FACE — MY VOICE.! HOW'D YOU FIND ME?

OH PLEASEI THAT FACE CHANGE MUST HAVE BEEN EVEN CHEAPER THAN YOUR GROTESQUE SHOESI MY DATABASE PICKED YOU OUT IN A FLASHI

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, DARLING — BY THE TIME YOU GET OUT, THAT AWFUL TIE WILL PROBABLY BE BACK IN STYLEI

ISN'T THIS SO DELICIOUSLY THRILLING? YOU AND ME -- THE IRON FIST AMD THE VELVET GLOVEI BRINGING STYLISH JUSTICE TO THE TASTE-CHALLENGED HORDES!

TOGETHER, WE'RE GOING TO BE THE HOTTEST THING IN THE WHOLE MEGA-CITY!

LOOKS LIKE WE COULD HAVE A WINNER, DREDD. WHAT'S THE VERDICT ON YOUR END?

THE PERSONALITY NEEDS SOME WORK.

YEAH, TELL US ABOUT IT. TURNS OUT D'AMOUR USED HIS OWN BRAIN AS THE TEMPLATE —

JUDGE DREDDI OVER THEREI

LOOK AT HIM! THAT OVERJACKET – THOSE ATROCIOUS KNEEPADS! THE MAN'S A FASHION HOLOCAUST!

ANY REASON TO SUSPECT **CRIMINAL INTENT?**

WELL, NO – BUT DRESSED LIKE THAT HE SIMPLY MUST BE GUILTY OF SOMETHING! FOR GRUD'S SAKE, CYMBALS DON'T CLASH LIKE THAT!

NOT ENOUGH TO GO ON – **DROKK!** MY **ARM!**

PIFFLE! AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, CRIME IS COMMITTED BY PEOPLE WITH DREADFUL FASHION SENSE – THEREFORE ALL DREADFUL FASHION SENSE IS A CRIME!

STAND DOWN, DAMN IT!

THIS IS A **PRORITY ORDER** FROM A **SENIOR JUDGE!** **STAND DOWN AND DEACTIVATE! NOW!**

BUT HE'S - *BZZZT!* - GETTING AWAY! H-HE'S GOING TO MAKE PEOPLE LOOK AT HIM! *KRZZZ!*

THE SCREEN'S GOING CRAZY – THE SUIT'S HAVING AN ELECTRONIC **TEMPER TANTRUM!** IT'S BURNING OUT ITS OBEDIENCE BANKS!

KRRZZZZTT! YOU – YOU UTTER, UTTER BITCH! I REFUSE TO BE WORN BY A FASCIST PHILISTINE WHO PRIZES HIS PETTY LAWS OVER STYLE, BEAUTY AND DESIRE!

DROKK!

YOU BETRAYED ME, YOU FILTHY WHORE! AND WORSE – YOU BETRAYED FASHION ITSELF!

YOU'RE UGLY AND I HATE YOU, DREDD! FROM NOW ON I'LL ENFORCE MY OWN LAW -- THE LAW OF THE CATWALK!

THE CRIME IS IRREDEEMABLE VULGARITY – AND THE SENTENCE WILL BE DEATH!

STOMM! IT'S GETTING AWAY –

YOU!

I'M COMMANDEERING THOSE **PANTS**, CITIZEN — **STRIP** IN **THE NAME OF THE LAW!**

THE DAMNED THING'S BLOCKING OUR CAMERA FEED! CLEAR THAT SIGNAL AND TRACK IT!

THE SUIT CAN ONLY STAND UNDER ITS OWN POWER FOR **TWENTY MINUTES**, CHIEF JUDGE —

'IT'S CARRYING A **PROTOTYPE LAWGIVER FOUR**, GLENN — IT COULD KILL A **THOUSAND PEOPLE** IN THAT TIME! WE NEED TO CONTAIN THIS **NOW**!'

DREDD TO CONTROL — AM ENROUTE TO **RODRIGUEZ PLAZA**! THAT'S WHERE IT'S HEADED!

YOU KNOW SOMETHING WE **DONT**, DREDD?

2080 Retro Party

I'M NO BIG-SHOT **DESIGNER**, CHIEF JUDGE —

— BUT I KNOW A **FASHION DISASTER** WHEN I SEE ONE.

GAAH! A SMORGASBORD OF SARTORIAL SQUALOR! JUSTICE MUST BE DONE!

SPOTS MIXED WITH STRIPES? THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE SENTENCE, STYLE TRAITOR!

FLUORESCENT LATEX? THAT'S SO LAST SEASON, IT'S THE SEASON BEFORE! STYLEGIVER TO RAPID FIRE!

TWO MINUTES TO BACK-UP, DREDD!

IT'S GOING TO **KILL CRAZY**, CONTROL — GOTTA GO IN **NOW!**

BDAM! BDAM!!

YOU IN THE BOW TIE! YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY, THE DISEASE IS INSIDE YOU!

WAIT — OVER THERE! THAT'S NO ORDINARY FASHION NIGHTMARE! THAT'S —

JUDGE DREDD!

IT'S SPOTTED HIM!

GET TO COVER, DREDD! THAT'S AN **ORDER!** YOU'RE **UNARMED!**

I'M A **JUDGE**, HERSHEY —

HOY!

— I'M **NEVER** UNARMED!

I'VE GOT A SPECIAL MAKEOVER READY FOR YOU, DREDD! I'M GOING TO BURN YOU LIKE CHEAP POLYESTER!

STYLEGIVER TO INCENDIARY!

KRAAAK!

AAAAHHHHH!

MY F-FABRIC... CAN'T FEEL... MY FABRIC...

ENJOY IT, CREEP.

NOW YOU REALLY **ARE** THE HOTTEST THING IN MEGA-CITY ONE.

THIS IS AN **OUTRAGE**! DREDD **ANNIHILATES** MY MASTERPIECE — AND I GO TO THE CUBES? 'CRIMINAL NEGLIGENCE' **INDEED**! MAY GRUD FORGIVE YOU, FOR I **NEVER SHALL**!

EXIT

RELAX, D'AMOUR — I HEAR **CUBE ORANGE** IS REAL **BIG** THIS SEASON.

SO MUCH FOR **JUDGE PLUS**, DREDD — UNTIL WE CAN GET THE **A.I.** WORKING, SMART UNIFORMS ARE JUST TOO **DANGEROUS** TO USE.

I HATE TO SAY I **TOLD YOU SO**, CHIEF JUDGE, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO THE **LAW** IN THIS CITY —

— IT'S NOT THE **CLOTHES** THAT MAKE THE MAN!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD: THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 46

CONTENTS & CREDITS

JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE

210 **MIND GAMES**
Script: Gordon Rennie **Artist:** Inaki Miranda
Colours: Eva de la Cruz **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 269

220 **RED HANDED**
Script: Simon Spurrier **Artist:** Paul Marshall
Colours: Len O'Grady **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 270-271

240 **MIND RIPPER**
Script: Robbie Morrison **Artist:** Neil Googe
Colours: Len O'Grady **Letters:** Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 272

250 **RATFINK**
Script: John Wagner **Artist:** Peter Doherty
Letters: Annie Parkhouse
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 273-277

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2088:

RYAN SLAKE! TIME TO PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES!

MY LAST TWO VICTIMS ARE STILL ALIVE, DREDD.

DON'T YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE THEY ARE?

HERE. LET ME SHOW YOU...

STOMM - !

YOU FEEL IT? THEIR PAIN AND TERROR? **EXQUISITE**, ISN'T IT?

BDAM

NO MORE MIND TRICKS, CREEP!

NOW. 'THE BARGE', MEGA-CITY ONE'S NEW MAX-SECURITY PRISON FACILITY, SOMEWHERE IN THE BLACK ATLANTIC:

GORDON RENNIE
SCRIPT

INAKI MIRANDA
ART

EVA DE LA CRUZ
COLOURS

ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS

GET 'EM MOVING AND INTO PERP PROCESSING.

ENJOY THE SEA BREEZE, CREEPS. LAST FRESH AIR YOU'LL BE TASTING FOR A WHILE.

1X0

JUDGE DREDD
MIND GAMES

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, CHIEF. WELCOME TO MY KINGDOM.

C'MON. I'VE GOT HIM READY FOR YOU.

DREDD

12

BEEN INTENDING TO COME OUT HERE FOR A WHILE, GUTHRIE, BUT THERE'S BEEN TOO MANY OTHER THINGS TO DEAL WITH.

YOU'RE FULLY OPERATIONAL NOW?

FOR THE LAST SEVEN MONTHS, AND ALREADY AT SIXTY PER CENT CAPACITY.

ISOLATED OUT HERE WITH FOUR THOUSAND OF THE WORST KIND OF FREAKS, STONE KILLERS AND DEGENERATE SICKOS. MOST OF 'EM KNOW THEY'LL NEVER LEAVE HERE ALIVE, SO THEY'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE BY TRYING TO TAKE AS MANY OF US WITH 'EM AS THEY CAN.

TRUST ME, CHIEF, I'M HAVING THE TIME OF MY LIFE.!

HEY, ROBO-PIG.! YOU CAN'T KEEP ME LIKE THIS.! I AIN'T SEEN OUTSIDE IN MONTHS.! I GOT **RIGHTS**, YA KNOW.!

SO DID THE CITS ON THAT HOV-BUS YOU BLEW UP. KEEP ON ENJOYING THE VIEW OF THE PAINTWORK PEELING, PUS-HEAD.

ESCAPERS?

WE'VE GOT THE TOP THREE HUNDRED OF THE WORST SERIAL ESCAPERS IN THE SYSTEM LOCKED UP HERE.

ABOUT A DOZEN OF 'EM YOU COULD WELD INTO A METAL BOX, AND THEY'D STILL GET OUT.

'COURSE, THE LOCAL NEIGHBOURHOOD HELPS KEEP 'EM IN PLACE. NOWHERE TO GO, UNLESS THEY CAN SWIM A COUPLA THOUSAND KAYS OF RAD-OCEAN.

COME TO THINK OF IT, THERE'S AT LEAST ONE MUTIE FREAK DOWN IN THE BILGE LEVEL WHO PROBABLY COULD...

THIS IS IT, CHIEF — **RYAN SLAKE.** TOOK DELIVERY OF HIM FROM THE VAULTS LAST MONTH, RIGHT AFTER THE MEDS PATCHED HIM UP.

YOU AND HIM — YOU GOT HISTORY GOING WAY BACK, RIGHT?

COULD SAY THAT.

OKAY, LET'S HEAR WHAT HE'S GOT TO SAY.

DREDD... I WASN'T SURPRISED WHEN THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE STILL ALIVE.

HAVE YOU PUT ON **WEIGHT** SINCE I LAST SAW YOU?

LIKE THE NEW FACE YOU GAVE ME? THE MEDS WERE MORE INTERESTED IN DIGGING THE BULLET OUT OF MY BRAIN THAN PROPERLY STITCHING ME BACK TOGETHER AFTER THEY THAWED ME OUT IN THE VAULTS.

YOU BURIED YOUR VICTIMS ALIVE INSIDE THE WALLS OF THE CITY BLOCKS BUILT BY YOUR FAMILY'S CONSTRUCTION CORPORATION, AND THEN PSYCHICALLY ENJOYED THEIR TERROR AS THEY STARVED AND ASPHYXIATED TO DEATH.

NOW WHAT'S ON THE OUTSIDE JUST MATCHES WHAT'S ALWAYS BEEN ON THE INSIDE.

MY LAST TWO VICTIMS... DO YOU REMEMBER THE TASTE OF THEIR **FEAR** THAT I ALLOWED YOU TO HAVE? I BET YOU DO.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE FEAR THAT FILLED THEIR BRAINS? THE DARKNESS PRESSING IN ALL AROUND THEM? THOSE BLOODIED FINGERS TRYING TO CLAW THROUGH STONE? THE TASTE OF THE ROCKRETE DUST THAT CLOGGED THEIR THROATS EVERY TIME THEY TOOK A BREATH TO SCREAM?

YOU NEVER DID FIND THEM IN TIME, DID YOU? I SAW THEIR NAMES ON THE SENTENCING STATEMENT THEY READ OUT TO ME AS SOON AS I WOKE UP FROM THE REVIVAL PROCEDURE.

DO YOU REGRET NOT BEING ABLE TO SAVE THEM? I BET YOU DO.

ONLY ONE THING I REGRET, SLAKE...

'...JUST WISH MY AIM WAS A LITTLE BETTER THAT DAY.'

GRUD — STILL ALIVE!

DREDD TO CONTROL — MED UNITS REQUIRED, THOMAS DOLBY CIRCUS! POSSIBLE CRITICAL CASE FOR THE VAULTS!

BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
DROKK - !

HEATSEEKERS!

HEATSEEKERS: THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT FROM JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S TEK-21 LABS —

NEW...

LETHAL...

...STILL EXPERIMENTAL.

PRECIOUS SECONDS WERE WASTED BYPASSING THE HIDDEN THERM-GRENADE CHARGES ON THE STAIRWELL.

MORE — TOO MANY — WASTED ON THE LOCKED DOOR AT THE BOTTOM —

RUMOUR HAS IT THE TEK-21 ARMOURERS ARE WORKING ON PROTOTYPE **HI-EX LOADS** FOR THE LAWGIVER —

— HE JUST WISHES THEY WERE STANDARD ISSUE ALREADY.

HE'S LOST PERPS BEFORE AND WILL LOSE SOME AGAIN IN THE FUTURE, NO DOUBT.

DOESN'T MEAN HE'S EVER GOING TO LEARN TO TAKE IT.

AHH, YOU FOUND OUT MY LITTLE SECRET, AND YOU'VE HAD TO WAIT FORTY YEARS TO ASK ME ABOUT IT.

DOES IT BOTHER YOU, BY THE WAY — THE **GETTING OLD** THING? WHEN YOU TRACKED ME DOWN YOU WERE THE YOUNG HOTSHOT, AND **NOW** LOOK AT YOU.

DO THEY HAVE A NEW, **YOUNGER** HOTSHOT LINED UP TO REPLACE YOU? I BET THEY DO. HOW DOES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL?

YOU HAD AN ACCOMPLICE. TELL ME WHO IT WAS.

TELL ME WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME.

YOU KNOW I CAN MAKE YOU TALK.

I KNOW YOU CAN **TRY.**

THAT BULLET YOU PUT INTO MY BRAIN MAY HAVE ROBBED ME OF MY POWERS, BUT IT ALSO MADE ME A **PSYCHIC BLANK.**

WHEEL IN AS MANY PSI-JUDGES AS YOU WANT. THEY'LL GET NOTHING OUT OF ME.

THAT'S NOT ALL I CAN DO. YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE ADVANCES WE'VE MADE IN INTERROGATION AND COERCION TECHNIQUES.

OH, I DON'T DOUBT IT. UNFORTUNATELY, MY VERY EXPENSIVE LAWYERS HAVE INTRODUCED APPEALS THAT WILL KEEP ME OUT OF AN INTERROGATION CUBE FOR YEARS.

CAN YOU WAIT THAT LONG, DREDD? I DOUBT IT. IT MUST EAT YOU UP, KNOWING THERE'S SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO'S BEEN GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER FOR FORTY YEARS.

WHAT DO YOU WANT, SLAKE?

MY LAWYERS SAY I SHOULDN'T EVEN **BE** HERE — I'M **CRIMINALLY INSANE**, AND I SHOULD BE IN A PSYCH-UNIT.

CAN'T SAY I AGREE WITH THAT, BUT IT WOULD BE NICE TO GET OUT OF HERE AND BE AMONG REASONABLY NORMAL HUMAN BEINGS IN AN ISO-BLOCK BACK IN THE CITY.

I'LL EVEN THROW IN THE NAMES AND FINAL RESTING-PLACE LOCATIONS OF OUR **OTHER** VICTIMS, THE ONES YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT.

YOU WERE WRONG ABOUT ONE THING, THOUGH —

— THAT WASN'T MY ACCOMPLICE YOU LET ESCAPE. IT WAS MY **MENTOR**.

SHE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNEW ABOUT STALKING AND KILLING MY FELLOW MAN. WHO KNOWS HOW MUCH BETTER SHE'S GOT AT IT SINCE THEN?

SO, DO WE HAVE A DEAL?

TWO DAYS LATER —

AMANDA DREY! WE'RE HERE FOR YOU!

FULL SEARCH, ROOM BY ROOM. AND GET THE TEKS IN HERE.

DREDD — IN HERE!

ACTIVATED WHEN I CAME IN THE ROOM.

IT'S A **LIVE LINK** — SOMEONE SOMEWHERE'S TALKING TO US.

I KNEW AS SOON AS IT WAS ANNOUNCED THAT RYAN HAD BEEN REVIVED FROM THE VAULTS THAT IT WOULDN'T TAKE HIM LONG TO GIVE ME UP. SELF-INTEREST ALWAYS WAS HIS PRIME MOTIVATING FACTOR.

TELL ME, DREDD - NOW THAT YOU KNOW MY NAME [OR ONE OF THEM, AT LEAST] DO YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT ANY BETTER CHANCE OF CATCHING ME NEXT TIME?

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, LAWMAN. I'M STILL WAITING.

GLOBAL PSYCHO

HE'S LOST PERPS BEFORE AND WILL LOSE SOME AGAIN IN THE FUTURE, NO DOUBT.

DOESN'T MEAN HE'S EVER GOING TO LEARN TO TAKE IT...

THE END

THIS WAY, ZEKO. STRAIGHT TO THE **MED FACILITY**, SEE?

B-BUT...

'S... 'S A FREAKIN' **STIFFTRUCK**, CHEGS...

OH GRUD! OH JOVUS! I'M **DYIN'**, AIN'T I?

Aaaa! Aaaa! Aaaa!

SEDATIVES! GET THE **SEDATI—**

SMAK!

JUDGE DREDD

RED HANDED

SUPPOSED TO BE **AVOIDING** A PANIC HERE, WARNE. WHOSE IDEA WAS THE **MEAT FLEET**?

BUSY NIGHT, DREDD. RAN OUT OF MED-WAGONS.

'SIDES, IT CUTS OUT THE **MIDDLE MAN.**

BETTER LOSE THE **GLOVE**, HUH?

SIMON SPURRIER
SCRIPT

PAUL MARSHALL
ART

LEN O'GRADY
COLOURS

ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS

MORLON

ION BRANDO

THIS BLOCK IS UNDER QUARANTINE.! DO NOT BE ALARMED!

REMAIN IN YOUR HAB.! DO NOT BE ALARMED!

A JUDGE WILL MAKE CONTACT SHORTLY.! DO NOT BE ALARMED!

G-GRUD... TH-THEY'LL **KNOW**.! THEY'LL BE ABLE TO **TELL**...

S-STAY... STAY **QUIET** HERB, OKAY? YOU GOT T—

YOU.!

BACK IN THE **HAB**.! WAIT FOR **INSPECTION**.!

DO NOT BE ALARMED!

CONTROL — DREDD. TRACKING THE **SOURCE.**

YOU GOT **VERMIN** REPORTS? **GRIBLIGS** ARE **CARRIERS...**

HHHH

NEGATIVE ON **THAT** — BUT WE GOT A WEIRD **CORRELATION.** VICTIMS ARE TYPICALLY **MALE** — SEVENTEEN THROUGH TWENTY-SIX — OR **COHABITANTS** OF THE SAME.

SEVENTY PER CENT HIT ON **PREVIOUS FORM.**

JUVE GANG?

COULD BE. BEST ODDS ARE ON THE **BRANDO BLOCK HORRORS.** PSU'S GOT **PEAK ACTIVITY** ON SUB-LEVELS THREE AND FIVE. CAMERAS ARE OUT ON FOUR.

SUB-4

BOOT

NO STOMM.

V-VINNY KURTZ **FOREVER!**

KOFF! **JOEY** FOR **JOR-EL!**

GONNA NEED **BACK-UP**, CONTROL. MED, STREET AND **MEAT.**

ON ITS WAY.

SO, UH... NOT **GRIBLIGS**, THEN?

THREE FATALITIES, REST ARE FLESH WOUNDS.

LEADERSHIP CHALLENGE. MEATHEADS'LL FIGHT TO THE **DEATH** SOON AS THE BOSS LOOKS **WEAK.**

SHOULD'VE LEFT 'EM TO IT. **ALL** INFECTED...

DREDD! OVER HERE!

YOU MENTIONED A WEAK-LOOKING BOSS?

...I-IT...IT ***CURSED*** ME...

...THE ***HORROR***..THE ***HORROR***...

DROKK!

GOTTA RELAX...GOTTA **RELAX...**

F-F-FEED THE **WORMS.** CLEAN 'EM **OUT.**

HOBBIES HOBBIES HOBBIES...

THIS BLOCK IS UNDER QUARANTINE!

DO NOT BE ALARMED!

TWO YEARS AGO:

THIS IS A ROUTINE CRIME SWOOP! DO NOT BE ALARMED!

MR HOTTIE

FIVE CREDS.

FIVE? B-BUT...

NO **BUTS**, SWEETFEM. PLENNY HELMETS ABOUT, YOU WANNA DO THIS THE HARD WAY.

OH GRUD, **NO**, PL —

THAT'S OKAY, PAL — I GOT IT.

N-**NO**, TH —

MR HOTTIE

IT'S **FINE**, MISS, REALLY. MY TREAT.

LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE SOME **WARMING UP**, IS ALL.

SAY — YOU MIND ME **SITTIN'** HERE?

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT — THIS IS OUR **SOURCE.**

WHOEVER'S THIS **IS**, THEY'RE AN **EPIDEMIC** WAITING TO HAPPEN.

DNA TRACE?

MEDB

AS WE SPEAK. NOT THAT IT'LL HELP US.

MEANING?

REDROT BECOMES CONTAGIOUS A HALF HOUR AFTER TRANSMISSION. SLIGHTEST CONTACT'LL DO IT — SKIN TO SKIN, SALIVAL, MUCAL.

TREATABLE?

THERE'S AN **INOCULATION**, BUT THE DISEASE IS SO **RARE** IT'S TOP CRED ONLY. NO ONE MUCH BOTHERS. THESE POOR DROKKERS'LL BE DROWNING IN **LUNGJUICE** BY DAWN.

COLE?

SAYS HE'S BEEN RUNNING BREAK-INS UP BLOCK. THOUGHT HE'D SCORED A **CASHBOX** — DIDN'T FIND THE **HAND** 'TIL HE GOT IT OPEN.

TOO **ZIZZED** TO REMEMBER THE HAB NUMBER, AND HIS THROAT DISSOLVED BEFORE WE COULD JOG HIS MEMORY.

$C_{11}H_{17}N_2NaO_2S$

DREDD, WE GOT THAT DNA MATCH.

AND?

THE APPEAL CHANNEL

IT'S... IT'S BEEN **TWO YEARS**, BUT... PLEASE, **SOMEONE** OUT THERE **KNOWS** WHERE SHE IS.

SOMEONE KNOWS WHO **TOOK** MY **WIFE.**

VICTOR HAVLATZ

I'M NOT A MAN OF GREAT **MEANS** — GRUD, NO — BUT I'VE S-**SCRIMPED** AND **SAVED**... TODAY I'M **RAISING** THE **REWARD** ONE LAST TIME.

SIXTY THOUSAND **CREDS** FOR **INFORMATION** LEADING TO...

...TO THE RETURN OF **HAPPY HAVLATZ.**

THAT'S A WRAP!

UH, BOSS? YOU GOT **VISITORS**...

CUTE **SET-UP**, HAVLATZ.

HMPH. I'M NOT **ASHAMED** OF IT. JOHNNY-DROKKING-AVERAGE'LL DO **ANYTHING** TO HELP THE **HUMBLE**, AND **I'LL** DO ANYTHING TO BRING BACK MY **WIFE.**

YEAH, ABOUT THAT. MAYBE YOU BETTER SIT DOWN...

HAVLATZ IS ON HIS WAY, DREDD.

OH — AND THE SYSTEM JUST RED-FLAGGED A **P.J.C.***

WE GOT **FIVE** CITS IN THIS SECTOR **INOCULATED** FOR **REDROT.**

ONE OF 'EM LIVES IN **BRANDO.**

*PROBABLY JUST COINCIDENCE.

WAAAAAHHHH!

Y-YOU GOTTA BE **QUIET**... P-**PLEASE**, YOU'LL MAKE 'EM **COME**!

JOVUS **GRUD**, HERB! I **TOLD** YOU ALREADY! SHE'S **GONE**!

SH... SHE'S...

WAAAAAHHHH!

...R-REALLY WANT TO **THANK** YOU, SIR. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WOULD'VE **DONE** WITHOUT YOU...

OH, IT'S NO TROUBLE. AND I **TOLD** YOU ALREADY — CALL ME **WALT**, HUH?

IT REALLY **IS** JUST FOR ONE NIGHT. I... I CAN GET MYSELF SORTED OUT TOMORROW —

YEAH YEAH YEAH — LET ME FIX US SOME DRINKS...

YOU'RE LUCKY I **FOUND** YOU, MISS. LOTTA **BAD** TYPES AROUND, THIS TIME OF NIGHT. COULDA RUN INTO ALL **KINDSA** ST —

WAAAAHHHH!

WH-WHAT WAS **TH** —

OH.

SHE'S **GONE**...

SEAL THE **EXITS**, AND GET EXTRA HELMETS OUT **FRONT.**

IF THIS CREEP **DID** ABDUCT **HAPPY HAVLATZ**, WE'RE GONNA **NEED** 'EM.

YOU THINK HE'S **DANGEROUS?**

I THINK THERE ARE **FOUR HUNDRED MILLION CITS** OUT THERE THAT WANT A **PIECE** OF THAT **REWARD.**

GET THE **DOOR**, COLE.

LOCK'S ALREADY **BROKEN**, SIR.

FIGURES. GANGBOSS BUSTS IN WHILE OUR GUY'S OUT, TAKES THE CASHBOX. NO WAY THIS CREEP'S GONNA **REPORT** IT.

DREDD? WE GOT A **HOBBYIST** HERE...

FANG WORMS. GET THE TEKS ON IT. PERFECT **BODY DISPOSAL** RIGHT THERE.

BLOCK CAMERAS GOT HIM TRYING TO **LEAVE** THE HAB — 0600. ORDERED BACK INSIDE.

FAR AS **THEY'RE** CONCERNED HE SHOULD **STILL** BE HERE.

THEY SAY THERE WAS A **JUVE** WITH HIM...

WINDOW.

WALTER DAFF! RETURN TO YOUR HAB!

N-NO! Y-YOU CAN'T HAVE MY SON!

EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE OKAY, WALT.

JUST BRING BACK THE JUVE, HUH?

COLE?

SIR?

SHUT UP.

CITIZEN DAFF!

YOU'RE WANTED ON SUSPICION OF ABDUCTION, HOMICIDE, AND FAILURE TO REPORT A BURGLARY!

YOU WILL RETURN TO YOUR HAB!

I... I'LL DO YOU A DEAL, DREDD!

I'LL C-COME IN, OKAY, B-BUT I WANT SOMETHING IN RETURN!

NO DEALS, CREEP!

GIVE ME BACK MY HAND!

LET ME **THROUGH**.! MY **WIFE'S** IN THERE!

MR HAVLATZ? I'M SORRY, CITIZEN — **NO ONE** GETS IN. BESIDES...

...WE COMPLETED **ANALYSIS** ON THE **SEVERED HAND**. IT WAS ALMOST CERTAINLY AMPUTATED **POST-MORTEM**.

I'M AFRAID YOUR WIFE'S **DEAD**.

D-DEAD?

AND THE DROKKER WHO **DID** THIS?

THAT'D BE THE **KOOK** CLAMBERING UP THE BLOCK WITH A **JUVE** UNDER HIS ARM...

A **JUVE**?

UH-HUH. LISTEN, WE GOT **ENOUGH** ON OUR PLATES WITHOUT **CROWD TROUBLE**...

YOU THINK IT'S TOO LATE TO PUBLICLY RESCIND THAT **REWARD**?

MR HAVLATZ...?

CALM CALM CALM...

D-DON'T COME **NEAR**! YOU CAN'T HAVE MY **SON**!

MARSHALL.

C'MON NOW, WALT. HE'S **NOT** YOUR SON.

WE GOT DNA SAMPLES FROM THE **HAB**, CREEP! HE'S NOTHING TO **DO** WITH YOU!

WHERE'D YOU **GET** HIM, DAFF? YOU KIDNAP **HIM** TOO?

N-NO, IT'S...

GRUD, M-MY **HEAD**...

CREEP'S **LOSING** IT. **WATCH** HIM.

...JUST NEED SOME **SLEEP**...

GET MY **HEAD** STRAIGHT...

P-PLEASE... I CAN SORT THIS ALL OUT... I JUST N-NEED MY HAND...

CONTROL? COLE. SITUATION'S DETERIORATING UP HERE.

WHERE THE HELL IS DREDD?

COLE

CALM CALM C—

HUH?

...NEED MY HAND...

DIE!

DROKK!

KRAK

BLAM

AAAAAHHHH!

LITTLE HELP HERE, COLE?

THERE HE IS!

BASTARD!

KIDNAPPING DROKKER!

GET HIM.!

SIXTY THOUSAND CREDS.!

I TOUCHED HIM.! REWARD'S MINE.!

I SAW HIM FIRST.!

JUGE OUT

GET THESE MEATHEADS BACK!

Peace

Dem Hey

COLE, BRING IN HAVLATZ.! OBSTRUCTION OF JUSTICE.!

FOR OFFERING A REWARD? ARE YOU SERI—

WH- WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO HIM?

NO DNA MATCH ON RECORD. PROBABLY THE ORPHANARIUM. OR THE ACADEMY.

THAT'S...

THAT'S FINE.

YESSIR.

RIGHT AWAY, SIR.

INSOMNIA. THAT'S WHAT DID IT.

NOTHING **WORKED.** SEDATIVES, SYNTHAHOL, HYPNOMUZAK...

I USED TO GO **WALKING** AT **NIGHT** — TRY TO WEAR MYSELF OUT. JUST **DUMB LUCK** I **FOUND** HER AT ALL.

SHE WAS **SCARED**, Y'KNOW? **HUNGRY.** I ONLY WANTED TO **HELP.**

'NEVER **DREAMED** WHERE IT'D **LEAD.**'

TRUE

SHE WAS ON THE **RUN** — THAT WAS **OBVIOUS.** MENTIONED 'THE **BAD MAN**' ONCE OR TWICE: I NEVER PUSHED IT.

SHE ALWAYS SAID THE KID WAS **HERS.**

HE **WASN'T.**

'DOESN'T **MATTER.** NOT **REALLY.** BY THE END OF THE YEAR HE WAS **BOTH** OF **OURS** — BY **BIRTH** OR NOT.

'TH...THEN...'

AAAHH!

RAD RAT?

SHE... SHE MADE ME **PROMISE,** THEN AND THERE —NO MATTER **WHAT,** I'D KEEP THE BOY **SAFE.**

'THE **ROT** TOOK HER FAST. M-ME AND **HERB**, WE GOT **INOCULATED**, AND APPLIED FOR THE **PET LICENSE**. THE **WORMS**, Y'KNOW? THAT WAS **HER** IDEA.

'SHE SAID **NO ONE** COULD **LINK** US. NO **BODIES** SHOWING UP. NO **TRAIL** BACK TO THE **BAD MAN**. SHE WAS SO **BRAVE**.

'A-AND WHEN SHE... **WENT**, THAT'S WHEN I H-HAD TO...

'...OH GRUD...'

THAT'S ENOUGH. UNHOOK HIM.

WH-WHAT?

BROUGHT IN **HAVLATZ** ON A HUNCH. FIGURED **SOMEONE** CALLED IN THAT **HIT**.

GOT HIM NEXT DOOR.

SEEMS THE COUPLE **ADOPTED** THE JUVE ILLEGALLY, RIGHT AFTER THE MARRIAGE.

WIFE JUST FIGURED THE OLD MAN WASN'T THE **CONSUMATING** TYPE — DIDN'T WANT ANY DROKKER **KNOWING** HOW HIS **TASTES** LAY.

UP UNTIL SHE FOUND HIS **VID COLLECTION**.

AND SHE SAW **EXACTLY** WHAT HIS TASTES **ARE**.

Y-YOU MEAN...?

SHE **SAVED** THE KID. CREEP'S BEEN FIXING TO **BURY** THEM BOTH SINCE.

SO... YOU WANNA TELL US ABOUT THE **HAND**, WALT?

SKIP IT, COLE. LEAVE IT TO THE PSYCH-UNIT.

Y-YOU WOULDN'T **UNDERSTAND** ANYWAY...

TRY US.

'W-WHEN SHE WAS **ALIVE**, WE USED TO... WE'D **HOLD HANDS** AT **NIGHT**.

'I **SLEPT** LIKE A **BABY** — FIRST TIME IN **YEARS**. HAVE YOU **ANY** IDEA WHAT THAT'S LIKE?

'SO WHEN IT **CAME** TO IT... WH-WHEN I HAD TO GET **RID** OF... OF...

'I COULDN'T LET GO.'

GRUD...

LOOK, TRY TO GET SOME **SLEEP**, HUH? **PSYCH-TESTERS** ARE ON THEIR WAY.

SLEEP? B-BUT...

SENTENCING IN THREE HOURS.

C-CAN I HAVE MY **HAND** BACK?

ALL RIGHT, DAFF. KOOK REPORTS ARE **CLEAN.** NO LAW AGAINST BEING A **WEIRDIE.**

AND YOU'RE **CLEAR** ON THE **ABDUCTION** AND **HOMICIDE.**

I'M PREPARED TO DROP THE **FAILURE TO REPORT** CHARGE. **MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES.** GUESS YOU FIGURED YOU WERE DOING THE **RIGHT** THING.

COLE?

THESE ARE THE BEST **MEDI-CLONE** LABS IN THE CITY. YOU COULD GET A **NEW** HAND GROWN.

AND THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU COULDN'T APPLY TO OFFICIALLY **ADOPT** THE JUVE —

OH **THANK YOU! THANK YOU!**

THAT'LL DO.

I... I DON'T KNOW W-WHAT TO **SAY!**

I KNOW I'VE ACTED K-KINDA **CRAZY,** BUT IT MEANS SO **MUCH** TH—

SAVE IT. THANK US IN **TWO YEARS.**

WHAT?

DEAD **BODIES** ARE PROPERTY OF **RES/K.** COLE. A **GOOD** JUDGE'D **KNOW** THAT.

CREEP KEPT THAT **HAND** ALL THIS **TIME.**

MIGHT BE NO **LAW** AGAINST BEIN' A **WEIRDIE...**

...SO **THEFT'LL** HAVE TO DO!

The End

JUDGE DREDD

MIND RIPPER

DROKK!

IT'S TRYING TO STEAL MY BRAIN!

ROBBIE MORRISON
SCRIPT

NEIL GOOGE
ART

LEN O'GRADY
COLOURS

ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS

'PSI-SLAUGHTER.'

'PSYCHO-KILLER.'

'BRAIN DRAIN.'

WHEN NEWS OF WHAT BECAME KNOWN AS THE **MIND RIPPER MURDERS** FINALLY LEAKED, THE PRESS HAD A FIELD DAY.

TWELVE OF THE MEG'S LEADING PSIONIC PRACTITIONERS DISPATCHED IN LESS THAN A WEEK, THEIR BRAINS REMOVED WITH SURGICAL PRECISION, LEAVING NO FORENSIC EVIDENCE.

CONTROL — DREDD.

MAKE IT THIRTEEN. WE'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE. A REAL BATHING BEAUTY THIS TIME.

THE FIRST VICTIM WAS **DR VINCENT VALENTI**, THE PIONEERING PSIONIC SURGEON.

VALENTI CONDUCTED MULTIPLE OPERATIONS FROM A SURGICAL COMMAND MODULE, USING HIS ABILITIES TO DEADEN THE PAIN CENTRES OF HIS PATIENTS' BRAINS...

...ALLOWING THEM TO GO UNDER THE KNIFE WITHOUT DRUGS OR ANAESTHETIC.

PENILE ENHANCEMENT.

SORRY I ASKED...

DON'T BE. I'M NOT SHY. NOT ANY MORE.

A SUDDEN ERUPTION OF SENSATION AMONGST THE PATIENTS ALERTED NURSING STAFF TO THE FACT THAT COMPLICATIONS HAD ARISEN...

AAAAIIEEE!

EEEAAARRRGH!

EGAAAAHH!

THE LATEST VICTIM WAS **LUIS LOPEZ**, TELEKINETIC ENTERTAINER. THE ALERT WAS CALLED WHEN HE FAILED TO TURN UP FOR THE RECORDING OF HIS VID-SHOW.

NOTHING FROM FORENSICS. SAME AS THE OTHERS.

I'M SCANNING FOR PSYCHIC RESIDUES, BUT ALL I'M SENSING IS THE VICTIM'S TERROR...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

DUE TO THE NATURE OF THE KILLINGS, DREDD HAD BEEN TEAMED WITH **JUDGE NOVA**, PSI-DIVISION.

...THOUGH I GUESS HAVING YOUR BRAIN RIPPED OUT WHILE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE WOULD BE KINDA TRAUMATIC.

REAL HELPFUL, NOVA.

PSIONIC ABILITIES WERE OFTEN VIEWED WITH FEAR AND SUSPICION BY THE GENERAL POPULACE.

DEBATE RAGED AS TO WHETHER THEY SHOULD BE REGARDED AS NATURAL EVOLUTION OR DANGEROUS MUTATION.

MEMBERS OF THE PSI-COMMUNITY REQUIRED A LICENSE TO USE THEIR TALENTS IN A PROFESSONAL CAPACITY.

MOST PSIS WORKED AT A LOW LEVEL — READING FORTUNES IN ARCADES, TURNING CHEAP TRICKS IN DIVE BARS — BUT MORE POWERFUL MINDS LIKE VALENTI AND LOPEZ HAD AMASSED GREAT WEALTH AND INFLUENCE.

DREDD — CONTROL.

PLAYING BACK A VID-CALL TO YOUR LAWMASTER.

...NAME'S **WALKER, ALVIN WALKER.** I'M A PSI, A PROFESSIONAL PRECOG. I'VE JUST HAD A PSI-FLASH — A PREMONITION.

SOMETHING'S COMING FOR ME! COMING TO KILL ME!

CALL WAS RECEIVED TWO MINUTES AGO, DREDD. APARTMENT 373, GEORGE SOROS BLOCK, CORNER OF RIDLEY AND CROWE.

ON OUR WAY, CONTROL.

YOU KNOW THIS GUY, NOVA?

THE MEG'S LEADING PRECOG, OUTSIDE OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.

HE ACTS LIKE A CONSULTANT TO THE MEGA-CORPS, PREDICTING GLOBAL TRENDS THAT MIGHT AFFECT THEIR BUSINESSES. CLAIMS HE HAS A 68% SUCCESS RATE.

BET HE WISHES HE WAS WRONG THIS TIME!

EEEAAARRRGH!

373

KERRASSHH!

DROKK!

OPERATION'S OVER, PUNKS!

GRUD!

AAAAHHH!

CONTROL! SEND BACK-UP TO —

DROKK! CREEPS ARE GOING FOR MY BRAIN!

RICOCHET!

WHOA!

CONTROL, SEND A TEK-TEAM TO WALKER'S APARTMENT.

AND TELL THEM TO PICK ME UP A NEW HELMET FROM STORES.

GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.

TEK-DIVISION.

THE DROIDS WERE CANNIBALISED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES TO PREVENT IDENTIFICATION, BUT SOME OF THE COMPONENTS ARE HIGHLY SPECIALISED.

WE FOUND A SERIAL NUMBER ON ONE OF THEM AND RAN A COMPUTER CHECK ON ALL POSSIBLE MANUFACTURERS. THE PART IN QUESTION IS PATENTED TO **MEDITEK ROBOTIX.**

WE ORDERED THEM TO GIVE UP THEIR SALES RECORDS.

THE NUMBER CORRESPONDS TO SURGICAL HARDWARE THAT WAS SOLD TO THE **VALENTI CENTRE** IN 2127.

DESPITE THE SUSPICIOUS DEATH OF ITS FOUNDER, THE VALENTI CENTRE HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO REMAIN OPEN TO HELP ALLEVIATE THE CHRONIC SHORTAGE OF HOSPITAL FACILITIES IN THE MEG.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, JUDGE DREDD! I THOUGHT YOU'D FINISHED YOUR INVESTIGATIONS —

NOT UNTIL THE CASE IS CLOSED, CITIZEN. TELL YOUR STAFF AND PATIENTS TO CO-OPERATE OR THEY'LL BE CHARGED WITH OBSTRUCTION.

JUDGES! BLITZ THE PLACE!

UUNNHH!

D-DREDD... I'M READING A MASSIVE SURGE OF PSIONIC ENERGY... DEEP BELOW US, A BASEMENT OR SOMETHING...

IT... IT'S HEADING THIS WAY!

EEEEEAAAHHH!

OH DEAR.

JUDICIAL HEADGEAR OBVIOUSLY PROVIDES WOEFULLY INADEQUATE PROTECTION AGAINST AN ATTACK FROM **INSIDE** THE HEAD.

VARROOOOOOMMMM!

DR VALENTI, I PRESUME...

IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER.

I WAS DIAGNOSED WITH **ENTROPY-X**, THE DEGENERATIVE DISEASE. ONE OF THE GREATEST INTELLECTS IN THE WORLD, TRAPPED IN A DISINTEGRATING BODY...

I COULD HAVE CLONED A NEW BODY, BUT WHAT'S THE POINT? IT WOULD ONLY HAVE DIED EVENTUALLY. THE HUMAN FORM IS WEAK...

...BUT AS A CREATURE OF **LIVING PSIONIC ENERGY**, I CAN EXIST FOREVER!

NOT WITH A BULLET IN EVERY ONE OF THOSE BRAINS, PUNK!

RAPID FIRE!

SHOOT FIRST AND TO HELL WITH ASKING QUESTIONS LATER

I DIDN'T NEED TO READ YOUR MIND TO PREDICT **THAT** RESPONSE, DREDD.

DREDD! THE HARDWARE THAT'S BIO-LINKED TO HIM IS A NEURAL CONTROL NETWORK!

HE'S FEEDING ON THE PSIONIC ENERGIES OF THE MINDS HE STOLE, BUT HE HAS TO SUPPRESS THEIR **INDIVIDUAL CONSCIOUSNESSES** TO DO IT...

IF I CAN MAKE CONTACT, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO **BREAK** HIS HOLD OVER THEM!

BACK-UP!

THE PERP'S ON OUR TAIL!

SHOOT TO KILL!

PLEASE. ALL THE GUNS IN THE WORLD CAN'T HURT ME.

OKAY, CREEP. YOU AND ME. HEAD TO HEAD.

THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT?

MY DEAR DREDD, I COULD KILL YOU WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT.

LITERALLY.

EXCEPT THIS TIME, I'LL DISPENSE WITH THE USUAL SURGICAL NICETIES...

...AND RIP YOUR BRAIN RIGHT OUT OF YOUR SKULL!

LUIS LOPEZ, ALVIN WALKER, ALL OF YOU, THIS IS PSI-JUDGE NOVA.

YOUR MINDS ARE BEING SUBJUGATED BY CRIMINAL FORCES. YOU HAVE TO FIGHT BACK. YOU HAVE TO BREAK FREE. YOU HAVE TO —

WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE** TO US?

GET OUT OF OUR MINDS!

RELEASE US!

VALENTI, YOU DROKKER! YOU'VE TURNED MY BRAIN INTO YOUR **CROTCH**!

STOP FIGHTING ME, YOU INGRATES! SHOW A LITTLE IMAGINATION! I'VE GIVEN YOU ETERNAL LIFE!

ETERNAL LIFE! AS YOUR **CROTCH**?

BOOT KNIFE!

DREDD! HE'S SUFFERING A MENTAL MELTDOWN!

THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT I'M GONNA MAKE HIM SUFFER —

AAAAAIIIEEE!

WITH ALL THOSE BRAINS...

...YOU'D THINK HE'D HAVE HAD MORE **SENSE** THAN TO BREAK THE LAW IN MY TOWN!

THE END

THE CURSED EARTH —

JUDGE DREDD

RATFINK

JOHN WAGNER
SCRIPT

PETER DOHERTY
ART

ANNIE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS

THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER. THE CLANG OF METAL, ECHOING ACROSS THE WASTELAND.

K-DANGGG

SOMETHING IS MOVING TOWARDS THEM. SOMETHING EVIL...

A CREATURE CAPABLE OF THE SICKEST ACTS, THE VILEST PERVERSIONS.

BRACKET SHEARED RIGHT OFF. SHOULD BE OKAY, JOBE, BUT WATCH HER ON THE BUMPS.

THESE TRACKS ARE ROUGH, THAT'S FOR SURE.

RAD LEVEL'S PRETTY GOOD HERE. HOW ABOUT WE CATCH UP WITH THE OTHER WAGONS TOMORROW? WOULDN'T MIND A NIGHT'S SLEEP WHEN I WASN'T BOUNCING FROM SIDE TO SIDE.

YOU ALL RIGHT, EPIPHANY?

JUST TIRED, MOM.

A LISSOME SHAPE OUTLINED FOR A MOMENT IN THE FIRE'S GLOW —

AN AUDIBLE HISS OF DESIRE...

I MIXED TRAGIC COLONS, TREE MEAT **AND** THE MURDERING SCUM. TEN NEW SONGS, MAN. TELL **ME** NOBODY MAKES THEIR OWN MUSIC THESE DAYS.

YOU THE GROOVY JUVEY, ROCKY.

FELIX -!

M-MISTER ROSKILL!

WHAT TH'HELL -?

JOBE!

I SAW SOMETHIN' RUNNING! STAY HERE!

GRANDAD, DON'T GO!

WHAT IS IT?

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE?

IT'S JAMMED!

SOMEBODY, LET ME OUT!

HE'S STILL BREATHING!

DON'T **TOUCH** THAT THING, SONA! IT'S POISONED!

LET ME OUT!

THAT'S EPIPHANY-!

AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

GRANDAD!

I'M GOING AFTER HIM.!

NO YOU'RE NOT.! ROCKY, YOU STAY RIGHT HERE.!

MOM.! DADDD.!

BETTER SEE WHAT'S WRONG WITH EPIPHANY.

WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS?

I DON'T KNOW, SON. I DON'T KNOW...

HOWDY.

UNNH.!

YOU CAN DROP THAT THAR PEASHOOTER, BOY.

ROCKY, DO WHAT HE SAYS.

WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE** TO THEM?

THAT THAR'S MUH BEST **PARALYSIN' PIZEN.** DON'T LIKE TA **KILL** NO ONE TILL I KNOW IF THEY'S **WORTH** MORE ALIVE.

LET ME OUT!

YOU — GO GIT OL' RATFINK SOME **VITTALS.** PLENNY OF 'EM. AN' DON'T TRY NO TRICKS, MIND, OR I'LL HAFTA KILL YA ALL.

YOU — TAKE OFF THAT THAR FANCY HALFJAK.

WHAT FOR?

DO WHAT HE WANTS, ROCKY.

MIGHTY FINE. YES SIR. MIGHTY FINE.

WH-WHAT'S GOING ON, MOM?

HE'S GOING TO KILL US ALL! RUN, DARLING!

WHO? WHY?

JUST GO! GO! RUN AND DON'T STOP!

NOW THAT WEREN'T SMART.

UHHH - !

LET'S GIT A GOOD LOOK AT YA.

SMAKKK

DANG!

YOU DON'T WANT TO MAKE ME MAD, GIRL. I AIN'T NICE WHEN I'M MAD.

SPAAAK

YESSIR. REAL PURDY. REAL PURDY.

THE THANGS I'M A-GONNA DO TA YOU!

THE TWO DUNGEY BOYS RAN. HE CAUGHT UP WITH ROCKY HERE — SINGLE SHOT IN THE BACK.

DOODY'S YOUNG, QUICK. I WOULDN'T READ ANYTHING INTO IT, BOSCO. CREEP HAD OTHER THINGS ON HIS MIND.

BUT HE LET THE YOUNGER BOY GO.

IT'S A VEGETABLE POISON, DERIVED LARGELY FROM THE LESSER RADWORT. PARALYSIS IS PRETTY INSTANT.

AFTER THAT HE SLIT THEIR THROATS.

'GO GET OLD RATFINK SOME FOOD', THAT'S WHAT HE SAID.

RATFINK SOUNDS JUST ABOUT RIGHT.

HE WENT OFF AFTER EPIPHANY ROSKILL AND YOU AND ROCKY FLED. HOW LONG BEFORE YOU SENT THE DISTRESS CALL?

I DON'T KNOW. A FEW HOURS. I WAS SCARED.

I SNUCK BACK AND EVERYTHING WAS QUIET. THEY WERE DEAD. ALL DEAD.

EXCEPT EPIPHANY. NO SIGN OF EPIPHANY.

I DIDN'T SEE THAT MUCH OF THEM AFTER THEY SIGNED ME OVER. OH, A LETTER NOW AND THEN, FAMILY ASSOCIATION DAYS.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. YOU KIND OF DRIFT APART, BUT THEY WERE STILL MY FAMILY.

I UNDERSTAND, ROSKILL.

MY SISTER. HE'S GOT HER. NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO TO HER. WE HAVE TO FIND HIM.

DREDD — WE GOT A RESULT. PICKED UP CLEAR **DNA** FROM THE FOODPAK. THE BLOODLINE IS **ANGEL.**

THE **ANGEL GANG?**

AFFIRMATIVE. PATERNITY IN THIS CASE HAS TO BE ONE OF THE **SONS.**

INHERITED **GENETIC** ABNORMALITIES CAUSED BY PROLONGED EXPOSURE TO **RADIATION** CAN REALLY MEAN ONLY **ONE.**

THE **LINE** BELONGS TO **FINK ANGEL.**

THE **SON OF FINK!**

PURDY...

REAL PURDY...

DON'T LIKE THAT SKY.

HERE WE IS.

PLEASE... WHAT ARE YOU - ?

LET ME GO.!

WELL NOW, WHUT'RE WE A-GONNA DO WITH YA? WHUT **ARE** WE GONNA DO...?

N-NO! DON'T - !

ANY DANGED HIJINKS AN' I'LL TIE YA UP AGAIN TILL YA LARNS.

MY... MY PARENTS... WH-WHAT DID YOU DO TO THEM?

WELL NOW...

TH-THAT'S A LIE!

ME AN' YORE FOLKS DONE A DEAL, SEE. YESSIR. THEY **SOLD** YA TO ME FER MUH **WIFE.** SAID YA WUZ TA DO ALLA THANGS A MAN FINDS NEEDFUL.

PAID REAL GOOD MONEY FER YA. 'COS YORE RIGHT PURDY. RIGHT PURDY. LOT PURDIER THAN MUH LAST WIFE.

YOU- YOU **KILLED** THEM!

OH GRUD, OH PLEASE, LET ME GO...!

THERE YA GO, TALKIN' JUST LIKE MUH LAST WIFE.

SHE'S HANGIN' UP IN THERE NOW. 'NOTHER DAY OR TWO AN' SHE'LL BE RIGHT TO EAT.

SO YOU WANNA BE **REAL** CAREFUL OR TH' SAME THANG GONNA HAPPEN TA YOU.

MY... MY **BROTHER'S** A **JUDGE**! HE... HE WON'T LET YOU GET AWAY WITH THIS! HE'S LOOKING FOR ME! HE'S COMING FOR ME NOW - !

SHUT YORE DAMN MOUTH! TIME TA DO YORE WIFELY DUTIES!

OH G-GRUD...

NOW WHUT WE GOT HERE...?

STOP YORE CRYIN'! OL' **RATFINK** AIN'T DONE **HALF** WHUT HE'S A-GONNA DO TA YA.

HERE — **EAT!** PUT SOME FLESH ON YORE DAMN BONES!

REAL FANCY.

WHY CAN'T YOU LET... LET ME GO?

ISN'T... ISN'T THE GOLD **ENOUGH?**

GOLD? WHUT GOLD?

OH GRUD, YOU DIDN'T FIND —

NOTHING! IT'S NOTHING! THERE'S NO GOLD!

GOLDURN YA, DON'T YA **LIE** TA ME! **WHUT** GOLD? **WHERE'S** THE GOLD?

TALK — OR SO HELP ME, I DON'T CARE HOW **MUCH** IN LOVE WE IS, I'LL SLIT YORE **GIZZARD** OPEN AN' PULL YORE **INNARDS** OUT!

IT... I... OH, WHAT DOES IT MATTER...?

IT'S... IT'S IN A SECRET COMPARTMENT UNDER THE FLOOR OF OUR WAGON. D-DAD SAID MONEY... MONEY WOULD BE NO GOOD IN THE NEW TERRITORIES. HE CONVERTED EVERYTHING WE HAD TO BULLION — HALF A TON!

WELL NOW... GOLD, HUH? THAT A FACT? HEH. HEH.

FIXIN' TA BLOW.

BETTER GET MOVIN'. YESSIR, BETTER GET MOVIN'.

CLEAN YORESELF UP WHILES I'M GONE! AND DON'T YA TRY NO FANCY TRICKS OR YA KNOWS WHUT YA'LL GIT!

CAN'T RIDE THIS OUT! HEAD FOR COVER!

THAT SICK FREAKER'S GOT MY SISTER! HOW LONG ARE WE GOING TO **WAIT** HERE?

AS LONG AS WE HAVE TO.

RAIN LIKE THIS — IT'LL WASH THE TRACK AWAY!

SETTLE DOWN, ROSKILL. NOTHING WE CAN DO NOW.

IT'LL WASH **YOU** AWAY, ROSKILL, YOU GO OUT THERE.

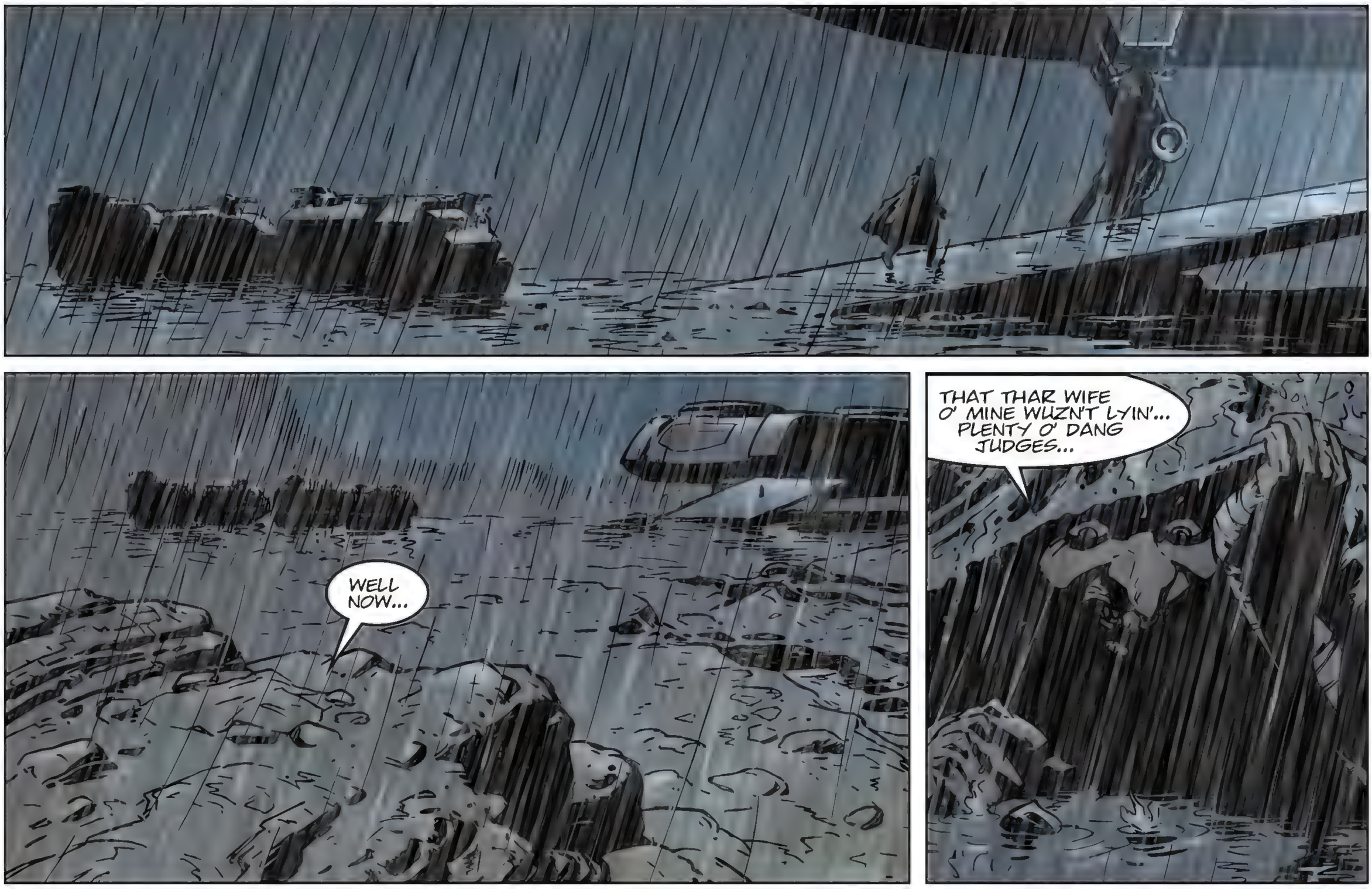
MIGHT AS WELL BREAK OUT THE RATIONS.

CHINGG

KCHINKKK

KCHINGGGG

OHHH...


WELL NOW...
THAT THAR WIFE O' MINE WUZN'T LYIN'... PLENTY O' DANG JUDGES...
CURSED EARTH WEATHER! WHO'D BELIEVE IT?
DUNPHY, TELL DREDD WE'RE FINISHED HERE.
THE HOVERSHIP WILL WAIT HERE FOR DREDD'S PARTY. YOU TWO GRAB SOME LUNCH THEN DRIVE THOSE RADWAGONS IN.
IN THIS?
THEY'RE BUILT TO HANDLE IT.
JUS' LIKE SHE DONE SAID. YESSIR.

SO WHERE'S TH' STINKIN' GOLD?

THAT AIN'T GOLD! NO SIR! GOLD'S GOLD! NO GOLD HERE!

GOTTA BE SOMEWHERES...

K-TANK!

K-TANK!

NOTHIN'!

MUSTA TOOK IT. YESSIR. MUSTA TOOK IT.

WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! YESSIR! OL' RATFINK'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

BETTER STICK TOGETHER, AJAY. IF ONE OF THESE **RADWAGONS** CONKS OUT, I DON'T WANT TO BE STRANDED HALFWAY BETWEEN HERE AND HELL.

FREAKING CURSED EARTH WEATHER!

YOU SAID IT! GIVE ME A CALL WHEN YOU'RE SET, BISH.

TAPE'S BEEN CUT —

THAT'S ODD...

HUH?

YANK!

WHAR'S TH' GOLD?

HUH? WH-WH-WHAT GOLD?

TH' GOLD FROM THIS HERE RADWAGON! **WHAR** DID YA **PUT** IT?

OH GRUD! Y-YOU'RE **RATFINK!**

AN' **YA** BETTER TALK QUICK, 'COS I AIN'T A PATIENT MAN!

I CAN'T SIT AROUND WAITING FOR THIS STORM TO QUIT! THAT SICK SUCKER'S GOT MY SISTER!

ROSKILL!

DAMMIT, ROSKILL, GET BACK HERE!

VRMMMMMMM

HE'LL COME BACK.

MAYBE NOT. IT'S DANGEROUS OUT THERE. HE'S NOT THINKING STRAIGHT.

STAY HERE, AWAIT ORDERS.

ROSKILL, STOP WHERE YOU ARE OR I'LL HAVE YOUR BADGE!

SPLUTT!

FFFRRRUUUUMMMM

I MEAN IT, ROSKILL! DON'T THINK ANY SHRINK'S GOING TO SAVE YOU! YOUR BUTT IS MUNCE!

THIS IS AJAY TREKKING, READY TO ROLL! WHAT'S YOUR TWENTY, BISH, COME ON?

YO, HOVERMUTHA, I'M HEARING ZERO FROM MY HERO, THE CLOWN FROM BISH-TOWN, COME BACK.

YOU CAN CUT THE TREKKER SLANG, AJAY.

YOU GOT A PROBLEM THERE, BISHTON?

BISHTON, YOU MAY HAVE A SIGNAL MALFUNCTION. FLASH YOUR LIGHTS IF YOU HEAR ME.

HE'S COMING OVER, MOTHER. MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG.

WHAT'S UP, BISH?

YOU'RE NOT BISHTON - !

THAT'S FER DANG SURE!

POK

SO WHAT'S THE PROBLEM THERE?

AJAY? BISHTON? ANYONE?

I'M STUCK, DAMN IT.!

YOU TRY TURBO BOOST?

DIDN'T BUDGE IT.!

YOU'RE A FOOL, ROSKILL.!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S **LIKE**.! IT'S NOT **YOUR** SISTER!

IF IT WAS, I'D MAKE DAMNED SURE TO KEEP MYSELF UNDER CONTROL.!

LOOK WHAT LOSING YOUR HEAD'S GOT YOU — YOUR WHOLE CAREER SCRUBBED — FOR WHAT?

DEEP QUAG.! IT'S NOT BUDGING.!

DREDDDD!

IT'S SUCKING ME DOWN - .!

GRUD! MY BIKE!

WE'RE GOING TO LOSE MINE IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING QUICK!

BISHTON! AJAY! DO YOU HEAR ME? RESPOND!

I DON'T LIKE THIS. I BETTER GO AND CHECK ON THEM.

TAKE PLENTY OF HELMETS.

JUST THE FORENSICS BOYS LEFT. WELL, THEY CAN **WORK** FOR A CHANGE.

GET ON TO DREDD. TELL HIM WE MAY HAVE A PROBLEM.

WE APPROACH AJAY'S RADWAGON FIRST. SPREAD OUT, BE READY FOR ANYTHING.

YOU THINK SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO THEM?

IT'S **RATFINK**! HE'S BACK!

DON'T EVEN **JOKE** ABOUT THAT, DINKO.

LET'S GO!

YEE-HAAAAAA!

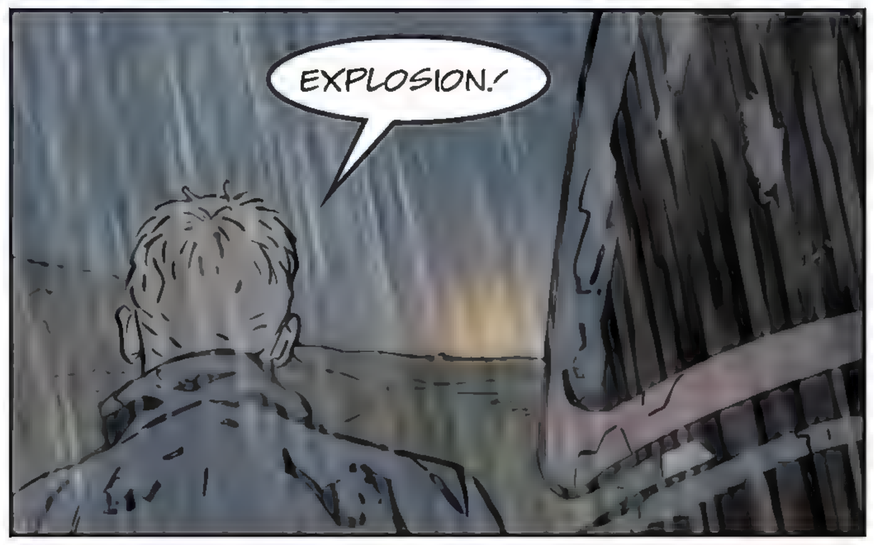
VRMMMMMM

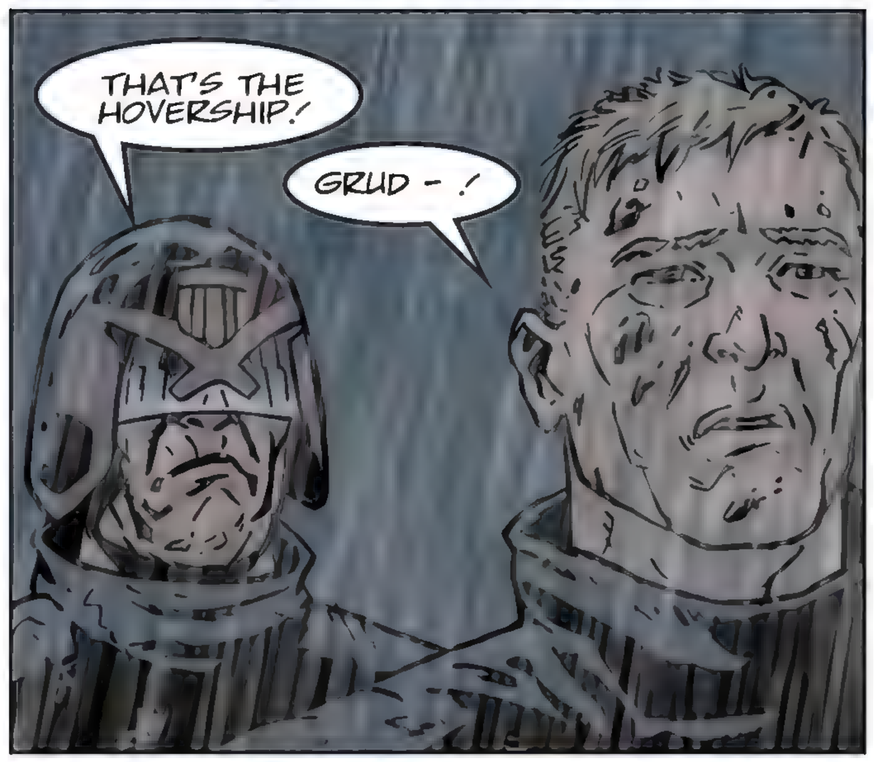
RADWAGON'S MOVING - !

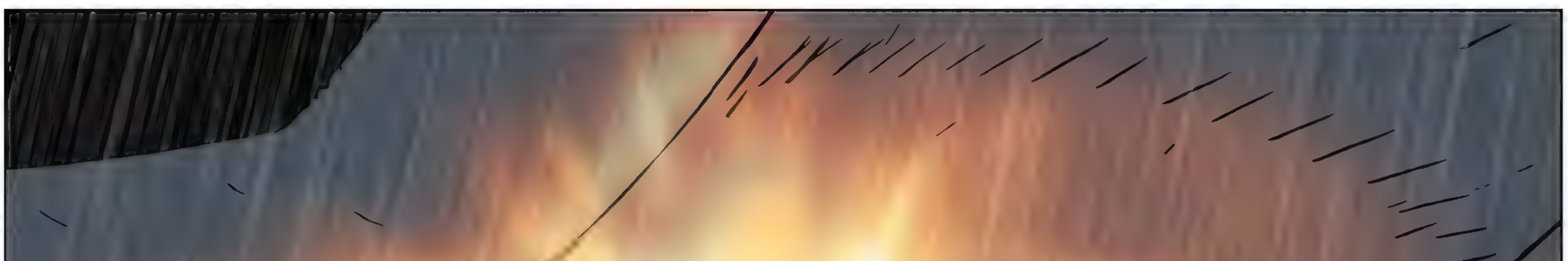
IT'S BRINGING ITS **GUNS** TO BEAR!

HELL - !

IT'S NO GOOD! WE'RE LOSING IT!


EXPLOSION!


THAT'S THE HOVERSHIP!
GRUD - !



YA SHOULDN'T OUGHTA HID NOTHIN' FROM RATFINK!

EASIER THAN BOILIN' BUNNIES IN A RAD POOL!

VARRRCCC

CAN'T RAISE THE SHIP **OR** DREDD.

STAY HERE, HE SAID.

KEEP TRYING, DE WITT.

STORM'S PASSING.

WE'LL MARK THIS SPOT, DIG THE BIKES OUT LATER.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

BACK — UNLESS YOU'VE GOT ANY BETTER SUGGESTIONS.

MY SISTER —

YOUR SISTER WILL HAVE TO DAMN WELL WAIT! LET'S **MOVE!**

NUTHIN'! IT AIN'T RIGHT! IT AIN'T RIGHT!

EITHER THEM COYOTES WUZ **LYIN'** OR...

NO, DANG IT! THEY WUZ TOO **SCARED** TA LIE! THEY WUZ **TRUTHIN'**! I FEELS IT IN MUH WATER!

IT'S THAT DANG **WIFE** O' MINE! **SHE'S** TH' LIAR!

AIN'T IT ALLUS TH' WAY! TREAT A WUMMIN WITH LOVE AN' KINDNESS AN' SHE TAKES YA FOR A **FOOL!**

WELL, SHE'S A-GONNA LARN TH' ERROR OF HER WAYS! YESSIR!

AJAY'S HERE — DEAD. POISONED, BY THE LOOK. SAME MARKS AS THE OTHER VICS.

RATFINK DID THIS! ONE MAN —

GRUD HELP EPIPHANY — !

HE CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR. **DE WITT** — PUT UP A REMOTE, LET THE DEPARTMENT KNOW OUR SITUATION.

BOSCO, FIRE UP THAT RADWAGON. WE'LL TAKE IT WITH US.

ROSKILL, YOU RIDE IN THE RADWAGON. CONSIDER YOURSELF UNDER SUSPENSION.

THE QUESTIONS SWIRL IN HIS HEAD —

FINK ANGEL, THE MOST **DEBASED** SON OF THAT **SICK** AND **MURDEROUS** FAMILY, HAD **HIMSELF** SOWN HIS TWISTED SEED. THE **DNA** DIDN'T LIE.

RATFINK.. HOW HAD SUCH A CREATURE **SURVIVED** ALL THESE YEARS UNDETECTED? HOW MANY UNWARY **TRAVELLERS** HAD BECOME HIS **PREY**?

WAS HE A **CANNIBAL**, LIKE HIS FATHER?

AND IF SO, WHAT **ODDS** FOR **EPIPHANY ROSKILL**...?

GOT HIM! ON THE REMOTE!

'THREE KAYS AHEAD, MOVING DUE WEST.'

GITTIN' LOUDER! YESSIR! MORE STINKIN' JUDGES, MAYBE!

HE'S RUNNING!

STAY WITH ME, DE WITT!

REMEMBER, HE'S GOT MY **SISTER**! WE NEED HIM **ALIVE**!

FFRMMMMMMMMM

KNEWD I SHOULDA BLEWED UP THAT THAR RADWAGON.!

HEH.! WELL LETTEM COME.! THEY'LL GIT MORE'N THEY BARGAINED FOR!

SEE IF WE CAN STOP HIM. GIVE ME A FIX.

HEADING TWO-SEVEN-SEVEN.! RANGE — 1730.!

GADOOM!

LOST HIM.

NO — THERE HE IS.

GONE AGAIN.

HE KNOWS THIS COUNTRY. HE'LL GO TO GROUND.

DREDD, RADWAGON CAN'T HANDLE THIS TERRAIN.

ALL RIGHT, BOSCO, WAIT WHERE YOU ARE.

I'LL GO ON FOOT.

ROSKILL, GET BACK HERE —!

IT WAS ROUND ABOUT HERE THE REMOTE LOST HIM.

YOU TRY HEAT TRACE?

THAT'S AUTOMATIC WITH THE NEW 401. IF HE SHOWS, IT'LL SEE HIM...

LOOKS LIKE AN OLD MINE SHAFT.

K-Tangg

BLOW

I THINK I WINGED HIM.'

HE WAS UP THERE, ABOVE YOU.' I THINK I WINGED HIM.'

GRUD... ALMOST HAD MY NUMBER.

THERE'S A MINE CHIMNEY HERE. NO SIGN OF ANY BLOOD.

THAT'S THE **SECOND** TIME YOU'VE DISOBEYED AN ORDER ROSKILL.

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO — JUST **SIT** THERE?

YES.

YOU'LL REMAIN HERE WITH DE WITT AND SHULA. **ALL** OF YOU SPREAD OUT AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN. NO TELLING HOW MANY **OTHER** BOLTHOLES THIS RATFINK HAS.

YOU'RE GOING IN THERE? ALONE?

LOOKS THAT WAY.

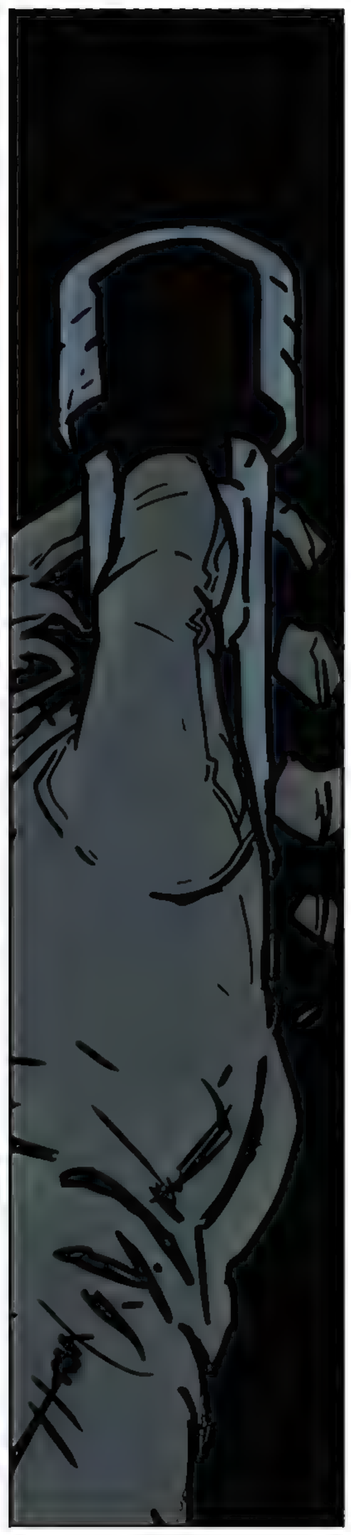
KEEP AN EYE ON THE REMOTE, DE WITT. IF RATFINK SHOWS DO YOUR BEST TO TAKE HIM ALIVE, BUT NO MORE RISK. WE'VE LOST ENOUGH PERSONNEL.

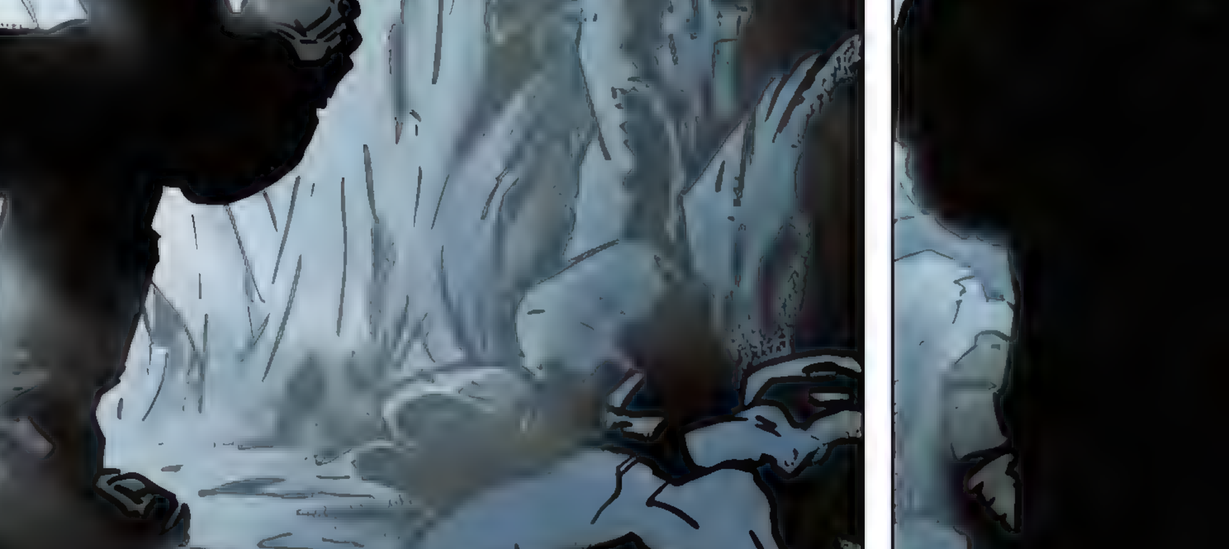
IN THIS BLACKNESS HE HAD, HE CALCULATED, ONE BIG ADVANTAGE. IN HIS VISOR'S **INFRA-RED**, ANYTHING **LIVING** WOULD STAND OUT LIKE A BEACON —

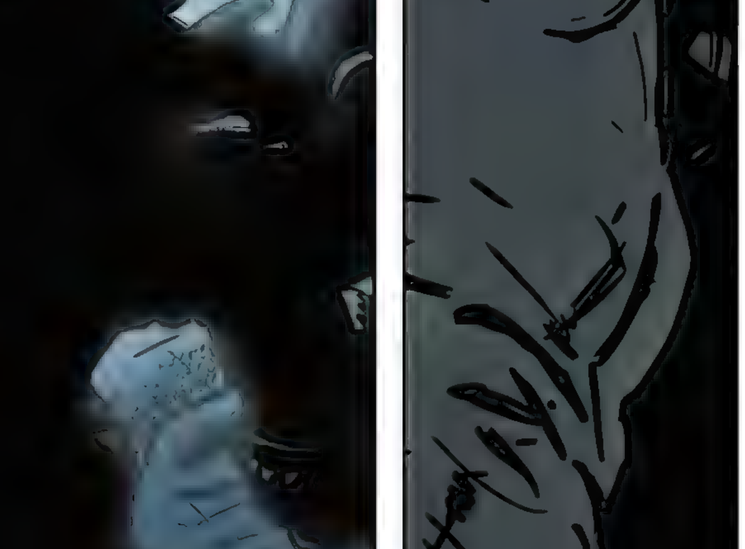
THOUGH FOR ALL HE KNEW THIS CREATURE COULD SEE IN THE DARK.

CLACK
KLAK

THEY'S A-COMIN'! YESSIR, THEY'S A COMIN'!







SWISHHH

K-DANKKK

BDAMMMM

INCENDIARY!

MUH EYES-!

SWISHHH

SWISHHH

SWISHHH

THANK YORE REAL SMART, HUH? WELL, **COME ON**, BOYS, OL' RATFINK JUS' NEEDS TA **SMELL** YA TA KILL YA!

RATFINK KNEW A HUNDRED WAYS TO KILL —

— BUT DREDD HAD TO TAKE HIM ALIVE!

CLUNK

THUDDA

UNFF!

SPAP!

DROKK - !

THINKS HE'S A-GOT TH' BETTER OF OL' RATFINK, YESSIR!

PLENTY LARNT DIFFRENT!

LIKE A DAMNED SNAKE!

CHAK!

DREAD TO THINK OF THE... **BACTERIA** ON THOSE TEETH —

EEE-YAAAAA.!

DANGED JUDGE.! THAT WERE A DIRTY STINKIN' TRICK.!

HERE'S SOMETHING MORE STRAIGHT-FORWARD.!

SWAPPPPPP

THE SON OF FINK.

SURE IS UGLY.

WHERE **IS** SHE? WHERE'S MY SISTER?

WHUT SISTER WOULD THAT BE?

YOU KNOW WHO! YOU **TOOK** HER — FROM THE RADWAGON! WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE** WITH HER?

RECKON YOU'D BE REFFERIN' TA MUH NEW **WIFE.**

SISTER, HUH? **HEH.** GUESS THAT MAKES YOU MUH **BROTHER-**IN-LAW.

SHE'S NO WIFE OF **YOURS!** YOU'VE GOT **FIVE SECONDS** TO START TALKING OR I'LL SPATTER YOUR **BRAINS** ALL OVER THE CURSED EARTH!

GO **ON,** THEN. LOOK ME RIGHT IN THE **EYE,** BOY, AN' PULL THAT TRIGGER. I'M A-BETTIN' YOU AIN'T GOT THE **GUTS.**

ME, I WOULDN'T BE DOIN' NO COUNTIN'. YOU'D BE **DEAD** BY NOW — LESS'N I DECIDED TA HAVE A LITTLE **FUN** WITH YA FUST, LIKE I DONE WITH YORE PURDY **SISTER.**

DAMN YOU!

ROSKILL! BACK OFF!

DE WITT, YOU AND SHULA CHECK OUT THE REST OF THAT WARREN. LASER MARK AS YOU GO. IT'S A MAZE DOWN THERE.

ROSKILL, GO WITH DE WITT. AND STAY OUT OF MY SIGHT.

DEATH DIDN'T FRIGHTEN RATFINK, THAT WAS CLEAR. PAIN... PAIN WOULD ONLY MAKE A CREATURE LIKE THIS MORE DETERMINED TO RESIST.

DRUGS...

DRUGS MIGHT WORK, BUT THE H-WAGON WOULDN'T BE HERE TILL WELL AFTER DARK. EPIPHANY ROSKILL MAY NOT HAVE THAT MUCH TIME.

THERE HAD TO BE ANOTHER WAY...

ALL WE WANT IS THE GIRL.

AN' I'D BE SOME KINDA LOWDOWN RAT IF'N I JES' HANDED MUH **DEARLY BELOVED** OVER TA THE FUST COYOTE THAT CHANCED ALONG.

WHAT GOOD IS SHE TO YOU? YOU KNOW WE'RE NEVER GOING TO LET YOU GO.

WELL, IF SHE AIN'T GONNA BE MINE, SHE AIN'T GONNA BE **NOBODY'S** SO DO YORE WORST — SHE'S WHAR YOU'LL **NEVER** FIND HER.

I KNEW YOUR FATHER, RATFINK.

YOU LOOK... SIMILAR. SAME **M.O.** TOO. YOU MUST HAVE LEARNED A LOT FROM HIM. YOUR PA.

YEAH?

DIDN'T LARN NUTHIN'. NEVER MET HIM.

SO WHERE'D YOU PICK IT ALL UP — THE POISONS — HOLE DWELLING — WAYLAYING TRAVELLERS?

WHAT'S IT **TO** YA ANYWAY?

WE'RE ON DIFFERENT SIDES, RATFINK, BUT I CAN'T HELP **ADMIRING** A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE HIMSELF. YOUR PA WAS THE SAME.

THAT'S WHY I'M PREPARED TO OFFER YOU A **DEAL.**

GIVE US EPIPHANY ROSKILL AND I'LL SET YOU DOWN ANY PLACE YOU LIKE. YOU CAN HAVE YOUR WEAPONS BACK. I'LL GIVE YOU TEN MINUTES THEN I'LL COME AFTER YOU.

JUST ME, RATFINK. YOU WIN, YOU WALK FREE.

I GOT YORE **WORD** ON THAT?

YOU DO.

WELL, YA KIN SHOVE IT UP YORE ASS. NEVER MET A MAN WHOSE WORD I'D TRUST, AN' I SURE AIN'T TRUSTIN' NO STINKIN' JUDGE!

THE SEARCH OF THE MINE PROVED FRUITLESS —

THE BODIES DOWN THERE... MUST HAVE BEEN FORTY OR FIFTY. SOME OF THEM HAD BEEN —

I'VE SEEN IT, SHULA.

THE WAY THEY WERE, IT WAS LIKE HE... HE'D BEEN DOING THINGS TO THEM, AFTER THEY WERE DEAD...

THAT IS ONE SICK PIECE OF WORK.

AND YOU'RE JUST SITTING HERE! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, MY SISTER COULD BE **DYING**!

WELL I'M GOING TO FIND HER! AND I'M TAKING THE PRISONER WITH ME! DON'T TRY TO STOP ME!

PUT THE GUN DOWN, ROSKILL!

DON'T GO FOR IT, DREDD! I MEAN IT! I'M SERIOUS!

MY CAREER'S OVER ANYWAY! TO HELL WITH YOU ALL! SHE'S MY SISTER!

BDAM

BDAM

BDAM

BDAM

BDAM

GET UP!

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

THAT A FACT?

WELL I'LL BE — RECKON YA GOT SOME **GRIT** IN YORE CRAW AFTER ALL, BOY.

MOVE! OVER BY THE BIKES!

YOU'RE GOING TO **TAKE** ME TO HER!

KEEP TEN PACES IN FRONT, NO MORE, NO LESS.

WELL NOW, FOR **YOU** MAYBE I WILL. AFTER ALL, WE'S RELYTIVES NOW...

ROSKILL....!

BDAM

UNHH!/

RATFINK!/ COME — COME BACK HERE.../

BDAM!

YOU LOSE, BOY! NOBODY GITS TH' BETTER O' RATFINK!

bzinggg

NOT YOU... AN' NOT THAT DANGED WIFE O' MINE!/

HE COULD BE BACK SOON.

YOU'VE GOT TO TRY AGAIN, EPIPHANY. ONE MORE TIME...

IT... IT'S MOVING!

COME ON!

COME ON-!

HONEY, I'M HOME!

OH NO-!

NOW IS THAT ANY KINDA WAY TA WELCOME YORE TRUE LOVE?

BUT THEN I **AINT** YORE TRUE LOVE, IS I? 'COS YA **LIED** TA ME!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME.! KEEP AWAY.! I'LL FIGHT.!

YA **LIED** TA ME.! THAR **WARN'T** NO GOLD.! ONLY **JUDGES**.! BUT I SHOWED 'EM.! KILLED 'EM ALL.! INCLUDIN' YORE STINKIN' **BROTHER**.!

MY BROTHER —

E-PIF-NEE — THAT'S YORE **NAME**, AIN'T IT?

THE NAME OF A LYIN', TWO-TIMIN', **FAITHLESS** WIFE.! AIN'T THEY ALLUS TH' SAME.! GIVVEM ALL YORE **LOVE** AN' **'FECTION** AN' THEY JES' THROWS IT BACK IN YORE FACE.!

WELL, OL' RATFINK GOT TH' **CURE** FER THAT.! YESSIR.!

SSSSHLINKKKK

UHHH.!

SWIAK

THAR YA GO, RIGHT UP THERE ASIDE MUH LAST WIFE. NEVER DID CATCH HER NAME.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME? PLEASE, I'LL BE GOOD...

YOU'LL BE GOOD, ALL RIGHT.!

PITY. YORE REAL PURDY. WE COULDA BEEN A HANSOME COUPLE. HANSOME. GUESS YA JES' CAIN'T TRUST NO WUMMIN.

OH GRUD HELP ME-.!

VARCCCCCCOM

ANDY! I'M HERE!

EPIPHANY! EPIPHANY!

THERE! BY THE WALL!

I SEE HIM!

HE'S MOVING! WATCH HIM!

GOT HIM!

OH GRUD-!

HE'S GOT A KNIFE!

LEGGO-!

CHONKKKK!

SUBDUE HIM!

WHUMPPP

THERE'S THE SHIP!

CALL HER IN HERE, DE WITT. AND BRING THAT REMOTE DOWN. WE WON'T NEED IT ANYMORE.

YOU PLAYED YOUR PART WELL FOR ONCE, ROSKILL. I'LL MENTION IT IN MY REPORT. WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU... THAT'S FOR OTHERS TO DECIDE.

YES, SIR.

GET THAT BITE SEEN TO AS SOON AS YOU GET ABOARD.

DOG VULTURE BLOOD, RATFINK. WE HAD A REMOTE UP IN THE AIR FOLLOWING YOUR EVERY MOVE.

THAT SURE WUZ TRICKY.

I WUZ GONNA **GIVE** YA MY WIFE ANYWAYS. SHE WUZN'T NO STINKIN' GOOD.

WE'D BETTER GET TEAMS ON THIS HOLE AND THE MINE. WE CAN CLEAR UP A LOT OF UNEXPLAINED DISAPPEARANCES.

YOU'RE SENDING RATFINK BACK? BULLET IN THE HEAD WOULD BE MY SOLUTION.

THERE ARE QUESTIONS WE NEED ANSWERS TO.

AFTER THAT... WHO CAN SAY? EXECUTION, PROBABLY. NOT MY DECISION.

THAR AIN'T A JAIL BIN BUILT THAT KIN HOLD THE LIKES OF RATFINK!

THE END

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